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# MACLEAN'S

October

## Ribbing Up The Liberal Party

By H. F. GADSBY

## The Man From Athabaska

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

and

STEPHEN LEACOCK

ARTHUR STRINGER

AGNES C. LAUT

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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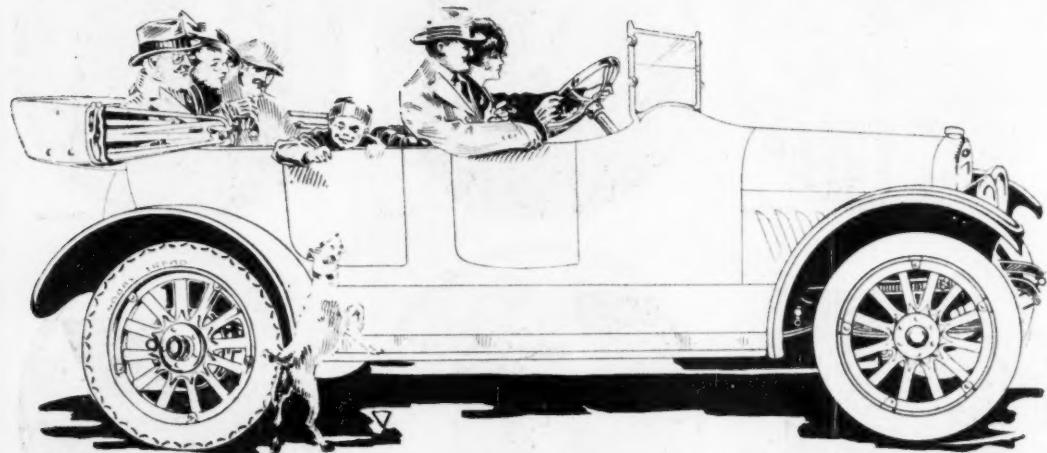
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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1916

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED  
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

LONDON, ENGL., THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD.,  
88 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, 701-702 Eastern Townships Bank Building; Winnipeg, 22 Royal Bank Building; New York, 115 Broadway; Chicago, 311 Peoples Gas Building; Cleveland, 3112 Euclid Ave.; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

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## As We Go To Press

PETER McARTHUR, genial soul, will begin a series of stories in the November MACLEAN'S. So is added another noted writer to MACLEAN'S roster of eminent Canadian-born or bred contributors—

Arthur Stringer, Arthur E. McFarlane, Stephen Leacock, H. F. Gadsby, Alan Sullivan, Miss Agnes C. Laut, Mrs. Nellie L. McCung, Mrs. L. M. Montgomery, Mrs. Arthur Murphy ("Janey Canuck"), Robert W. Service.

\* \* \*

Peter McArthur dwells in Western Ontario—on a farm. He was, and remains a journalist and author, but he has learned to shun the clamor of cities, and to find his inspirations and content amid gentle, motherly Nature. He will put his best self and gifts into his MACLEAN stories; and so our readers have a rare treat before them.

\* \* \*

Another new contributor to an early issue of MACLEAN'S will be Arthur William Brown, artist, whose work appears in such barriered periodicals as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *The American Magazine*, *The Metropolitan* and *McClure's*. It costs good big money to get William Arthur Brown's work, but he is a Canadian, and there you are! MACLEAN'S policy is—publish the best work of the best Canadians, let the cost be what it may.

\* \* \*

Genius lies in that name "Arthur." Five Canadians who have won fame and fortune in New York have "Arthur" for a name:

Arthur Stringer, Arthur E. McFarlane, Arthur William Brown, Arthur Crisp, Arthur Heming.

The last three are artists. Arthur Crisp receives \$10,000, and even \$15,000, for a picture; and he can paint several in a year!

\* \* \*

Have regard for the altered typographical "dress" of this issue of MACLEAN'S: the new style of headings and the improved treatment of illustrations. These things while silent and scarcely obvious to the uninstructed eye, have their positive appeal. They are an evidence of the determination of MACLEAN'S publishers to serve you, the reader, better, to retain your loyalty and to expand your friendliness.

# What is the matter with my skin?



*Examine your skin closely! Find out just the condition it is in—then read below why you can change it and how.*

Here is why your complexion can be improved, no matter what is keeping it from being attractive now. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day. As old skin dies, new skin forms in its place.

*This is your opportunity.* By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin that charm you have longed for? Then begin to-night the treatment below best suited to the needs of your skin, and make it a daily habit thereafter.

#### To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly — always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

#### To clear a blemished skin

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap, and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this. Let it dry and remain on

over night. In the morning wash in your usual way with Woodbury's.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will keep your complexion free from blemishes.

#### To whiten freckled, sun-tanned skins

Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the cake itself. Let this lather remain on over night, and wash again in the morning with warm water, followed by cold, but no soap except that which has remained on the skin.

This treatment is just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A few applications should show a marked improvement.

Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

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# MACLEAN'S

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## MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

OCTOBER, 1916

Number 12

## Ribbing Up The Liberal Party

A Story of Inside Developments  
in Canadian National Politics

By H. F. Gadsby

*Who wrote "The Duff Boom" and other Sketches.*

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—*Mr. Gadsby is doing a new series of articles for readers of MacLean's. The first of this series, "The Duff Boom," appeared in the September issue. Herewith he tells the story of "inside" developments in the Liberal party. Next month he will do the same with the Conservative party. The new series, in fact, will cover the political situation in Canada fearlessly and impartially. Mr. Gadsby's knowledge of the political field is such that he can be depended upon to give a comprehensive view of the situation.*

THE trouble with the grand old Liberal Party is ideas. They have broken out in a rash all over the body politic. The more politic the body the rasher the ideas—even the pussycooters are flirting with socialism. The Liberal party would not feel it so badly if the ideas came one at a time but they have come in a rush like the measles and everybody knows how dangerous measles are to a healthy adult if they strike in.

The Liberals ought to know how to handle ideas because in a normally balanced world ideas are supposed to be their sphere while sentiment is that of the Conservatives. This is not such a wide difference as it appears because sentiments are merely ideas that have become fixed, ideas that have stood the test of time, ideas that represent the survival of the fittest—in short, old ideas which have embedded themselves in the social scheme. Every idea passes through three stages. First it is an ideal, the distant star of a few wistful dreamers. Next it is an idea much discussed and in time achieved. Last of all it is a sentiment too trite and outworn for those who itch for new things and so it becomes the property of the Conservatives whose general attitude toward

human affairs is that the old friends are the best friends. This is how things stand in a general sense.

PERHAPS I had better restate my hypothesis. The difference between Liberals and Conservatives the earth over is the difference between new ideas and old ones, between unfamiliar ideas and accepted ones, between untried theories and established conditions. Broadly speaking this difference reacts in the two parties this way—the big minds are on the Liberal side, the big hearts are on the other. The big minds are cold like the interstellar spaces, the big hearts are warm like the universal sunshine. This explains why many a Liberal experiences a change of life at sixty and turns Conservative to take the chill off his old age. It is a commonplace of history that Liberal statesmen have great trouble remaining Liberal as evening falls and the shadows close in. I need not mention Liberal statesmen who were as staunch Conservatives in



*Platforms have a habit of rising up when you step on the loose end of a plank.*

their old age, though not labelled so, as certain other Conservative statesmen were staunch Liberals in their youth, though not making that profession. Their names will occur to everyone. Then there is the Whig, who is a Liberal out of office and a Tory in. Him we have with us always to add to the confusion.

Moreover, old Liberals whose opinions have become set to a degree which only dynamite can shake suspect young Liberals of wanting to deprive them of their prejudices at a time of life when their minds are too torpid or too comfortable or too timid to excogitate new ones. How would you like, gentle reader, being, let us say, an old Liberal of sixty-five or thereabouts, with your mind



*How would you like it if a fresh young Liberal came along and hammered you over the head with new theories as hard and spiky as a Fiji war club?*

made up on all matters here and hereafter, convinced that things are as they are because that is the best way to have them, anxious for the sake of peace and quiet to go down to the grave with your faith undisturbed—how would you like, I repeat, if a fresh young Liberal came along and regardless of your white hairs, called you "Gaffer! Dotard! Stick-in-the-mud!" and other opprobrious epithets, at the same time hammering you over the head with new theories as hard and spiky as a Fiji war club? How would you like to have a cosmos that took you years to build knocked into a cocked hat that way?

The answer is you would not like it at all and yet that is what, as a member of the Liberal party in good standing, you have a right to expect. What does the Bible say? He that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword. It is the same with ideas. As many politicians go out on ideas as get in on them—Witness the reciprocity election of 1911. Moreover Liberals, as belonging to the party of ideas, run special risks because a new idea is always lurking round the corner ready to welcome the coming or wallop the parting guest.

To explain the present condition of the Liberal party, spotted like a giraffe with new ideas, let us go a long way back to the twilight period of Canadian history. Then, ideas were a habit with the Liberal party and men like William Lyon Mackenzie suffered poverty and exile and men like Baldwin and

Lafontaine spoke up bravely and other heroes more obscure fought and bled for the liberties which we now enjoy. Those were strong ideas which went to the making of our democracy, and strong men handled them as strong men should always do; because a big idea in the hands of a little man is like giving the baby a bomb to play with. In those brave days of yore Liberals did not hesitate to follow their ideas to the logical conclusion even if that conclusion was blood and wounds and battlefields. Thus and so did Liberals win our home rule, defeating in open and glorious conflict Family Compacts, Clergy Reserves and many other feudal dragons imported from England with intent to be saddled on this new fine country.

Then came the Union and its problems, the Liberals still fighting for ideas, rep-by-pop and such and the Conservatives as usual backing their sentiments. After that came Confederation by which time the Conservatives had decided that ideas were the proper thing to have and joined in the beneficent conspiracy to make Canada a nation. This was the golden age for ideas, the big fascinating formative ideas which go to make our political constitution and our social structure. Both parties gloried in having ideas and pushing them along.

So keen were they, in fact, that for a short period preceding that great achievement, Confederation, it might almost be said that none were for a party and all were for the state. The Fathers of Confederation, not always as wise thereafter as history makes them out to be, especially when party passion clouded their judgment, were for the time united. They vied with each other broaching ideas for the common welfare. Thus did they lay the foundations broad and deep but they used up a prodigious amount of material doing it. After they got through their work it almost seemed as if there was not one big compelling idea for great men to fight for. In the matter of ideas the Fathers had strained our natural resources to the limit. The Fathers used up ideas as recklessly as the settlers and bushmen used up our standing timber. They left the intellectual field as bare as your hand.

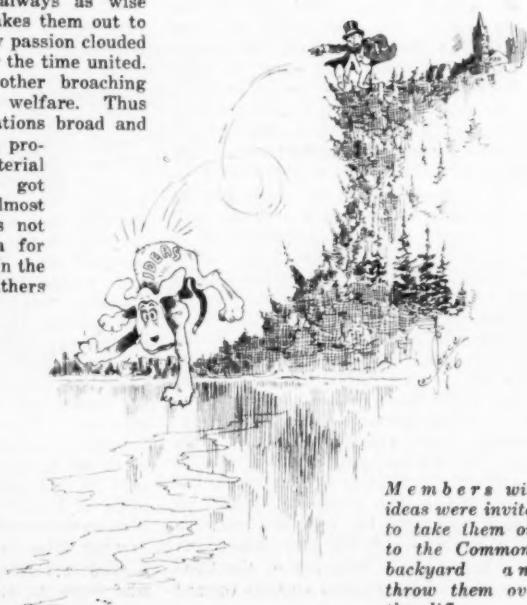
As might be expected, a famine of ideas followed, a long famine lasting forty-four years —

that is to say from 1867 to 1911. During this period Canadian statesmen were visited by three great ideas, two of which belonged to the Conservatives and one to the Liberals. Averaged up, this means one idea every fifteen years. Of course, it does not work out as accurately as that because one of the Conservative ideas did service for ten years and another lasted for thirty-three with a further remand and the Liberal idea did not get across at all.

Before I explain what these three ideas were let me say that it was not Sir John A. Macdonald's fault that ideas were as scarce as hen's teeth from 1867 to 1896 and for the fifteen Liberal years thereafter. Sir John A. Macdonald was as strong for ideas as any Liberal that ever lived and he calculated to coax a few of them into his party by calling it Liberal-Conservative. But the ruse failed for two reasons—because the stock of ideas had run out and because both parties felt great shame at having new ones.

This was due to a fourth idea really first in importance which underlay and overpowered any other idea that might crop up—the idea of the Government to stay in and the correlated idea of the Opposition to get in. This selfish and engrossing idea has been the source of all the thimblerigging and corruption which have disgraced our politics for the last forty-nine years. Until five years ago we had no new issue in politics, only the Ins and the Outs. As any other kind of idea was liable to start something both parties avoided the danger by thinking as little as possible. Politics resolved itself into a more or less expensive scheme of business management by one outfit of promise-breakers or the other. The people? Oh the people be damned!

This system killed all initiative, of course. Members of Parliament dared not call their souls their own. If by some mischance a new idea fastened on



*Members with ideas were invited to take them out to the Commons' backyard and throw them over the cliff.*

them they were invited to take it out in the House of Commons backyard and throw it over the cliff. Until five years ago, such was the awe and dread of party discipline that the average legislator would sooner own up to carrying a mortgage or an overdraft at the bank than an idea.

Notwithstanding which, there were, as I said before, three great ideas in forty-four years. The first of these was the C.P.R., a prophet-poet-statesman's idea, linking the nation together with bands of steel. Sir John Macdonald had it. Idea No. 1. As he conceived it first it was tied up with public ownership which makes him the pioneer in that path. It was the first idea anybody had had in the five years since Confederation and naturally it caused trouble. It exploded in the shape of a scandal which wrecked the Government and sent the Conservative party into retreat for five years. To offset its effects Sir John Macdonald introduced another enlarging idea in 1878—Idea No. 2—The National policy to wit, which meant in plain words protection for our infant industries until they grow whiskers and then some.

On this buoyant idea the Conservative party floated along till 1896 when the Liberals came in, mostly because the country was tired of the other fellows and it was time for a change anyway.

**D**ID the Liberals put Idea No. 2 on shelf? They did not. They had seen the danger of meddling with new ideas and had decided to steer clear. What they did to Idea No. 2 was simply to edit it up to date, shade it about two per cent., give Great Britain just enough preference not to hurt the Canadian manufacturer and call the mixture Tariff For Revenue Only. As events proved, Idea No. 2 which had worn well for eighteen years was good enough to keep for another fifteen. National Policy, Tariff for Revenue—it did not matter much what you called it. An onion by any other name would smell as sweet.

Thus Idea No. 2 held undisputed sway for thirty-three years and still maintains a feebly contested sovereignty at this moment. Altogether its length of days numbers at this writing thirty-eight years. During this long dry spell many ideas knocked at the door but were discouraged. The Liberals themselves toyed with all the extant ideas in the platform of 1893 but that was as far as the ideas got. Once in office the Liberals took the ground that a platform was something to get in on not to stand on. The platform of 1893, as supreme an achievement in variegated wood work as Leader Rowell's platform is to-day, was a pretty thing to look at; but no sensible politician ever thought of using it. It con-

"No platforms,  
no rafts of any  
kind. Just hold  
your breath  
and get washed  
ashore."



tailed many novel and interesting ideas, for example, the reform of the Senate. A good joke that! You want the Senate reformed? Very well, we will reform it by filling it with Reformers. Which, with a keen sense of humor, they did so effectually that the Senate to this day, spite of death and decrepitude and a Conservative Government in power, boasts a Liberal majority of half a dozen. That joke cost the Liberals their grand old alias of Reformers. After they failed to reform the Senate except in a Pickwickian sense, they did not have the nerve to lay claim to the name any longer. And so it disappeared from Canadian politics.

**P**LATFORMS, as I said before, are dangerous because they contain ideas, and platforms have a habit of rising up when you step on the loose end of a plank and giving you a black eye. For this reason the Liberals have not built another platform since 1893 with the result that most of the old Liberals have forgotten what the Liberal principles are and most of the young Liberals are unaware that the party ever had any. This, say the wise heads, is the best way to manage it—to treat Liberalism as a frame of mind, an open attitude toward conditions as they arise; a frame of mind being always more flexible than a statement of principles, besides having no come-back to it in the shape of something one thought or said ten years ago.

The only consistency either political party arrives at is consistency with the present and a solidly built platform is liable to get in the way and obstruct the view. This objection holds good with regard to slighter platforms, platforms of a temporary character. Let the construction be as knock-down as it may there is always the chance that something will jam before the blamed thing can be folded up and put out of sight. Thus it happens that our modern politicians, though they greet every prettily-spotted or quaintly-striped idea as it flits by, prefer to speak of the results as collections, not as

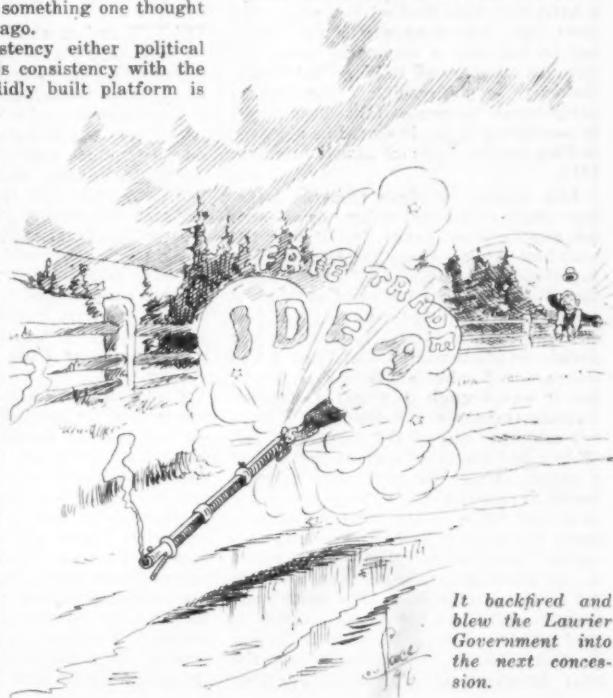
platforms, a collection being something that is readily dispersed, whereas a platform may be as hard to get rid of as the rock of Gibraltar. This probably explains why the Liberal party has adopted no platform for the general election of 1917—no platform, that is to say, except the All Good which is sufficiently general for practicable purposes.

Thus the Liberal Advisory Committee which met not long ago at Ottawa, brought in a number of inspiring reports in which most of the current theories of regeneration were imbedded like flies in amber, but they adopted no platform. Nor will they. Their desire is to warm their hearts, not to burn their fingers with these new ideas.

"No platforms," say the wise old boys. "No rafts of any kind. Just hold your breath and get washed ashore."

**D**URING the long reign of Idea number 2, the political leaders on both sides of the House experienced little difficulty in holding other ideas back. Idea number 2 was so big and selfish that it kept the smaller ideas down. If a member of Parliament suspected that he had an idea about him, he starved it to death by refusing to think about it. He would much rather have a wooden leg or something like that that he could discuss in public. Ideas, especially ideas along economic lines, were barred so that an original thinker like John Charlton, was obliged to take up with moral hobbies. For many years John Charlton entertained himself and the House of Commons, and the people at large with his bill to raise the age of consent from sixteen to sixty or thereabouts. Such was the dearth of ideas that John Charlton's rather pale little crusade was taken up by the newspapers and solemnly expounded and expanded as an epoch-making movement.

However, ideas will not down no matter



*It backfired and blew the Laurier Government into the next concession.*

how they are bullied. And so after John Charlton, the man of one idea, came W. F. MacLean, the man of many ideas. W. F. had ideas to burn and he burned at least one a week for the good of mankind and the front page of the Toronto *World*. Sometimes when news was slack, or the occasion seemed to warrant it, W. F. would burn two ideas or even three a week, which caused him to be regarded with great suspicion by a Parliament that had burned only two ideas in thirty-eight years, and those only slightly charred at that. W. F.'s ideas were as dazzling as they were frequent. It was a cold day when he couldn't buy the C.P.R. with cigar coupons or something just as easy. Naturally he got himself disliked. Oh, but he was the bright-eyed little curse to the dull fellows!

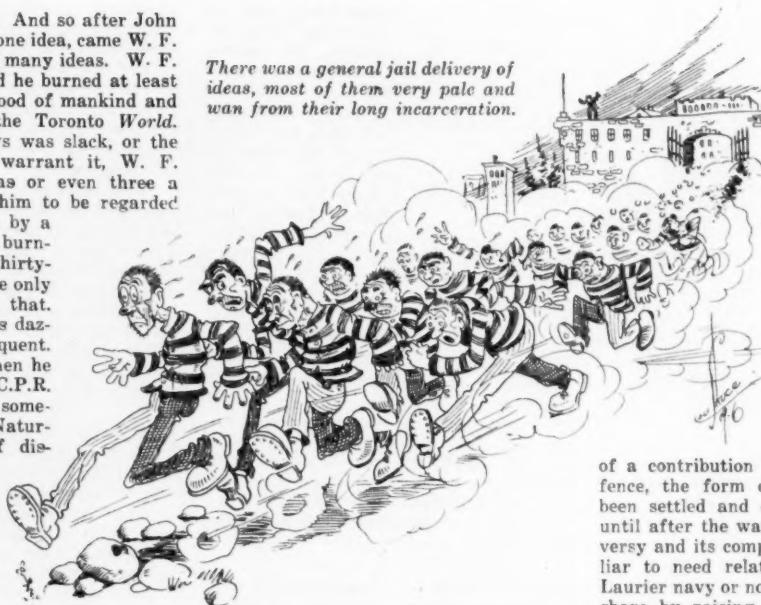
**N**EXT came Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer — 1908 was

the year. Red Michael they called him—John-the-Baptising for Free Trade in the wilderness of the House of Commons. Free trade? Where had the Liberal party seen that idea before? Oh, yes, to be sure. It was one of those sweet dreamland faces vanished long ago into the platform of 1893, and never heard of afterwards! A face they had loved long since and lost awhile—for twenty years! Ah, well, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Red Michael with that old sweetheart of ours! Goodness, how time flies! And a hard time Red Michael had of it. He came into Parliament with a full beard, but he has only a moustache now. He wore his whiskers off talking Free Trade. However, he got results. The Liberal party began to suspect that there might be something in it. It served as a coxcomb to Idea number 3, which saw the light in 1911.

Idea number 3—three ideas in forty-four years—three, count 'em, three—was not exactly Free Trade, but it was the next best thing. Free Trade, that is to say freer trade with our best customer, the United States, not so free that it would hurt the vested interests, but just enough to alarm them. It is one of the paradoxes of our politics that Free Trade means considerably less than Free Trade, but it was enough to frighten eighteen Toronto statesmen and one Liberal cabinet minister out of the party. It got off to a bad start, but even at that it was a grand sight. Old hard shell Liberals looked at it, warmed their tired old hearts at it, said, "Now let thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes hath seen thy salvation," went out and then—didn't get it. All of which goes to show that ideas are not always good politics. The truth must be told. Idea number 3 was unadulterated trinitrotoluol. It back-fired and blew the Laurier Government into the next concession. Again was the engineer

*There was a general jail delivery of ideas, most of them very pale and wan from their long incarceration.*



hoist with his own petard. Curse all petards anyway! The trouble with idea number 3 was that it was an idea pure and simple. There was no sentiment in it. In that campaign, I will always hold, all the argument was on the Liberal side and all the sentiment was on the Conservative. And naturally the Conservatives won, because sentiment in the long run rules the world. At any rate the Old Flag was waved briskly and President Taft and Champ Clark did the rest. The old flag, as George Cohan says, has saved many a show.

**T**HUS and so was Idea No. 3 defeated by Idea No. 2, which is still going strong, if not stronger, in its thirty-eighth year. The Conservative policy was, if you remember, to let well enough (that is to say, the National Policy) alone. And let it alone they did, until 1914 when the war came along and *WELL ENOUGH* had to be tightened up seven and a half per cent and the British Preference whittled to fit. Incidentally the war stirred men's minds the world over and Finance Minister White did not escape. Circumstances have obliged him to put a number of ideas on taxation into practice which will cause Canadians to do a certain amount of close thinking on this subject.

Some people will have it that the war is responsible for another great idea—total abstinence from strong drink. But that was not an idea at all. It was a universal emotion, a prevailing mood, all blue. Now that the war is in sight of being won and beefsteaks can still be bought, though at somewhat higher prices, and the people have not had at any time to eat baled hay, things are brighter. Sackcloth and ashes are not being worn to the same extent as they were a year ago. Ontario, for example, being face to face with a long drouth, via a prohibition law on which the people did not vote, begins to lack con-

viction that our good Canadian flesh should be mortified for the sins of Europe. Already the statesmen in Queen's Park are beginning to talk of modified legislation, plebiscites, beer and wine licenses and matters like that. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

The shadow of the great war as far back as 1914 and thence on, engendered the idea

of a contribution to Imperial naval defence, the form of which has not yet been settled and cannot be settled now until after the war is over. The controversy and its complications are too familiar to need relating here. Meanwhile Laurier navy or not, Canada has done her share by raising a land army of four hundred thousand with another hundred thousand as a limit.

**T**O return to my muttons, the Liberal party, which claims to be the party of ideas, is in greater danger of suffering from them than the Conservative party, which is the party of sentiments. Only last session the Liberal party in Parliament, which as I said before, had not had to meet more than three working ideas in forty-nine years, began to show signs that its intellectual heritage was festering. Ideas that had not troubled them for a generation started rankling in their bosoms. "Lemme out," they said; and kept bumping. The West, for example, previously satisfied to complain about free wheat, grain inspection and other business matters, suddenly developed the idea that it had nothing to do with the bilingual question and voted that way. Quebec developed the idea that certain educational courtesies it enjoyed in Ontario ought to harden into rights, and said so. Ontario said not. Evidently the clash of ideas was on. The leaders were put to it to prevent a battle royal. However, they headed it off and the session passed off without further disaster.

But it was only for a time. The battle between the Old Guard and the Band of Hope was bound to come. After the session was over all the ideas were, as the Rev. J. A. Macdonald would put it, released. To make matters worse they were released all at once. In fact there was a general jail delivery of ideas, most of them very pale and wan from their long incarceration. Suppose you were an idea and you had been in solitary confinement on bread and water ever since 1893, how would you look? At any rate all the ideas the Liberal party ever ignored, suppressed, denied, stabbed or choked, and quite a few it never had at all, broke out together and began yelling, "Take me up!" And take them up the Liberal Advisory Committee did; or at least that

wing of it which I beg leave to name the Band of Hope.

**T**HE Band of Hope is the Social Service Committee, and there most of the homeless ideas, not all new, but most of them discovered by the committee for the first time and, therefore, as good as new so far as they were concerned, found shelter. The Social Service Committee has nearly all the bugs known to modern science, including eugenics and other means of drowning love in an ocean of prophylactics. It believes particularly in old age pensions, sickness and unemployment insurance, and motherhood insurance, ideas which Lloyd George imported from Germany as being suited to palliate the decay of the English feudal system. Palliatives they are and expensive ones at that for, of course, the state pays the long end of the bill. What place these nostrums have in a new country like Canada which should create opportunities instead of breeding a pauper class who will lean on national charity, is hard to tell. Do we confess that our democracy has failed? Besides, where will we get the money for these German frills after we have paid for the railways, discharged the interest on our war debt and met our customary obligations?

However, the Band of Hope seems to think it is all right and that the Lord will provide. Its zeal for uplift is such that it scorns these mercenary considerations. The Band of Hope is so called because it is composed of a little group of Ontario Liberals with Toronto as their headquarters, who have much more to hope than they have so far realized. Any one can see that Ontario Liberalism which can show only fourteen members in the House of Commons at Ottawa and twenty-four in the Legislature in Queen's Park has got to be strong on hope or go out of business entirely.

The Band of Hope has for its captain Mr. Rowell, with Mr. Joseph E. Atkinson, President of the *Toronto Star*, as the man behind the gun, and Mr. Stewart Lyon, of the *Toronto Globe*, as shell passer. I take all my metaphors from the war, but the Band of Hope's objects are altogether peaceful. They are credited with a design to establish the reign of the saints on earth, to give the children of Zion, via church union plus socialist labor, as conspicuous a part in public affairs as they had in the time of Cromwell, even if they have to steal the Liberal party to do it. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier drops out after winning the next general election—if he does win—the Angels will not fear to rush in.

**W**ILL the Band of Hope get its way? The Old Guard says no. The Old Guard has no objection to the Band of Hope playing with all the rainbows it likes, but it keeps a firm hand on the organization. It will name the candidates and elect them where possible. The Old Guard is of the opinion that new ideas can best be handled by old heads who will treat them with the proper amount of cynical reserve. Moreover, the Old Guard believes that human nature being what it is, will be mightily glad to get back to the

old jog after the war is over and that very few new ideas will go a long way. Some of the old ones brought up to date will serve very well. Not that the Old Guard is deaf to new ideas—not at all. But the newer the idea the greater the need of a cool head behind it.

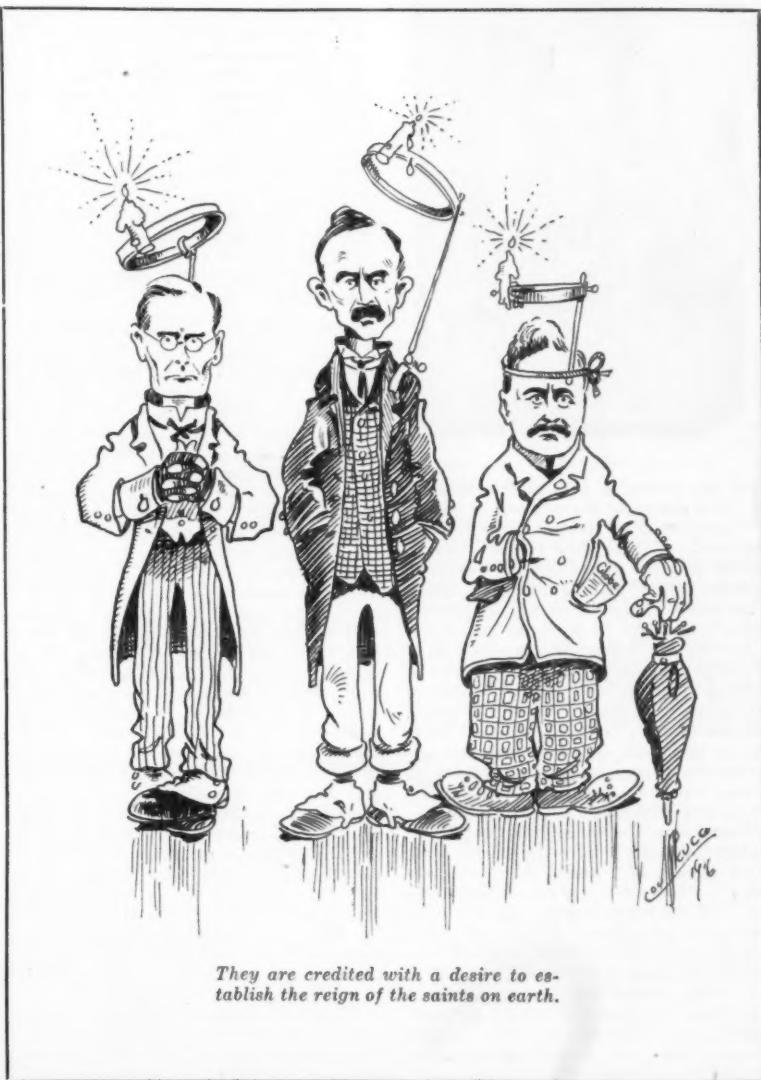
The Old Guard will look at Uplift only so far as it is practical and thrifty. It will discourage ardent visionaries with expensive plans for introducing the millennium. It will have a judicious respect for vested interests and will not altogether forget expediency and the personal equation. The world has not outlived compromises yet.

The Have Nots will not get what the Haves have and divide it among them, but the Have-Too-Muches will probably be assessed more heavily. The Old Guard will likely direct its chief energies to sound taxation sanely distributed so that the burden will fall on those best able to pay. Moreover, the incidence of taxation may be quite different from what it is now.

There is a limit to what can be squeezed out of the tariff.

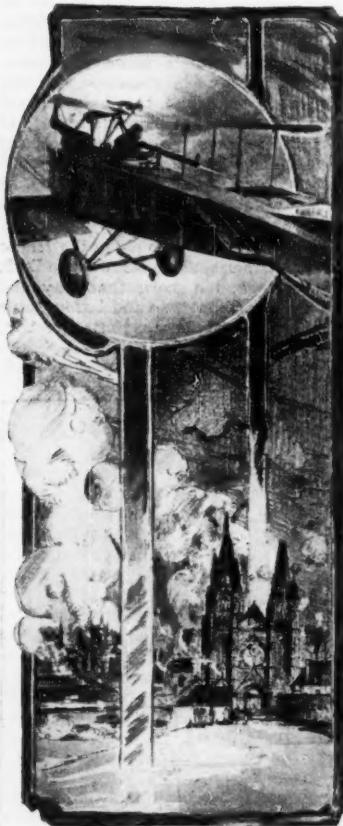
Personally I am for the Old Guard. I love no government that is too bright and good for human nature's daily food. When I think of the Old Guard leaders I think of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that grand old statesman who will presently be seeking the ease and dignity which he has so splendidly earned. I think of George Graham, his possible successor, shrewd, hard-headed, capable, the only charge against whom is that he lends a spic of humor to the dreary declamation of the Green Chamber. I also think of "Ned" Macdonald, the strong man from down by the sea, hard fighter, cool head, firm hand, doesn't chase butterflies.

And if need is to go outside the House for a leader then there is Mr. Justice Duff, an Old Guard, too, born that way and still a disciple of Baldwin and Lafontaine and their dispassionate, but effective, methods.



# Is Permanent Peace Possible?

By Stephen Leacock



**I**N the preceding part of this article I have discussed the problem of permanent peace as viewed in the light of the past. I endeavored to show that in earlier ages the war of tribe against tribe and the fight of man against man seemed a necessity of human destiny. Permanent peace could only be spiritual aspiration.

Nor did the beginning of civilization in any way alter the prospect. The form of fighting changed, it is true. The club of the savage was replaced by the arquebus and the cannon. But of war itself there was no cessation. The improvements and inventions of the arts merely served to render war more complicated. They did not in any way lessen its recurrence.

Then came the wonderful age of the nineteenth century, differing utterly from every period of history that had preceded it. Since the coming of the steam-boat and the steam engine, about hundred years ago, the world has witnessed a mechanical and industrial progress that has transformed every phase of human life. Man seemed triumphant over nature. The new power of machinery multiplied a hundred fold the means of sustenance. The new possibilities of communication made the world's thought one. The institution of democratic government

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—In a previous article Professor Leacock dealt with the possibilities of permanent peace as viewed in the light of world history in the past. In the accompanying article, he sums up the discussion after a consideration of the probabilities and the possibilities of the future. The conclusion that he reaches may not be entirely acceptable to the peace-loving visionary—but the facts presented cannot be evaded or misconstrued.

seemed to supply a mechanism of common action and universal agreement. The interchange of commerce appeared to connect the welfare of each with the welfare of all. War began to appear a horrible and impossible thing, a mere relic of the past, something that could never again, in the light of common sense and common thought, devastate a world of peace and plenty. Prophets of peace abounded. It was freely said that the days of war were ended. "It is quite out of the question," wrote a distinguished English advocate of peace as recently as 1913, "that a single soldier of all the enormous German army will ever live to see a gun fired in war." This and similar expressions of opinion were part of the common stock in trade at the opening of the twentieth century.

**T**HEN came the war, overwhelming in its catastrophe the greater part of the globe, obliterating all landmarks, and burying in its universal ruin, the milestones of centuries of progress. What is to come after it? Shall we pass through the dark shadow of war to the sunshine of universal lasting peace, or into a gloom deeper still? There has been a widespread feeling, especially prevalent in the earlier stages of the struggle, that the present conflict is to prove to be the "war that will end war." Humanity, it is said, will no longer tolerate the renewal of its horrors. The close of the war, it is argued, will witness the great states in the world uniting in some form of common polity. It will no longer be in the power of any one nation to make war upon any other unless it is prepared to face the overwhelming force of universal attack. Henceforth all international disputes, so it is claimed, will be settled with the orderly decorum of a lawsuit. A properly constituted tribunal will deliver its judgment on any case of conflicting interests and the parties to the dispute will bow to its decision precisely as do the litigants in an ordinary case at law. The man in the street has a vision of the Allied Powers, in concert with the United States, dealing out international justice and compelling the reluctant assent of a defeated Germany and a dismembered Austria.

There can be no doubt that such a vision in its general outline accords with all that is highest in human aspiration, nor can any one deny that it must in some sense represent a goal that will be reached in

a far future, distant indeed, yet even now discernible through the mist. Universal peace, one must admit, seems only to be attained by universal agreement. The day is gone when any potentate or any state can dream of conquering the world and so imposing peace. When Alexander the Great "wept because there were no more worlds to conquer," he had in reality overrun a territory about as big as Saskatchewan. The whole Roman "world" to which for a period Rome dictated peace was not as large as Northwest Canada. Nor does the teaching of history leave any doubt that the imposed peace of a conqueror can never last. Smouldering under the conquered soil there still burn the unquenched embers of war.

**I**F peace can ever come it must, therefore, only come as the result of general acquiescence and assent. And that it will some day come is a belief deeply stamped upon the general consciousness of our time. We have all grown to be "perfectionists." The wonderful advance of modern science has made us so. We do not think, as the ancients did, in terms of things moving in a narrow circle, from good to bad and back to good again. Unconsciously, perhaps, our minds are saturated with the idea of "progress." We think in terms of betterment and improvement. Poverty and pestilence, the ravage of the plague and the sordid swelter of the slums, are things that we feel are destined to be conquered and put away for ever. So too with war. As children of our generation we cannot but believe that the "progress" that will obliterate poverty and banish pestilence and famine will remove from the world the lurid horrors of war.

So think at least the vast majority of us. Here and there perhaps, before the war, a contrary opinion was heard, a plea that war was a great and ennobling thing which neither could nor should be banished from the world. Such were the views perhaps of some poor strutting of a German prince, his narrow brain-pane decorated with the gold braid of a staff officer and his little chest resplendent with unearned eagles and mimic death-heads; or such the views of some dull and brutal Prussian to whom war meant the hope of plunder and rapine and the relief of casting off a civilization that he had neither invented nor enjoyed; or such again the views, here and there, of some silly theor-

ist, dipping his pen-hand to the elbow in a bath of blood that turned out to be only printer's ink.

Such theories may have existed before the war, but the war has ended them. The world in its agony cries out against them.

**P**EACE then, and not war, is the only ultimate destiny that we care to contemplate for mankind, while the ultimate peace must be achieved and maintained not by conquest, but by agreement. And the agreement must undoubtedly take something of the form, in broad outline, of a union of the greatest states of the world in such a way that for certain purposes they form a single unit backed by their united power. With the aspiration towards such a union and such a peace any rational human being might, indeed must, sympathize. But it is quite another question to ask whether such a world peace and world union are possible now, in our own time, on the very heels of the great war. It is not possible and it cannot be. To base our future policy on the adoption of such a plan would be to invite disaster. We might as well reinstate Lord Haldane as Secretary of War to sing us to sleep with his crooning songs of inoffensive Germany, or let good Mr. Birrell sit once again with his knitting beside the cradle of Irish rebellion.

For few people have stopped to realize just what a world union and a world peace maintained thereby must mean, and the limitations and conditions that are implied. The outline of it, one can draft readily enough. Any school boy of twelve can do it. Here you have, let us say, the British Empire, the United States, France, Russia, Italy and Japan united in a World Alliance with a cluster of minor powers clinging to the fringes. One admits that the minor States—Holland, Sweden and such—offer no difficulty. They must do as they are told. Of Germany and Austria, and Turkey, we may speak presently. They may be imagined either inside the Alliance or outside of it. The argument will be valid either way. For the time being, let us think of them as out. This World Alliance is supposed to maintain some sort of court, a kind of glorified Hague Tribunal where cases of National dispute can be tried. Any nation which engages in a controversy with another and loses its case, before the Tribunal is supposed to submit at once and do as it is told.

**N**OW this sounds as simple as daylight. But would it work in practice? Let us suppose that the Central Tribunal, on application from Japan, ordered the United States to admit Japanese citizens to full rights of residence and property in the American Republic; or ordered the British Empire to admit Japanese immigrants into Australia; recognized, on application, the claim of Spain to Gibraltar and ordered its restitution; undertook to revise the partition of Africa so far as to give Russia a share therein, or, if you will, ordered the European powers out of Africa altogether on the ground that the original partition was robbery; or endorsed a petition claiming to come from two hundred millions of the inhabitants of India asking for independence; served notice to the United States to get out of the Philippines. In short, let us suppose that the Tribunal gave a decision vitally concerning some one or other of the issues about which the interests and the passions of whole nations are centred. Would such nations submit? Never—or never *unless they had to*. For the trouble with the pen and ink theorist of these matters has always been that he imagines for himself, controversies of a trivial kind which have no real importance. These, it is quite true, can be settled by a Central Tribunal just as they can by half a dozen other agencies. Such things as these the dummy tribunal that exists at the Hague has been settling for twenty years. It is true that in the past trivial and unimportant controversies have at times, for lack of a means of settlement, plunged nations into war. England and Russia were once on the brink of war over the boundaries of Afghanistan and England and the United States over the question of where the Swamps of Venezuela ended and the jungles of British Guiana began. Over questions such as these, the man in the street—overfed and ignorant of war—worked himself into a mimic fury, hunted up his claim on the map, learned it painfully by heart and then threw himself down in hysterics, screaming for gunpowder. Such folly did we witness once at least in Canada—over the so-called Alaskan Boundary dispute. Who knows or cares about it now?

**F**OR the settlement of such controversies as these, a Central Tribunal, let it be fully admitted, is an admirable institution. But for the settlements of real questions, things that spell life and death, joy and sorrow, freedom or slavery, the

thing is, taken by itself—without value. For it is only valid and useful when it has force behind it and can compel obedience to its decrees. And in that very problem of force lies the crux of the whole matter. Consider the condition that is at once created. In order to set up a central power that can make its will obeyed, the nations of the world must endow it with a force greater than their own. It will not do for them merely to promise or pledge themselves to support with their own strength the decrees of the tribunal. This would be simply to substitute for a scrap of paper a whole waste paper basket full. A nation that would strip itself of its arms, disband its soldiers and dismantle its navy on the strength of a mere international pledge of this sort would be guilty of a folly that would invite its inevitable fate.

But let us suppose that the central tribunal is endowed with an armed force of its own, an international army and an international navy of such dimensions as to overshadow the remaining forces of any one nation—or any probable combination of nations—to the point of compelling submission to its wishes. For, if the international power stop short of this, nothing is effected. The scenes are merely shifted. War, instead of being made by one nation against another, would be made by one nation, or combination of nations, against the central authority. War, in fact, would become merely a new form of rebellion, resulting in the setting up of some new form of central power.

On the other hand if we give to the central power an overwhelming force, so great that resistance is hopeless, then the thing is merely national suicide. Our destiny henceforth—our property, our liberty, our lives—will lie in the hands of a board of delegates—some white, some yellow, and some brown. Henceforth we must pray God to grant us the Peruvian vote, and put our trust in the integrity and justice of the delegate from the Mosquito Coast.

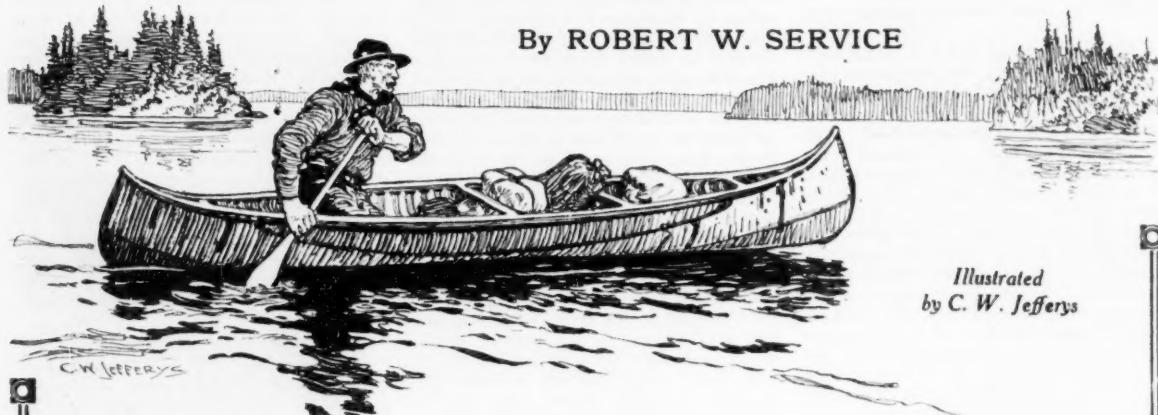
**T**HE more one looks at it the more impossible the thing becomes. We dare not trust ourselves so. We have learned in the last two hundred years, to get along, in a certain uneasy and rickety fashion, with men of our own race and speech by this process of voting and being voted on. Yet even within the single commonwealth the process is not always without friction. Submission does not always follow with mechanical accord at the bidding of

*Continued on page 92.*



# THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

By ROBERT W. SERVICE



Illustrated  
by C. W. Jefferys

Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas nothing but the thrumming  
Of a woodpecker a-rapping on the hollow of a tree;  
And she thought that I was fooling when I said it was the drumming  
Of the mighty hosts a-muster, and 'twas calling unto me;  
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop across the sea.

And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started up in wonder,  
For I heard a savage roaring, and 'twas coming from afar.  
Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas only summer thunder,  
And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her it was War;  
'Twas the chariots of battle where the giant armies are.

Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with russet sail a-flying,  
And the word he said was "War" again: so what was I to do?  
Oh, the dogs they took to howling, and the missis took to crying,  
As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch canoe;  
Yes, the old girl stood a-blubbing till an island hid the view.

Says the factor: "Mike, you're crazy! They have soldier men a-plenty.  
You're as grizzled as a badger, and you've sixty year or so."  
"But I havn't missed a scrap," says I, "Since I was one and twenty;  
And shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your whiskers—no!"  
So I sold my furs and started . . . and that's eighteen months ago.

For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put me for a starter  
In the trenches down by Arras with the Boshe a step away;  
And the partner on my right hand was an *apache* from Montmartre;  
On my left there was a millionaire from Pittsburgh, U.S.A.  
(Poor beggar! They collected him in bits the other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch of the lumbago,  
And they call me "Old Methoosalah" and *blague* me all the day.  
I'm their exhibition sniper, and they work me like a Dago,  
And they laugh to see me plug a Boshe a half-a-mile away:  
Oh, I hold the highest record in the regiment, they say.



And at night they gather round me and I tell them of my roaming  
In the Country of the Crepuscule beside the Frozen Sea;  
Where the musk ox runs unchallenged and the cariboo go homing.  
And they sit like little children, all as quiet as can be:  
Men of every clime and color, how they listen unto me!

And I tell them of the Fur Land, of the tump-line and the paddle;  
Of secret rivers loitering that no one will explore;  
And I tell them of the ranges, of the pack-strap and the saddle,  
And they fill their pipes in silence, and their eyes beseech for more;  
While above the star-shells fizzlie, and the high explosives roar.

And I tell of lakes fish-haunted, where the big bull moose are calling;  
Of forests still as sepulchres, with never trail or track;  
Of valleys packed with purple gloom, and mountain peaks appalling;  
And I tell them of my cabin on the shore at Fond du Lac;  
And I find myself a-thinking: God! I wish that I was back.

So I brag of bear and beaver while the batteries are roaring,  
And the fellows on the firing steps are blazing at the foe;  
And I yarn of fur and feather when the *marmites* are a-soaring;  
And they listen to my stories, seven *poilus* in a row—  
Seven lean and lousy *poilus* with their cigarettes aglow.

And I tell them, when it's over how I'll hike for Athabaska;  
(And these seven greasy *poilus* they are crazy to go too;)  
And I'll give the wife the helmet that I promised, and I'll ask her  
The price of mink and marten, and the run of cariboo;  
And I'll get my traps in order, and I'll start to work anew.

For I've had my fill of fighting, and I've seen a nation scattered,  
And an army swung to slaughter, and a river red with gore;  
And a city all a-smoulder, and . . . As if it really mattered,  
For the lake is yonder dreaming, and my cabin's on the shore;  
And the dogs are leaping madly, and the wife is singing gladly,  
And I'll rest in Athabaska; and I'll leave it nevermore.

# What The Gods Send

By Hopkins Moorhouse

*Who wrote "The Years of the Wicked" and "1,000 Per Cent.—Net!"*

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

## I.

### CONCERNING THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF SOME SECTION MEN.

THE heart of the Algoma country is a region of solitude for the most part and Lockwood's siding on the Canadian Midland Railway is nothing but a rusty switch between flag-stations. Freight van No. 13542, standing there by itself, had a lonesome look which was emphasized by the thin spiral of blue smoke that curled lazily from its tiny chimney and wandered upward against the dark background of spruce that clothed the neighboring hill to lose itself in the bright amber of the evening sky.

Inside the dingy old caboose the four members of Topographical Survey Party Number Two were very busy taking the measurements of their supper and recording the same with that relish which alone can be figured from axioms of animal fitness and twenty-miles-per-day in the open air. Four granite plates, large size, stuck to the oil-cloth table covering, each plate steaming with a heap of boiled beans from the pale smother of which peeped brown strips of bacon, done to a crisp.

"Yuh went an' fried all the juice out o' the bacon again, Mack," growled Anderson. "Thought I told yuh not to do it that way! An' say, ain't that tea steeped yet?"

To trace a given chain of unusual and exciting events to the rivulets of its beginning is often to uncover sources which are amusing in their commonplace character. So that in considering the adventure which befell young Horace P. Macklin, marker for Topographical Survey Party No. 2, on this particular summer night one is inclined to smile at Anderson's complaint.

IN reply to it Macklin said nothing. To say little was a habit in which he very often indulged; for he was a nephew of the Honorable William J. Power, M.P.P., whose favorite advice was: "Keep your mouth shut, your eyes and ears open, and saw wood."

"What's the matter with yuh, anyways? Got a grouch on?" pursued Anderson, who had made a special study of grouchiness himself on this trip.

"Leave 'm alone, Andy," munched "Spud" Bayley. "Can't you see the boy's hungry. Empty stomach, empty head. Besides, he's lost his purse, containing five coppers—"

"Yes, an' he's been sore 'bout that darn pocketbook all day!"

"An' you'd be sore too, Andy, if you'd lost it," soothed Spud. "Taint the money nor his pass that's bothering little Horace. It's the love-letter from his girl back home."

"Shut up, Spud!" warned Rutland.

"Just what I was telling Anderson, Boss. You'd be worried yourself about that letter, if 'twas yours. There it is, lying back there on Halldorson's siding

and just supposing Halldorson or his men found it and laughed over it? I'll leave it to you, Boss, would it be any of their blooming business whether she called you 'Hory dear' or not?"

Macklin grinned appreciation. Nevertheless, his legging boot shot under the table with some force.

BUT it was Anderson instead of Bayley, who let out a howl and grabbed for his shin with a suddenness that sent his nose into his beans. His first expression of pained surprise melted like the dab of butter on Spud's plate and it was with genuine intent to do bodily injury of a severe sort that he leaped to his feet, eyes blazing, heedless alike of Macklin's quick apology and Rutland's growl of warning. Not until the latter had shoved him back into his seat with a jolt that compelled was trouble averted.

"None of the rough stuff around here, now, Anderson! I've told you that before. The kid didn't mean that for you and he's apologized."

"He meant it for me, Andy. Didn't you, Mack?" cried Spud, anxious to smooth matters.

"I know a man who made a million dollars by keeping his mouth shut, Bayley!" admonished Rutland significantly.

"I get you, Steve," grinned Spud, once more entering into negotiations with the eatables.

"I want this car scrubbed out tonight and the place made half way decent," Rutland asserted, returning to his place at the table. "We're liable to have visitors tomorrow," he added by way of relieving the situation.

Spud's fork halted on its way to his mouth. Rutland nodded.

"When I called in for the mail back at Indian



The match flared up brightly, shining fitfully on a white, haggard face with gaunt eyes and a mouth twisted with pain.



*The revolver jerked spasmodically upward—  
He was in the immovable embrace of the big Swede.*

Creek to-day the agent told me they were expecting the Old Man up the line tonight."

"Go on! Waring himself? What the mischief's he doing 'way up here in the woods?" Spud's astonishment was by no means feigned. "Why, that was his car came down from the West on No. 2 last night, Boss. Don't you remember? It passed us when we were——"

"Well, anything to prevent him turning around and coming back again? Pass the punk, Mack. All I know is, the President's private car's coming up at the tail of No. 1 to-night," frowned Rutland, who already regretted having introduced a subject which he had made up his mind to say nothing about, for certain reasons. "I'm not going to take any chances of anybody finding this place like a pig-pen."

"But, Boss, ain't it kind o' funny——?"

"I said *pig-pen!* Don't you get that? Isn't there some of the best speckled trout in the world hereabout? You make me tired, Bayley! You ought to apply to the company's chief detective; Bob Cranston might be persuaded to give you a job detecting catsup stains in Murphy's restaurant at North Bay!"

"Waring's a queer old beggar," mused Spud, ignoring the laugh. "Now, for all we know——"

"Look here, Bayley, if you don't check that everlasting tendency to poke your nose into things that don't concern you, first thing you know you'll find yourself breathing through your mouth and then you won't be able to talk all the time!" There was a hint of anger in Rutland's rebuke.

"They say," persisted Spud, unabashed, "he took his holidays once, acting as time-keeper when they were building the Temagami branch. Waring did. Nobody knew who he was."

"That's right. And he found out a few things that were going on up there," nodded Rutland in an effort to steer the conversation. "Takes a man with brains to come up from the ranks the way he has. He knows the game, from overalls to dress suit."

"Then it wasn't Hughey Pomeroy who pulled off that Temagami stunt, Boss?"

Rutland shook his head. "Pomeroy's about as smooth as they make private secretaries these days," he admitted, "but

when it comes right down to cases the Old Man holds the pointer while Hughey sharpens his pencil and gets ready to learn how it's done."

SPUD drained his tin cup, spat an ambitious tea-leaf from the tip of his tongue and proceeded leisurely to scoop up the little lake of wet sugar at the bottom.

"Well," he announced, bestowing a final lick on the spoon, "whether the President of this road is coming up this way to fish or to snoop around here in disguise to-morrow to find out if we clean our teeth every morning, it's me for a comfortable drag on me little nut-brown pipe."

"Huh!" scoffed Macklin, unexpectedly breaking silence for the first time. "He'll be along alright, Spuddy. Railway presidents with political ambitions often travel over their lines disguised as tramps and call at every old car they see on deserted sidings, especially on the loneliest divisions!"

"Egbert, the Silent, speaketh. At last we are to know the truth! What do they do that for?"

"Merely hunting for splinters from wooden heads to use as tooth-picks!"

"By George, Mack, I hadn't thought of that! But keep up your courage, old man. We'll protect you!"

"You fellows know as well as I do that about the only visitors we're liable to have to-morrow will be swimming in our tea!"

"Don't be too sure, Mack," laughed Rutland. "Waring might not plan to give us a call; but when he sees the way you've wasted that white paint of yours, plastering 'Engineering Department' on the side of this rolling palace in which we dwell, he might take it into his head to investigate. He'd just about do any old thing he blame well wanted to. He's like that. Why, the mere matter of a pail of water and a cake of soap might mean an increase of salary for the bunch of us!"

"Andy, better cut out the sulks and go down to the spring for the water. Take both pails. Get busy! All of you!" Rutland snapped his fingers.

As Anderson slouched to the door he threw a look of resentment at Macklin, which did not escape Rutland's eye. Over behind the hills to the west could be heard the rumble of an approaching freight

train and, with the idea of getting "the kid" out of the way for a time, the Boss suggested that it was good chance to get back down the line to Halldorson's section to look for the missing pocketbook.

MACKLIN grabbed the red lantern and lighted it with alacrity enough. Maud's letter was lying down there somewhere, he felt sure, on the Halldorson siding, nine miles away. It had dropped out of his hip pocket beside the stove probably; he remembered that the chair, over the back of which he had hung his clothes, had stood close to the stove and the lost articles might have been thrown out with the ashes somehow by the careless Spud when their man stood sidetracked early that morning.

So, when the freight came jolting to a reluctant stop, he ignored the swearing engineer and lost no time in climbing aboard the caboose and squaring things with the conductor. Half an hour later he was hanging by one hand and foot to the back step, peering into the dusk for a soft spot on which to alight when the train slowed on the grade just west of his destination.

Picking himself up cheerfully from the stumble of his jump into a stretch of sand ballast, he waved to the conductor, although it had grown too dark to see for more than a few feet. He watched the green tail lights of the freight receding steadily till they disappeared around a curve at the head of the grade; then with a laugh at nothing in particular, he walked briskly after them.

ONE of those patient beings who are born ever so often with the gift of interpreting railway schedules would have no great difficulty in locating "Halldorson" in the main-line time-table of the Canadian Midland Railway. It takes the form of a little dagger mark which, pursued into the fine print at the "Explanatory" notes, yields the information that "Halldorson" is a flag-station.

Halldorson himself must be credited with being one of the oldest and most conscientious section foremen on the division. He, his men, his wife, his children and everything that was his, abode in a log shanty on a rise of ground close to the track. The rest of the place consisted of a long switch, a short wooden platform, a tall new standard enclosed water-tank

and a little whitewashed tool-shed where the handcar was stored.

When Macklin rounded the curve he noted that a light was burning in this tool-shed, the yellow of it glowing here and there through the chinks, and it was with the idea of borrowing the lantern or its mate to aid him in the search for his missing property that he made the tool-shed his objective point. Some of the men were sure to be about. In fact, as he looked, one or two dark forms seemed to sit across the track between him and the yellow glow.

"Hello, there!" he called out as he approached. "How's chances for the loan of a lan—?"

**T**HE door was standing wide open and the shed was quite deserted. Macklin stopped short with a mutter of surprise and it was then that his quick ear first caught the sound of a脚步声 behind him. There was a certain clumsy stealth about it that made Macklin whirl around with quick suspicion. Halldorson's section gang consisted of three men besides himself—a Swede and two Norwegians, and it was with no little astonishment that Macklin saw one of the latter making for him with the evident intention of smiting him to the earth.

Altogether unreasonable as this might be, there was no mistake about it. There was no time to puzzle over it. There was just time enough to meet the man halfway. And inasmuch as young Mr. Macklin knew that there was neither pleasure nor profit in being smitten to the earth, he himself smote without hesitation, greeting the Norwegian's spring with a swift upper-cut that laid the gentleman almost as flat as the Scandinavian peninsula on a school map.

With a wild Norse yell the second Norwegian came from the shadows to the rescue of his fellow countryman. He came with a speed that enabled him to carry out his purpose of running in from behind, sweeping his arms about the enemy's neck and dragging him down.

It was true that, back home, Horace P. Macklin had devoted much successful effort to the acquisition of book knowledge and so forth, even becoming very proficient in shorthand and typewriting to satisfy a whim of his aunt, with whom he lived. But Aunt Polly had also been a firm believer in sports for boys; with the result that her nephew could swim as do the fishes, run with the rabbits, kick like a steer, twist like a wriggling worm—in short, fight like a wild beast of Ephesus.

**S**O he knew better than to lie still and reduce the present issue to a straining test of strength when the only rules were rough-and-tumble. They seemed no sooner to have struck the ground, therefore, than he had this fresh assailant rolling over and over, hob-nailed feet flopping.

They rolled onto the track. The light from the lantern shone for an instant on a tangle of arms and legs before the struggle vanished into the dark, only the scuffle of it and the queer oaths of the foreigner indicating the progress of the fight.

Letting loose a flow of mixed profanity, Halldorson himself rose from the grass

beside the track and started for the lantern.

It could not last long. Macklin knew that and fought to loosen the man's hold on his neck. The fellow's calloused fingers were fastened tight and his breath came in hot gusts against the younger man's cheek. A sudden wrench freed the latter's right arm and then they bumped over the ties in grim earnest. A real old-fashioned fight is never a gentlemanly and courteous affair and it wasn't long before mere indignation at the unwarranted attack had waxed to savage rage, so that at every other turn Macklin jammed the Norwegian's face into the cinders.

But Halldorson had hold of the lantern by now and was running towards them. About the same time Macklin became conscious of something jabbing him in the side as he rolled; he had quite forgotten the little .22 revolver which he had slipped into his pocket before boarding the freight. If he could only get at it—!

A mighty heave and he had thrown his antagonist hard against the rail, at the same time ducking away his head; a light spring to one side and he was on his feet, the lantern rays streaking along the barrel of the weapon in his hand.

The foreman drew back, swearing.

"Just one more step, friend," panted Macklin hoarsely, "and you'll have a bullet in you! You will, by heaven! You blanked scoundrels! What d'you think you're doing? What—?"

**S**PEECH stopped right there. In a space only as long as might be required to mention the name of Mr. John Robinson, the hand that held the revolver had jerked spasmodically upward, pointing it harmlessly at the stars; a tremendous hairy fist had closed like a vise on his wrist; the other hand had been instantaneously gripped in like manner and both arms doubled in tight against his chest. He was in the immovable embrace of the big Swede, who had chosen this good-natured way of manifesting his interest in the affair.

"Votch out, Svenson! Hold him!" cried Halldorson excitedly; for Macklin was struggling desperately and kicking the big fellow's shins.

But young and strong though he was, it was scarcely to be expected that Macklin could match this flanneled giant; anything caught in that bear-hug stayed there. He stopped kicking, partly because he saw the futility of further resistance and partly because the Swede had twined one leg about him; and thus kicking with any degree of success was difficult.

The foreman doubled over and laughed loudly while the Norwegian who had opened the proceedings, unable to speak because he had bitten a piece out of his tongue, cut a caper to evince his approval.

"Well!" glared Macklin. "Now you've got me, what do you want?"

**T**HE second Norwegian came from the tool-shed with several lengths of small rope. Macklin smiled grimly as he saw the fellow's face. He could feel a warm trickle down one of his own cheeks from a gash in his head, but his late antagonist was bleeding in a dozen places and there

was no skin whatever on the end of his nose.

Two minutes later the marker for Topographical Survey Party Number Two was lying on the roadbed, hands and feet securely tied. As soon as this helpless condition was insured, the Norwegian in a sudden fit of rage, sat down on him and began viciously to slap his face, right hand and left.

At that the big Swede took three strides forward and with a guttural growl seized the coward by the neck and the seat of his overalls and literally flung him into the ditch.

"Thank—thank you, Svenson," gasped Macklin gratefully.

"Ve'll put the skunk in the tank," came Halldorson's gruff command.

They carried him across the track, opened the little wooden door of the octagonal store-room beneath the water-tank and pitched him into the darkness of the interior.

The door shut with a bang. The padlock rattled into place.

## II.

### THE SECOND SURPRISE.

**F**OR a short time young Macklin of the Engineering Department lay like a log where he had been thrown, half stunned by the fall itself, half stupefied by the rush of events. He was in the semi-conscious condition of one who has been ill for a long time and returns to reason through a maze of half-realities. His eyes were open but stared into blackness and for a little he could recall nothing that had happened. When he tried to move he found that something robbed his muscles of response and he wondered dreamily what was the matter with him. Miles away somewhere he thought he detected the drip-drip of water, reminding him indefinitely of water-drops falling from eaves after a summer shower. He was at a loss to account for the pungent musty smell that seemed to be in the air as if lying around somewhere were heaps of old hempen rope.

With a shock came the metallic clink of iron on iron and the muffled sound of voices.

At once the whole thing was back on him. As near as could be judged from the sounds, they were getting the hand-car out onto the rails. He could hear them talking and laughing and presently Hallidorson's voice rose above the others, calling to Svenson some emphatic instruction in his own language. Immediately following that—the muffled rumble of the hand-car as it rolled away from the water-tank westward up the track.

Macklin listened till all sound of it died out, then became conscious of footsteps crunching about on the cinders just outside. The steps circled once around the tank as if the big Swede was making an inspection; but apparently having satisfied himself that there was no opening by which a man could crawl out, he began to pace up and down near the little door and the prisoner could hear him whistling to himself.

*Continued on page 96.*



Wilson recognized Villa—the assassin, the plundering bandit and raider.

**A**LL the world knows now that the United States declared for neutrality. The fame, or the infamy, of that declaration is likely to go down to posterity as the watchword of a dollar-glutted democracy that could not see that the fight was not Germany *versus* England, but despotism *versus* freedom, might *versus* right. When Wilson coined his exquisite phrase—"a nation may be too proud to fight"—he little thought he was writing his own epitaph on the tomb-stones of history.

All the world knows the declaration of neutrality. What the outside world thought of that declaration was best paraphrased by a "Tommy," who had as bed neighbor in a first line hospital one of thousands of Americans fighting under the *egis* of the Allies. "Be good to that Yank, nurse," he said. "He ain't too proud to fight." That expressed the outside world's verdict on American neutrality.

The neutrality pleased neither Allies nor Teutons. It was execrated by both. It not only did not please the Germans. It aroused in them contempt, loathing, incentive to the countless crimes of the German plotters in the United States. Why? It is easy to give as an answer, because the belligerent always despises the bystander. It is easy superficially to give that as the explanation of Germany's contempt for American neutrality; but that is not the real reason for Germany's loathing of American neutrality. A very real reason for Germany's maddened fury at American neutrality is this: *Germany to-day knows—and every day the War goes on she knows with more tragic and terrible import—*

# The American Elections and the Great War

By Agnes C. Laut

*Author of "Lords of the North," etc.*

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The future policy of the United States with reference to the war depends to a great degree on the result of the presidential elections, and the fight between Wilson and Hughes is being watched with intense interest on this side of the line. In this article Miss Laut makes the claim that the German-American vote is going to Wilson instead of Hughes. The result of the vote depends entirely on what the silent American voter thinks of the situation and in this connection Miss Laut deplores the fact that in the Middle-West the influence of the Germans on public opinion has been so marked. It will prove a big factor.

that she cannot fight the world. She to-day knows that in the long run she must be beaten, or exterminated. If the United States had intervened on one side or the other—Germany did not care which side when she tried to goad Uncle Sam to action by submarine outrage—if the United States had only taken sides one way or

the other, it would have given Germany the excuse she was seeking—"hell-deep-heaven-high"—to quit, to ask for truce, to parley for retreat, to get out of the terrible *cul de sac* of fate in which she had involved herself when she lightly set out to crush Belgium and capture Paris. If she had known England would intervene, she would never have set out in her mad path of conquest. (This statement was made to me by one of the foremost Germans in America.) But having launched on the devilish fate that was to be her own destruction, the only power that could save her was the United States. Let the United States but join Germany, there was a better chance of winning! Let the United States but 'oin the Allies, there was an excuse to stop and save her face! To be accurate there was a chance to save herself from the fate she had brought on herself. This explanation, advanced at first in many quarters through sheer inability to comprehend the reason for Germany's seemingly mad course, is now getting more or less general credence.

I WANT to make this very clear. You can't understand the American elections unless you get it very clear:

Germany's fury is because Uncle Sam did not come in, not because of munitions or loans or any other excuse used as a blind. This and this only is the true explanation of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, of the bomb plots and all the rest. At the time these outrages were being hatched, I met the hatchers; and they were moving Heaven and Earth, Colonel House and the Pope and Wilson and

Bryan, to force somebody to intervene for a truce.

One step more! Get it clear! The fact that intervention was the sole motive of all Germany's machinations in the United States is the sole and only excuse for the terrible blundering and duplicity of Wilson's diplomacy. It is the sole and only excuse for his appalling blunders in Mexico, where he has jumped in and jumped out, sparred right and sparred left, marched forward, and then marched backward, accordingly as he found Germany pulling the Mexican strings. Don't forget that one military commander in the Cactus Land—Obregon—was once called O'Brien; and another military commander in the Cactus Land—'Trevino'—is a German; and the puppet chief Carranza is only a tool.

Now go back to where we began!

All the world knows that American neutrality has won the contempt of the world. But what the world doesn't know, what you and I don't know, what the Pacifists don't know, what the Preparedness crowd don't know is—what the American voter thinks about it.

Peace propaganda in the United States to-day is practically financed by German money. A lady who helped to bring about the farce of the Peace Ship was just plainly a German spy—a German spy apparently living on a "peace society" salary of \$1,200 a year, but spending about \$25,000 a year with a retinue of followers and attendants and servants. I asked some of her admirers how a woman on \$1,200 a year could live in \$25,000 a year style. They told me a yarn of noble birth and pawned family jewels. I grinned! I happened to know that the pawning of those jewels had become a habit and that the jewels were like the widow's cruise of oil—they were inexhaustibly replenished.

So don't mistake the Peace Howl for the voice of the American voter! The world prays for peace; but the peace that chants over the blood of a world at slaughter has a hyena note in it to me. The side that began the murder, that outraged the women and bayoneted the children—and is doing it yet in Belgium

—had best quit and take its lick like any other criminal.

**B**UT the point is that, when Uncle Sam declared his lofty neutrality and his desire to keep the U.S. on a pearly islet of peaceful bliss in a heaving sea of blood, he had no idea of the sad complications his desire for Peace at Any Price, would lead him into. He did not know that Germany would strive to force his hand. Even when the *Lusitania* was sunk, when Morgan's assailant was murdered, when the bomb plots began to pop up, even then both political parties sent out the whisper, "Soft pedal — quick, or you'll lose the German vote," they still thought the foreign policy of the United States could be manipulated to serve party ends. That was why Wilson got himself and the country into one false position after another.

And now the presidential elections are going to be fought out on the lines of the Great War. The voice of the American voter will be heard on the subject for the first time.

**A**T the Presidential convention of the Democrats at St. Louis, Gov. Glynn, a Catholic, was chosen for political reasons to ring down the change on Mexico. The Peace Party stampeded the speech. They wanted: "More - more - more." They roared and yelled and ramped for "more." More what? More Wilson, because, "He kept us out of the War." Wilson being a wise politician, and knowing the under plot, did not want that watch word. "Too proud to fight" was bad enough; but this cry of the Peace Party put him where? Just where the Republicans wanted him—off the fence—definitely one side or the other. But the rallying cry, "He kept us out of the War," was literally rammed down Wilson's throat. He had to take it for the Democratic watchword, whether he wanted it or not.

You begin to understand now the wicked wobbling in Mexico. When American citizens were murdered in Mexico, when shots were fired across the Border, when Americans were murdered on the U.S. side of the Border—Wilson had refused to intervene. Why? Germany. When the influence of the Catholic Church, owing to outrages against the Church in Mexico, was brought to bear for intervention to prevent further outrages, Wilson still refused to intervene, although the adherents of the Church have been preponderately Democratic. Why? Germany. But when the Peace Party rammed down the Democratic Party's throat the catch phrase, "He kept us out of the War," the President ordered the mobilization, ordered a

"He kept us out of the War"—Peace Party and Middle West.

Then, whoop. He intervened in Mexico. Preparedness Crowd, the South West, the Catholic vote and Wall Street.

Just there, the plans of "mice and men went agley."

The whoop went off half-cock. It was just the kind of wailing little whoop you'd expect from a man "too proud to fight." (But don't forget right here, Wilson was refusing to fight because Germany was trying to make him fight. Wilson was attempting the impossible task of being a hybrid between the lion and the lamb.)

**A**NYWAY, the whoop went off at half cock.

The troops were ordered mobilized to the border.

It was three weeks before they reached the border.

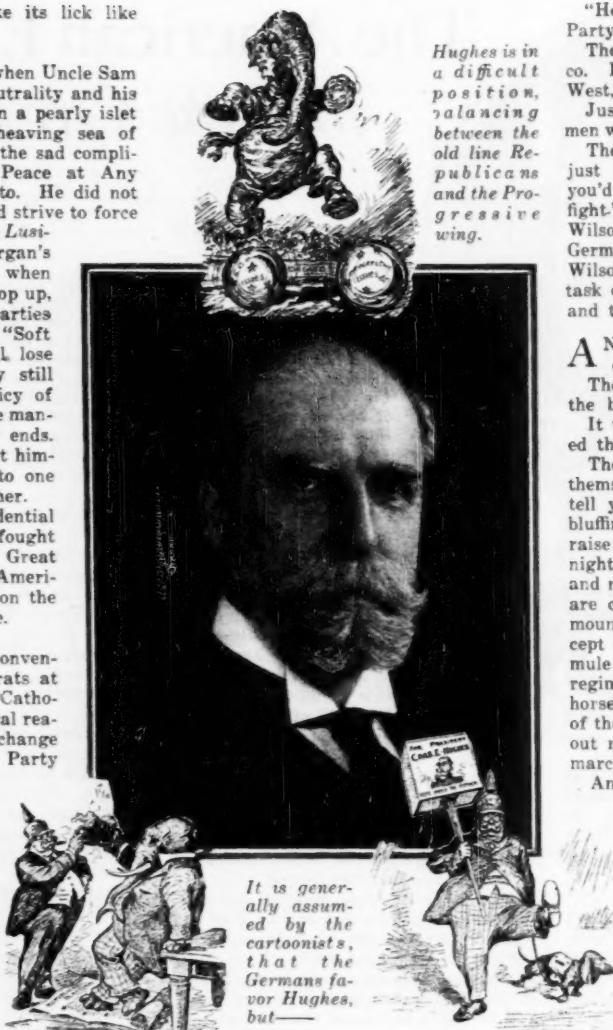
The Preparedness crowd hugged themselves—with glee. "What did we tell you?" they shouted. "You've been bluffing the Peace Party that we could raise a citizen army of millions over night; and here is almost a month past, and not 100,000 men on the border. Here are cavalry regiments with nothing mountable, not to mention sit-table, except one sick horse, one mule—and the mule kicked a rider to death. Here are regiments that would not have had horses if they had not bought them out of their own money. Here are men without rifles and rifles without bullets and marchers without boots."

And then, to make matters worse, old Carranza got up on his hind legs and told Wilson to get out of Mexico; and there isn't an army officer who doesn't know Wilson has had to obey orders and "get out"—though they call it diplomacy—because he has not the fighting force for the job.

The result can be summed up in just one word—fiasco! Wilson neither dare send his troops into Mexico nor call them

home. Which ever way he goes, he loses votes. If they go in and are defeated, he loses the Peace Party at one whack. If they stay on the border and do nothing, the militia men are kept off their regular jobs and their friends and their employers are going to speak up at the polls.

**T**O make matters yet worse, that submarine came chugging under seas into Baltimore! Wilson thought the British Navy had bagged all the submarines and his diplomacy was claiming the credit. It doesn't matter much whether the *Deutschland* gets away or the *Bremen* is bagged—both will have met their fate before these words see print—The point is that the *Deutschland* put Wilson on the horns of the dilemma again. If the submarine warfare began again, one can lay a wager that Wilson would be praying for the British Navy. If the submarine warfare began again, what about "He kept us out of the War?" What about the victories of diplomacy? Wilson's diplomacy would be discredited. If American lives were lost, he would have to go



*It is generally assumed by the cartoonists, that the Germans favor Hughes, but—*

military whoop that was to be heard round the world. You see—he already had the Peace Party. Perhaps a war whoop would get the Preparedness crowd. Certainly, it would placate the Catholic Church which had suffered much the same kind of outrage in Mexico at the hand of the bandits as Belgium suffered from the Germans. And it would win back the South-West, which threatened to go Republican from Texas to California. You see, politics again.

Then, there was Wall Street. Now, both parties are supposed to execrate Wall Street, especially before elections; but both parties—strange to say—have to have funds. There are millions, if not billions, of American money invested in Mexico; and billions more are preparing to go in to South America. If Wilson would not protect investments in Mexico, would he protect investment in South America? There was a chance to win Wall Street by offering protection in the form of intervention.

See the play! This is how the political managers figured it out:

to war, or . . . How many votes could he command if he did not?

I met one of the leading German propagandists the day after the big submarine came to Baltimore. He laughed. So did I. He thought it a great achievement. I thought it the biggest joke on Wilson that had ever happened. "You have been blackguarding Wilson for two years," I said. "Yes," he said, "but we aren't any more." "No you are going to turn yourselves inside out and support him with a solid German vote—the first time the German vote has ever gone Democratic."

And there you have the results of Wilson's strict neutrality in a world of blood—both the big American parties have changed their coats; and the presidential elections will be fought out on the lines of the Great War. Circumstances have forced the Republicans to line up with the Allies. This, although far from apparent on the surface, is easily understandable when it is realized that Roosevelt is endorsing Hughes—Roosevelt, who is strongly pro-Ally. Circumstances are forcing the Teutons to line up with the Democrats, despite expectations to the contrary. The German vote is normally Republican. This year, it will be Democratic.

**B**UT there are, of course, side issues which no prophet can foretell on the silent vote.

The U.S. has been amazingly prosperous. Prosperous people don't swap presidents. Will prosperity weigh against the cry of Europe for freedom?

Then, there is the Jewish vote. It is a tremendous power; and it is a power no boss can sway. It is the money power of the United States. Both parties are wooing it. Up to recent years, it has been a solidarity. It is so no longer; but I venture to say there is no Gentile living who knows what has split the Jewish vote. Ordinarily, the German Jew votes Republican; but the Russian Jew hates Russia and prays for Germany's success; so do the crimes of Russia come down to plague us. This explains why Morgenthau, the ambassador to Turkey, left his splendid work to come back and electioneer for Wilson.

Sphinx-like, in the midst of the web which his insincerity has spun round him, sits Wilson—a lonely figure, a figure that would be pathetic if conscious of unworth, which he isn't; sphinx-like sits Wilson alone in council but for Colonel House. Who is House? An insignificant type of man of whom no one knows anything except that he comes from Texas and is very close to Standard Oil; and though Wall Street is for Hughes—its aforesome enemy—Standard Oil is for Wilson. Why I do not know—for Standard Oil has suffered in Mexico.

**T**HE vote of 1916 will demonstrate to the world whether the United States is American or polyglot. We call the United States "a melting pot." It isn't. It is "a seething pot;" and the pot is likely to seethe for a century before it settles.

On his domestic policy, Wilson has

much to his credit. He has reformed the currency. He has reduced the tariff. He has put business on the square. He has enacted rural credits for farmers; but these are things of material prosperity. They are dollar arguments. A nation may gain the whole world and lose its own soul; and some of us think that the fight in Europe is not England *versus* Germany, but right *versus* might, and that he who side-steps that issue for temporary gain, sells his soul like Judas for silver and crucifies freedom on a cross of gold.

How the American silent vote views it—on that point hinges the result of the elections.

**A**T time of writing, Hughes is about to issue his acceptance of the Republican nomination and his declaration of principles. Personally, I know from friends of Mr. Hughes that, when he was on the Supreme Court, he individually excommunicated the course Germany has followed. Will he say so; or will he, too, play for the German vote? His declaration will be the most crucial thing in American public life since the days of Lincoln and Washington. When one knows of both parties issuing orders "to soft pedal" after such crimes as the *Lusitania*, one seriously wonders if there is any of the old-time American spirit left? Does the United States realize this is a world fight for freedom, for democracy, for the right to self-rule?

Hughes is to attack Wilson on his Mexican policy; and that is a very black page of the Wilson Administration. Mr. Wilson must either accept the blame, or come out in the open and acknowledge his blundering was to avoid the plots of Germany to involve him in the War; and this would lose him the German vote. Wilson has declared from the first he would not interfere with Mexico. He would let the sister republic work out her own destiny; but he has never ceased tacit and secret interference for one moment; and he has committed the terrible blunder of siding with and recognizing the party of jail birds, bandits and murderers. It is doubtful if world history records a more terrible monster or blatant ignorant criminal than Pancho Villa. Yet, Mr. Wilson recognized Villa—the assassin, the plundering bandit and raider—and permitted ammunition and arms to go to him—ammunition and arms, by the way, which have since been used against

American lives. There was a stage in the game when Villa, Carranza, Zapata and the rest of the murderous leaders offered to quit, if Wilson would put up an embargo on arms from the United States. It was an unfortunate co-incidence that the firms shipping the arms were supporters of Wilson's Administration and that Wilson refused to restore the embargo. This co-incidence makes bad Pacifist propaganda. Mexico is to-day a land prostrate in ruins—swept clean of foods, of crops, of corn, of bullion, of stock, of all possessions which can be looted. Customs revenues are pledged for interest on indebtedness to foreign bond holders. When the European War is over European bond holders are going to go in and collect the debts, or compel Uncle Sam to collect for them. That is—Uncle Sam's Monroe Doctrine declares foreign powers shall not enter on a war of conquest or colonization in America. Very well—Uncle Sam must give up his Monroe Doctrine and permit European nations to collect at bayonet point bad debts in Mexico; or else Uncle Sam must go in and pacify Mexico and collect those debts.

Mexico will be the Republican centre of attack on Wilson. But the Middle West is the centre of the big doubtful vote, and peace propagandists, German propagandists and German-American alliances have literally ploughed, seeded and harrowed the Middle West with pro-German, anti-British arguments. The true facts have literally been suffocated with tainted news. The mistake of all lovers of freedom has been to keep so silent; for it is on the silent vote of the Middle West that the 1916 elections will be decided.



Carranza, the President of Mexico, who is said to be a tool in the international game which has involved Mexico.



*The tiny lamp was apparently alight again and, moved by the medium's hand, it threw a disk of light upon the table. "What are the things of death?" the cowed figure asked again.*

# Behind The Bolted Door?

By Arthur E. McFarlane

Illustrated by  
Henry Raleigh

**SYNOPSIS**—*Judge Bishop and Dr. Laneham are summoned to the fashionable duplex apartments of Mrs. Hans Fisher, a wealthy society woman, who is interested in welfare work to the extent of employing prison-gate help. They are admitted by Jimmy, the man-servant, who shows signs of alarm, but no one comes to receive them. After waiting for some time they start to investigate and find that the lower apartments are deserted, the servants' racing suddenly left. The two men then try to break into the rooms of Mrs. Fisher above, but the three doors leading of the corridor are locked in turn as they try to get in. They hear voices and a strange knocking inside, but when a door is broken down they find nothing in the apartments—but the body of Mrs. Fisher, who has been dead two hours. There is absolutely no door or window by which an escape could have been made. The police suspect a young settlement worker named Willings, who had been at the apartment a short time before to secure a contribution from Mrs. Fisher; and to clear him, Dr. Laneham, who is a noted psychoanalyst, decides to investigate the crime. He is handicapped by the police, but finds a charred part of a magazine, in Mr. Fisher's apartment, which he believes may prove an attempt to destroy evidence. Willings and a young woman, Daphne Hope, a fellow-worker at the settlement, in the meantime locate Jimmy and capture him after an exciting automobile chase. Jimmy tells his story to the effect that he had found the body of Mrs. Fisher near the swimming pool. There was no one in the apartment but, before he could summon help, the body was secretly moved to the couch. This was before the arrival of Laneham and Bishop. It has been given out in the papers that Mrs. Fisher's valuable pearls are still in a secret safe in the apartments, and the following night someone enters the apartments in an effort to locate the safe, eluding the guards placed all over the building. Maddalina, Mrs. Fisher's maid, is located in the Italian quarter and an effort made to get her to Dr. Laneham's home by sending a medical health officer after her. Maddalina is secured and confesses to having stolen money from Mrs. Fisher. She tells of a paper that she and Jimmy had signed for the dead woman; which Jimmy then states was a will. McGlynn comes to Laneham's home determined to arrest both Maddalina and Jimmy. He declares that a story of the visit paid to the Fisher apartments by parties after the pearls is merely a "plant" to discredit him; but, when they go to the apartments that night, they hear strange voices and knocking within. As they are leaving the building a strange assailant makes an effort to hurl Dr. Laneham down the elevator shaft. It is found that a playwright named Glasbury is the writer of certain notes that were found in the murdered woman's room, and that his rooms adjoined hers. While Laneham is following this clue word comes that the mysterious visitor has returned again to the apartment and killed one of the officers on guard, and wounded another policeman.*

## CHAPTER XIX

SEEN FROM AN ELEVATOR, AND THE CONTENTS OF A WASTEPAPER BASKET

"WELL, Doctor," asked Willings, "what now?"

A question already asked and answered many times that week. Yet now no answer seemed humanly possible.

But Laneham did answer. Even then he still lifted his face, four-square and unyieldingly, to all the powers of darkness.

"We keep on as before," he said. "If we have to do with the devil-world, the more-than-natural, once more that must prove itself. In the meantime all we really know is that between one and three this morning Glasbury was in his office in the Savoy Building——"

"Yes, but that alone——"

"I know. I know. But there is nothing supernatural in his being there at such an hour. And if at the same time we are to believe that some secondary 'blood-paid' devil-image of him was here in the Casa Grande killing Hooley, that must be told me from the lips of the man himself. Till then there is enough for us to work upon in other ways."

And next morning brought them, among other things, the first contents of Glasbury's office waste basket.

WHAT did the Doctor hope to find amid such mere debris of the man's every-day working life? Apparently nothing, with any certainty. It was only one

means among a dozen. But it was at least a possibility. And the fact that, after being away from his office for days, Glasbury should return to it at such an hour, to tear up anything whatever, seemed at least to promise something.

The Central Bureau "pigeon" who had rifled the basket might well have been the uncombed and dirty son of one of the Savoy scrubwomen. But he knew all he needed to know.

"Your guy's come back in this mornin', too," he told Laneham. "So this bein' a Sata'day, see, an' only half a day, maybe I'll be switchin' youse some more this afternoon."

What he had "switched" this first time he had carried to Seventy-second street in a battered, dog-eared old suit-case. And when they had opened it, they seemed to have proof enough in its contents alone that Glasbury must have spent the entire two hours that night in his office and nowhere else. For that old suit-case was half filled; and every sheet of paper and envelope had been torn and torn till scarcely a piece was to be found larger than a postage-stamp.

"I must leave you two to work on it alone," said the Doctor. "You know what we have to look for. In the first place,—and again he brought out the murder note,—"we must make absolutely certain, word for word and letter for letter, of the identity of the writing. In the second place, here you have Mrs. Fisher's writing, too. You must look at every scrap for anything that even remotely resembles it.

And after that, somewhere, by chance or luck, there may be something else."

He left them, and they went to work.

LANEHAM'S big flat-topped desk stood behind them. Willings cleared it off, and spread out handful after handful of those tiny fragments, so that there might be as much as possible under their eyes at once.

"I know," he told D. Hope, "that this is mighty hard on you."

"No," she answered, "it isn't. Because I know that the more we learn, the sooner we'll prove Mr. Glasbury innocent."

But it became evident almost immediately that at least half of that torn paper had once been merely the manuscript, or the successive manuscripts, of a play! It established the identity of Glasbury's writing. He had penned the murder note—there could no longer be any doubt of that. But a play? Why should any man, however haunted go to his office at one in the morning to destroy a play? Certainly there was little hope of getting an answer from any internal evidence in the play itself. It would have taken weeks to piece its thousand shreds and tatters together. Meanwhile they faced a blank wall.

As far as they could, they put the bits of manuscript aside, and began to sort out everything that looked like the remains of correspondence.

THERE was little difficulty in getting the pieces of individual letters together. There were many of them, for they represented the accumulated mail of several days. But it was only a matter of matching paper with paper.

But in no case did any of those letters tell them anything. Not one that could by any stretch of imagination be taken for the writing of Mrs. Fisher. Most of them were business letters. The only puzzle was why they should have been destroyed at all.

Outside the manuscript, or manuscripts, of the play, there were only two examples of Glasbury's own writing. Both were the beginnings of letters. And because his stationery, a heavy, hand-laid bond, was as distinctive as his writing, they also were comparatively easy to put together.

One of those beginnings read: —

Dear Harry: I should have answered you at once. But, without going into it now, ever since Saturday . . .

Saturday was the day of the murder.

The other: —

Gentlemen: I very greatly regret that owing to circumstances not under my control, I have not been in my office for several days, and therefore . . .

And it, too, had ended there.

In both there was a something about the writing—a rigid tremor, a sort of quivering powerlessness—that seemed of itself to show that the hand could go no further.

"It's as if his will power had suddenly been snapped," said Willings.

But that they had known, or felt, be-

fore. Again they had learned nothing that was new.

They went back to the first business letters and began to work through them a second time.

**M**EANWHILE, the Doctor had gone directly to the Savoy Building.

In a sense, he had gone only to get its general topography, and, even as in the case of the Fisher apartment in the Casa Grande, to study the arrangement of the doors and corridors on Glasbury's particular floor.

But he had hardly reached the Savoy elevators when some one touched him lightly and spoke to him. It was Morris, McGloyne's "outside man."

"He ain't come down yet," he said, "but if you'd like to go up and take a little look around in the halls?"

And, since Glasbury would not know either of them even if they came upon him face to face, Laneham told the man to lead ahead.

The Savoy was an old building, the typical flimsy seven-story fire-trap of the 80's. It had only one entrance, with an open stairway mounting from landing to landing around the elevator shaft. They walked up.

Glasbury's office was on the fourth floor. His door was almost exactly across the hall from the further elevator. A postman was just entering. And passing quickly, they started on up to the floor above.

But when, on the halfway landing, they came opposite again, and could look through the elevator shaft, Laneham saw that Glasbury's door was topped by an old-fashioned fan-light. From the ceiling level, therefore, an observer in the further elevator could command at least a part of his rooms. In the same moment Morris had the same thought.

"Could you get the use of an elevator?" Laneham asked him.

"Sure I can. I got in right with the starter, as my beginnin'. I can run a car, too, at that."

And, two minutes later, they had their own car, and were going slowly up alone.

**T**O give himself a possible opportunity of observing Glasbury, himself unobserved—that had been the Doctor's only thought. And as their car came gradually to a stop half way above the fourth-floor level, he found, by standing well over to the left, he could see, through the fan-light and an inner open door, the young playwright's desk, his shoulder, and then, as he moved, more and more plainly his half-averted face.

Again, what did it say? What story, what explanation of hideous mystery, spoke from it? At that moment it held only a suffering blankness, a hunted misery to wring the heart.

But as Laneham still watched, the man's shoulder moved again. His hands went out. He seemed to be opening his mail. And next moment that blank misery in his face had changed again—to horror, and to the same horror it had worn that night as he came from the Casa Reale!

The look was there, and Laneham was half prepared for it. But for what fol-

lowed, nothing had prepared him. On Glasbury's desk a letter fluttered, held in a hand that shook and shook. Then on a sudden that shaking stopped, and the hand went blindly into an open drawer. It came out again. At Glasbury's right temple there flickered the swift, level glimmer of polished nickel. A click, then another. And Laneham, powerless even to move, knew that Glasbury was trying to shoot himself.

**H**E was trying to. But, because of some merciful defect, the weapon refused to serve him. And next moment he let it drop heavily to the desk again. Once more, too, his look was changing—to the expression of the man who believes, harriedly, that he can not die, and tells himself that in death itself there would be no escape for him. Then, trembling and shaking, he got to his feet. Standing over his waste-basket, he was tearing that letter—whatever it was—into such shredded bits as the Doctor had already seen. Somehow he steadied himself. His every feature now said desperately that, whatever must be faced, he would still endure and face it through!

A few minutes more and he moved quickly to the door, took an elevator, and was in the street again. And Laneham, following, was telephoning to McGloyne.

"Yes, yes," he repeated; "for Glasbury's own sake—to save his life—though I think there is no more danger now. But watch him every moment. . . Yes, and make absolutely certain of getting me everything from this morning's basket."

**A**BOUT two o'clock the contents of that second basket reached 390.

It held little compared with the first, but it held enough: again the three cleared the big desk and went to work. The doctor said nothing as to what they might expect to find. He merely laid out that murder note once more, and once more began to match tatter against tatter.

But it was no matter of hand-writing, but of paper itself that first brought his hands to a halt.

"Willings, look here," he said jerkily. He was holding a tiny strip of that water-lined, almost transparent foreign note-paper known as onion-skin.

"Well?"

"Where have you seen that before? You don't recognize it?"

In the meantime he had found a second strip, this time bearing a line of writing.

"But at any rate you recognize the pen work? You don't? But I see. Of course the other was in Italian."

And as Willings and D. Hope stood waiting, he crossed to his desk and brought back the letter, the love letter he had taken from Maddalina in the ambulance.

He translated parts of it: "You are an angel of heaven. . . Of a surety my love will now endure forever. . . And you shall have at least two of them for yourself."

"We decided some time ago," he said, "that 'two of them' referred to two of those fifty-dollar notes which our precious Maddalina took from Mrs. Fisher's money letter. Well it would seem that her lover friend

has now been writing to Glasbury. But let us get the whole letter together."

**A**THING that promised to be easy. Small though they were, those bits of "onion-skin" now seemed to stand out from everything else.

Again they went to work. And they had scarcely begun—Laneham had just spread himself out a second little pile—when, looking again, he suddenly put his hand over it, and spoke quickly to D. Hope.

"Without asking why," he said, "will you just let Willings and me finish this alone?"

And, to give her something to do, he asked her to go out for the rest of the afternoon, and go on with the search for that lost magazine with its clue-word "mund."

"Try some of the scientific publications," he said, "the German chemical journals, and that sort of thing."

Not until she was gone did he lift his hand again.

Beneath it lay three scraps of that slippery "onion-skin": on each piece were smears and blotches of fresh blood.

"My Lord!" cried Willings.

Neither spoke again till the last terrible little shreds had been fitted into place, the whole letter was together, and it could be read.

It ran as follows:—

The signature Glasbury.

Sir,

This is twice I rite and I will not rite again. we can not dare now to go back again to try get them pearls so now you must pay. last night the police leave two guards. they will not guard again. We too, can kill in those fisher rooms. we need 5.000\$. You get it for us tonight. We come at ten. After that we trouble you no more. I give you the marks from him. I kill last night, so you will know.

And the entire bottom of the letter was one dab of what—there could be no doubt about it—was the life-blood of Sergeant Hooley.

## CHAPTER XX

### A MEETING IN GLASBURY'S APARTMENTS

**I**T was a second murder note, and one more ghastly, almost, than the first. For a time neither could touch it again. But, blood-smeared and dreadful, the thing was there.

"The—the beast must have written it," said Willings, "as soon as he got back to his diggings."

"Little question. He can hardly have needed to re-moisten his fingers! . . . Well, so much for poor Grogan's ghost-demon. So much for his apparition from nowhere that passed through the solid walls!"

Willings read the hideous screed again.

"But Doctor, what does this mean?—We, too, can kill in those Fisher rooms? It's perfectly evident that the Italian devil believes that Glasbury did it. If he didn't——"

He was stopped by a warning in Laneham's face. And at the same instant the Doctor covered everything with a newspaper.

D. Hope had come back again.

She had come back again, and her eyes

were shining. "Doctor," she cried with her first breath. "This is twice I've been a good detective. I've found it!"

"Found it?"

"Found your 'mund' magazine. It's a medical one, in German. Here is the name in full, with the date: it's an old number . . . They had it at Koelble & Scheuer's."

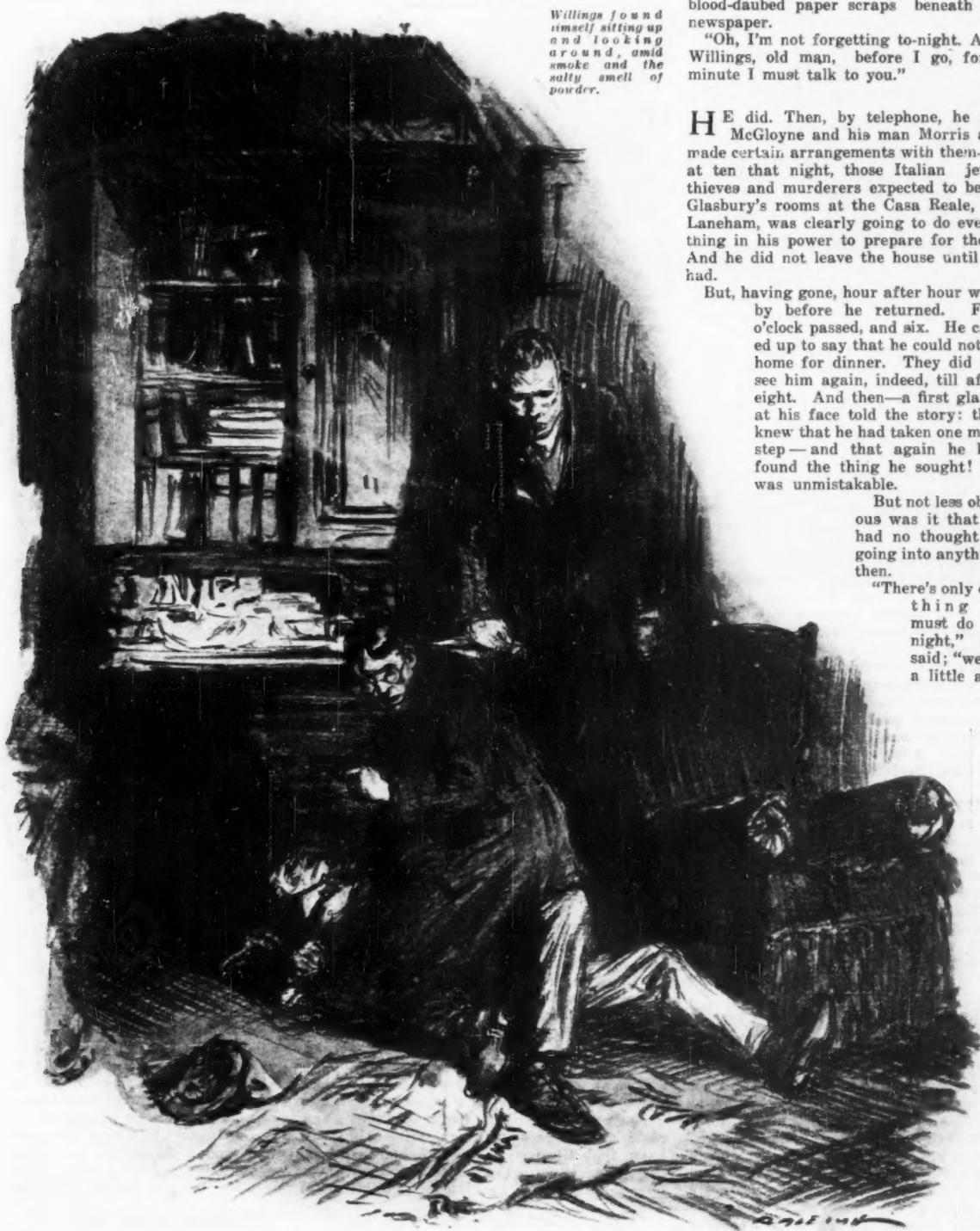
"But where is it? Didn't you bring it with you?"

For all his habitual repression, he was this time by far the most excited of the three.

"They had only one copy left, and it had just been ordered."

"Well, we can get another somewhere.

*Willings found himself sitting up and looking around, amid smoke and the salty smell of powder.*



In the meantime there'll be one in the Physicians' and Surgeons' Library. And I'll go down there at once. Oh, don't mistake me. There mayn't be anything in it at all. But if there is!"

"But what about to-night?" Willings was ready to believe that Laneham had already forgotten the existence of those blood-daubed paper scraps beneath the newspaper.

"Oh, I'm not forgetting to-night. And, Willings, old man, before I go, for a minute I must talk to you."

**H**E did. Then, by telephone, he got McGloyne and his man Morris and made certain arrangements with them. If, at ten that night, those Italian jewel thieves and murderers expected to be in Glasbury's rooms at the Casa Reale, he, Laneham, was clearly going to do everything in his power to prepare for them. And he did not leave the house until he had.

But, having gone, hour after hour went by before he returned. Five o'clock passed, and six. He called up to say that he could not be home for dinner. They did not see him again, indeed, till after eight. And then—a first glance at his face told the story: they knew that he had taken one more step—and that again he had found the thing he sought! It was unmistakable.

But not less obvious was it that he had no thought of going into anything then.

"There's only one thing we must do to-night," he said; "we've a little am-

bush to fix up. And we've barely time for it as it is. Willings, we'll get back first to the Casa Grande.'

He told him, on the way, that Glasbury was still at the St. Hilaire; Morris had just made sure of that. And Morris was to warn them too, when Glasbury left to meet his blackmailers. For it was evident that he intended to meet them.

"And now, son, a second time: you've volunteered to take the main risk tonight. But if you feel that you'll be running uncalculated chances?"

"Not for a moment!"

**A**T the Casa Grande they found McGloyne, in plain clothes. He had with him, at last, those promised floor plans.

"I'd have done better just to have turned you over the originals," he said; "for everything was tied up while the blue printers kept us waiting."

"It's all right," Laneham told him; "and I guess we know by now a part of what we're going to learn from them!"

He carried the rolled sheets into the room behind the telephone-board and spread them out.

"There you have it. The Fisher apartment in the Casa Grande, here, and Glasbury's bachelor rooms, here, in the Casa Reale adjoin. They abut at Mrs. Fisher's little writing-room." McGloyne stifled an exclamation, and the Doctor turned to him. "But, right now," he said, "whatever appearances seem to be, I ask you to take my word for it that never for a moment has there been anything that could lie against the honour of either of them."

McGloyne dropped his hands. "As you say, Doctor, as you say. Only it's brought them death an' hell. Well, now to business." He handed Laneham a latch-key. "There's one thing you'll be needin'."

"Good."

"It's for Glasbury's middle room. When are you going over?"

"At once. For Willings and I would like to get a preliminary look around."

They all walked around the block to the entrance of the Casa Reale together.

**B**UT McGloyne got no further than the entrance. A message had just come in for him. It was a warning from Morris. Glasbury was on his way.

"No time for any lookin' around!" said the Inspector. "But my men are placed. Payton's planted on the inside. You'll find him there. An' if Mr. Willings is still wantin' to make a second?"

"I am," said Willings. "That was my first thought."

"Well an' good. Get in then, get in, the quickest you know how!"

In another minute Willings and the Doctor were in Glasbury's rooms.

"Officer Payton." The Doctor called.

"Right here." Payton, a lanky "special" showed his head from behind the curtain of the trunk closet. "And you'll find more cover," he said, "back of a big desk in a den place at the other end."

They hurried through to it. The desk

was an old-fashioned, low-bodied, high-backed secretary. It had been placed across the corner by the window; and nothing could have offered better concealment. Willings slipped behind it, and pulled it in again. And once more he had an automatic in his pocket. Laneham made him take it.

"But never fear," he reassured him; "you won't need to use it. Remember though, try to see Glasbury first, and then give them time to talk." And he was gone.

**H**E could hardly have left the elevators before Glasbury was entering. It seemed to Willings that they must have met. But he was alone. And, throwing on the lights, he came slowly through to the little study. "Try to see Glasbury first!" —it was as if Glasbury had known he was there! While Willings still crouched uncertainly, the young playwright crossed to his desk and began to write something. He rose from it, with a face once more filled with a white but resolute despair—and Willings showed himself.

"Who—who are you?" With his first backward leap Glasbury's hand went to his own coat pocket; "and what are you doing here?"

Yet it was not what he said nor the words he used that struck through Willings' memory.

He tried to explain his presence in a single sentence. He said that he was a friend, that he knew why he, Glasbury, was there, and that he would find a second friend and ally in the further room.

"We've seen the letter they sent you," he whispered rapidly; "and we're here to meet them, too. You weren't going to pay them?"

"No, no. Never that!"

"Then what were you going to do?—You have a gun, haven't you?"

"I have. And this time one I can depend upon. There—there'll be two of the fends. I was going to try to do for both

#### THE SOLUTION NEAR!

*The final instalment of this remarkable mystery story will appear in the next issue. Perhaps you have already guessed the solution. Don't be too sure, however. There are surprises a-plenty in the last chapters and strange developments as yet unguessed.*

of them—and then," he whispered it dryly—"then finish with myself."

It was what Willings had thought. And at that very moment from the hall there came a sound of footsteps.

"But you won't do anything now, will you? You'll just leave everything to us?"

And, in another minute, what was to follow had begun.

From his "cover" of course Willings could at first see nothing. He only knew that Glasbury's visitors had let themselves in with their own key. They seemed, in fact, to be entirely familiar in his rooms.

"Allora—now!" said one of them, the

Italian, doubtless Hooley's murderer. And the other, suspecting an ambush, went straight on through to the rooms beyond. He went directly indeed to that trunk closet where the "special," Payton, was lying and discovered him!

With a stumbling rush, Payton leaped out. But he was not quick enough. Even before he could raise his voice, a black-jack did its work, and he went down like the dead.

Instantly, as though by a kind of reflex action, the Italian whirled back to the hall doors and shot their bolts: for the present, at least, no one could interrupt from outside. Next moment both blackmailers were fleeing towards the little room where Willings was concealed.

He jumped for them. And before they could use their weapons—almost before he knew himself that he was using his—he had put a bullet through the shoulder of the man with the black-jack.

"Hands up!" he shouted.

"The hell I will!" And, "winged" though he was, the man tried with his other hand to pull his gun.

Outside, with curses and shoulder-drives, McGloyne and his detail could be heard trying desperately to burst their way in. "What the devil! What's gone wrong with them locks? Put yourselves at 'em again!"

The time was short. And now the young Italian had sprung for Willings.

"Nom' de Dio, but I get you anyway!" he screamed, and pressed his weapon square against his side.

"I guess not!" Willings twisted it away again, even as the explosion came. With a second wrench and jerk, the gun went through the window. "Not this time, I think!"

**I**N all his life before, Mr. Walter, or Owl, Willings had never engaged in even an imitation of a gun-fight. But now it seemed to him to be something wholly natural and eminently satisfying. That he might be killed did not worry him at all. If he was, there was a Daphne Hope, who would know just how it happened. Also he was there to take care of Glasbury; and through it all he manoeuvred to keep Glasbury behind him.

He was down on the floor now—they all were—but he was still fighting. He had some one by the throat. And in some way he managed to get hold of the winged man's black-jack. Then suddenly he knew that Laneham and McGloyne and McGloyne's men were inside. Another burst of shots, and then the thud, thud, thud of subduing night-sticks. And when, amid smoke and the salty smell of powder, Willings again found himself sitting up and looking around, he became gradually aware that Glasbury was still behind him, and some one was working over him.

It was the Doctor. In almost complete collapse the young playwright was passing from one fainting fit to another. And, "Oh, my God!" he was crying, "Oh, my God!"

*Continued on page 75.*

# The First Woman Magistrate in Canada

## A Character Sketch of "Janey Canuck"

By May L. Armitage

*A woman on the bench! How the skeletons of the dead and gone old jurists would turn in their graves if they could see a brother judge drawing aside his silk robes to make room for a woman's skirts beside him, but this is what the enlightened jurists in the city of Edmonton are doing. And when the papers all over the country came out on June 14th with the headlines, "Mrs. Arthur Murphy appointed Magistrate of Woman's Court and Commissioner of the Juvenile Court—the first woman magistrate in the Dominion," no one was particularly surprised. It was just another instance of the West's awakening to the wisdom of enlisting a woman's services in a field where she is better equipped than a man to handle the situation.*

**I**N the Criminal Court of Edmonton this Spring, a woman stood in the dock to answer a charge of murder. She was young, comely and a foreigner. She looked around her with terrified eyes—men, men everywhere. Men who spoke a strange tongue—men who would hang her; that much, she grasped. Her heart throbbed to suffocation. She wrung her hands in agony; almost, through abject fear she suffered the death penalty already.

A noise at the door startled her. Were they coming so soon? Her eyes, wild with fear pierced the crowd and she saw as in a dream, moving toward her—a woman with a smile on her lips, and hands that seemed to reach forward! Another woman! Could it be, coming to her? She shrank down in a frightened heap and waited.

Presently the hands touched her, the lips spoke words of encouragement (she knew they must be encouragement) and the kind eyes smiled at her. The interpreter was called, and she knew then what the words were. "They shall not hang you," the other woman said. "Courage, I will stay by you!"

Stay by her the stranger did too, till the trial was over—the only other woman in the court room. And the trembling one was once more made to understand that she was not to die. No this is not a fable of Bunyan's Greatheart; it is merely an incident picked at random from the life of Mrs. Arthur Murphy, known to the reading public and to her beloved West in particular, as "Janey Canuck."

**T**HE new appointment stands for something more than a distinction for Mrs. Murphy. It means a long stride forward for women in general. There are women's courts in other cities; Toronto, for instance has one, but it is presided over by a man. In no other Canadian city

*Mrs. Arthur Murphy, better known to Canadians as "Janey Canuck"—one of the foremost women of the day.*



besides Edmonton, will you find a woman vested with the full powers of a magistrate of the law, and empowered to deliver sentence in the Woman's Court. The erring girl in Edmonton, coming under the ban of the law, hiding her first shame, will not henceforth have to stammer out her story to a man; the cunning-eyed hag, whining her plea, will have another woman against whom to pit her wit; the flippant mother who has neglected her children to their harm will have to make her excuses to another mother. Will she meet the magistrate's eye—a mighty level eye—successfully?

Mrs. Murphy could hardly have refused the position of magistrate even had she so desired, for in addressing the Local Council of Edmonton recently in their newly acquired franchise, she said: "Expect to be called upon to play your part as citizens at sessions, assizes, or criminal courts. This is the price you are called upon to pay for security to life and limb and the price of a well-governed community. Do it whole-heartedly and with ungrudging spirit. Almost any experience is good for a woman that doesn't kill her."

That last sentence is so typical of Mrs. Murphy, that one would know it for her's no matter who claimed it. Few indeed are the "experiences" she has not been through, from "broncho-busting"

and "hitting trails" to playing the part of a gracious hostess to some of the great people of the earth. She will immediately question that "great people" when she sees it. "Dinny," the Irish contractor, was one of the great men in "Seeds of the Pine," if we remember correctly.

**I**T is scarcely necessary to ask why Mrs. Murphy was chosen as the first Woman Magistrate of Canada. Why was she decorated by His Majesty the King in 1914 as Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in honor of her achievement in Canadian literature, and in recognition of her welfare work generally? She was the only woman member of the Charter Committee of the City of Edmonton, and of the Board of Directors of the four municipal hospitals in 1914. She was the Convener of Peace and Arbitratory National Council of Women of Canada 1914-15. She is the Honorary Secretary for Canada for the Society of Women Journalists of England, and President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, as well, of course, as being a member of the Daughters of the Empire, The Canadian Handicrafts Society, Central Committee Canadian Women's Patriotic Service, The Ontario Historical Association, and—just supply anything else patriotic or Canadian that happens to enter your mind.

With all of it, though, she is Great-

heart—the very personification of Bunyan's great character. One might say in spite of all of it! Do you not know many people who have achieved distinction even in a minor way, who are so burdened with the mass of detail, to say nothing of their own importance that it is a weariness of the flesh to be in their company? Not so Janey Canuck. If you go up to her sunny home just above Groat Park in Edmonton, you will probably find her out weeding the onion bed with "the girls," never a care in the world, puckering her fair brow. Or if she is in her airy study at the top of the house, "away from that telephone," she will more likely show you a miniature of her great grandfather, or make you laugh over "some fool press notice" than weary you with her list of onerous duties. She gets those done before anyone is up in the morning, or long after some people are snoozing comfortably.

**S**PEAKING of the same great grandfather, the Hon. John Hunter Gowan, who was, by the way, a Justice of the Peace for the county, in Ulster, there is a story of him putting his horse over an eight-barred gate, and without dismounting, cutting the head clean off an outlaw with his sword. So "Janey" perhaps comes quite naturally, not only by her legal turn of mind, but also by her capacity for doing several things well at the same time, and making a "clean sweep" of them. Cookstown, Ontario, was her birthplace, daughter of Isaac and Emily Ferguson, and, as three of her brothers are eminent barristers in Canada, a fourth being a surgeon of note in the Western States, the legal turn of mind was not bequeathed to her alone.

To hear Mrs. Murphy laugh is to laugh also, and the best part of it is, the laugh is most frequently on herself. How she does enjoy telling the story of the time she was working to secure better legislation for the women and children of Alberta, on the Married Woman's Protection Act, and received a letter—one of the many from isolated homesteaders' wives who approved of what she was doing—which said: "Go on Mrs. Murphy!



"Janey Canuck" at the age of seven

God bless you! I have a troublesome husband of my own!"

**J**UST now Mrs. Murphy is all seriousness over the new "job." "I want to do it well," she says, "and I feel very ignorant and inadequate." So she is spending her time poring over criminal codes, evidence, statutes, whys and wherefores, and doing her best to be prepared for the difficulties which may be in her way. This trait of "preparedness" by the way is a very strong one in Janey Canuck's character, to the confusion of her enemies. She picks out the weak spot in an argument, locates the scheme which is to frustrate some reform, the evil which is pushing its head insidiously into a community,

before it has a chance to justify itself; and when you hear "Don't let Mrs. Murphy get on to it!" you may draw your own conclusions.

**W**HEN Mrs. Murphy is on the platform, which is very often and in many capacities, one listens, and then goes home to digest the matter in hand. For instance, don't you think the Business Women's Club of Edmonton received an impetus from an address of which the following is a small extract?

"Women often lack initiative. They are afraid to launch out. That little experiment of Christopher Columbus cost \$7,000. It was a good thing he had the nerve to try it. Every new continent of achievement lies overseas. Many persons fear to undertake projects which they might easily perform, because they cannot see the end of them. They forget that at every point the question settles itself when all the facts are considered. By attaining one step the next becomes clear. That is what I call unfolding a task. The progressive woman goes about her work with the spirit of an athlete. She delves into it, not because it is required of her, but to gain power to do it better. This is the normal impetus of the progressive mind. It is a great day in a girl's life when she begins to discover herself. The latent capacity in each of us is greater than we realize, and we may find it if we search diligently."

Speaking of suffrage she said—"Suffrage is the only logical outcome in a land where a man is esteemed for what he is. In such a land the dogma of a woman's inferiority could not be tolerated. Let us look at principles rather than personalities, lay aside jealousy which clouds the vision and learn to play a team game. "The strength of the wolf is the pack, and the strength of the pack is the wolf."

Yes, Janey Canuck is Greatheart all right; she thinks not "for me and mine" but for "us." She gives of her time, knowledge, and love unstintingly. In return she receives her justly won and large meed of appreciation, which does not wait to pile wreaths on her coffin.

## A Believer in Signs

By Mary E. Lowrey

Who wrote "The Useless Baggage" and "No. 36 and J. Wilson."

**S**HE was a gentle little woman, with a sweet face and clear soft eyes. Meeting her casually, you would instantly have set her down as a good wife and mother—a person who had drifted, at an early age, into a quiet little backwater of domesticity, and there had remained, content to accept life as something placid and pleasant and free from complicated emotions.

It was, perhaps, the role she would have chosen for herself. Indeed, she had chosen

it, for, at twenty she was married, and life appeared to have settled soberly into lines of permanent, if uneventful peace.

But, two years later, she had a strange and very terrible experience.

Her husband was killed in a railroad accident. The train left the track at a curve, and rolled over an embankment; and the rescue crew, arriving half an hour later, found it sprawled grotesquely along a green country valley, sending up ominous threads of smoke. The little woman's

husband was one of the last to be rescued and, five minutes after he was dragged from the inferno of heat and smoke and pain, he died, lying where they had laid him on the soft spring grass. And someone who happened to know them both, sent a carefully worded message to his wife.

**T**HE curious part is that, long before the message reached her, she knew that he was dead. When the accident happened she was a hundred miles away, mak-

ing bread in a sunny kitchen, and eagerly watching the clock. And without warning she was seized, while she worked, with a panic of fear—a sense of disaster so close and appalling that she gave a little cry and covered her face with her hands. And when she took her hands away, she saw him standing in the kitchen doorway.

She saw him vaguely, through the wavering kitchen heat. And she tried to go to him, with a strange nightmare feeling that the ground was slipping backward under her feet; but when she reached the doorway, he was gone. It was all like a very terrible dream.

Afterwards she went from room to room, searching for him vainly, calling his name over and over again. And when she found he was nowhere in the house, she sat down very quietly, and waited for a message, being a believer in signs and something of a fatalist.

**T**HE story, however, concerns John.

When his father was killed, John was just a year old, and placidly unaware that life contained anything more tragic than occasional bumps and incessant bedtimes. She used to look at him sometimes in a curious wonder that a tragedy that touched her own life so deeply should have penetrated somehow into his baby consciousness.

She brooded a good deal, at first, sitting still with her hands in her lap, living in the past because she could not face the thought of the future alone. But in an incredibly short time John was running about, continually and mysteriously getting dirty; straying away to distant streets and being brought home, tearful and reluctant, by the terrifying corner policeman. So at last she shut the door resolutely on the past and began to think of the future hopefully in terms of John.

She brought him up very tenderly and carefully, tempering mercy firmly with justice. She took him to church long before he was able to understand what it was all about, and he used to sit and watch the lurid landscape that lay beyond the red glass windows, and snatch a fearful joy by imagining that the day of judgment was upon him. She nursed him carefully through all the sickness of childhood and boyhood, from whooping cough to first love. And she taught him, beside, the things she knew his father would have taught him—never to lie or brag, not to force a quarrel and not to lie down to an insult. She had imagination, too, and understanding and a sense of humor, and John adored her, though he sometimes wished that, instead of always wearing black, she would buy beautiful clothes like the grocer's widow, a resplendent person who dressed, it is to be feared, not wisely but too well.

**B**UT she would not lay aside her mourning, in spite of the splendid example set by the grocer's widow. She had a curious feeling that she was mourning not only for John's father, but for a part of herself that had been killed, with him, on that tragic spring morning. To no one, not even to John, had she ever spoken of the mysterious incident in connection with her husband's death. She had heard

people describe psychic experiences with the peculiar relish of those who feel they have come into touch with the occult—"and the very same night he died," they usually concluded, with a curious appearance of satisfaction. But her own experience was too tragic, and too mysterious in its tragedy, to be put into words.

She had brooded over it a great deal, however, especially in the earlier years of her widowhood. It had laid hold of her sensitive imagination, and gradually she had evolved a curious theory. She felt that, in this hour of death, she had somehow failed her husband; that there had come a supreme emergency, and his spirit had freed itself of his body, and gone in search of hers, and she had not responded—had only sat, still and helpless, waiting for the message that would tell her he was dead.

It was a fantastic idea perhaps; but it made her strangely unhappy for many years.

**O**N his eighteenth birthday, John enlisted for overseas, to serve his King and country as long as the war should last. She resisted at first, protesting passionately that this was a man's war.

"I know," he said patiently. "You see, I'm a man."

But she could never think of him as a man—never as anything but a little boy; though she did not say so, being possessed of an extraordinary sense of discretion.

"You can't let another man do your fighting for you," he said, and added hastily, "Besides, I want to go. All the fellows are going." He was at the age when one does not advance the argument of *noblesse oblige* without reservation.

She did not protest after that. But she had a pitiful feeling that life, which she had so painfully rebuilt, was being reduced to fragments once more. And she prayed desperately for peace—"peace with righteousness," she always added conscientiously; but that was an afterthought.

Gradually, however, her enthusiasm kindled from his, and in the end the thought of the war absorbed her as wholly as it did John. She learned to thrill at the sight of the straight ranks that swung by on parade, the sound of the bugle calling faintly from distant streets.

**I**T was very wet and dreary the night he left for overseas. She went down with him to the barracks where his company had been ordered to assemble at eight o'clock, and the street was filled with people who, like herself, had come to say good-bye—a silent, motionless crowd, huddled together in little groups under the fine drizzle of rain.

He found a sheltered place for her in a doorway, and they stood and waited for orders to move. A woman near them clung sobbing to a helplessly distressed soldier, and a girl standing at the curb was crying hysterically, covering her face with her hands.

In the darkness he slipped his arm about his mother's steady shoulders.

"You're a pretty good sport, mother," he said admiringly.

The crowd shifted, and someone lowered an umbrella; and suddenly the light from the street lamp fell through the rain on the rigid suffering of her face. In the look he had an instant's revealing vision of her future without him—her return to the dark still house alone—the long desolate days—

**T**HE crowd began to move at last, soldiers and civilians passing together along the streets that led to the station. For there was no order of marching to-night. They moved along in silent little groups, some on the sidewalk, some in the middle of the street, through the faint drizzle of rain.

She glanced up now and then at his serious young face in the intermittent light of the street lamps, and was conscious only of a poignant sense of pity—pity not for herself, but for him; for his youth, his high-colored visions of adventure, his untouched confidence in life. "A man's war"—and he was nothing but a boy!

The train was late in starting; and he stood on the steps of the last car and held her hand with a boy's awkward tenderness. He had forgotten his self-consciousness, and the crowd had become only a background for her white, quiet face under the high dim station lights. He felt very tragic and wholly inarticulate.

And after a while the train slipped away into the darkness and left her standing on the station platform alone.

**S**HE had thought that she had counted the cost of her loss before he left her; but she was not prepared for the overwhelming loneliness of the days that followed—loneliness that sometimes drove her to walk the streets in the long spring evenings, because the still emptiness of the house had become altogether unendurable.

When John had been home the place had always been riotously alive—continually overrun with boys from neighboring houses. They used to come there and conduct mysterious experiments of a scientific nature in the basement, and, latterly, still more mysterious conversations of a sentimental nature at the telephone. When the craze for dancing swept the country, they had descended upon the house like the vandals upon the Sacred City, despoiling it of its rugs, and rocking joyously across its shiny floors.

Since then one of them, scarcely older than John, had fought through the blood and mud of St. Julien, and had come home with a strip of colors and an empty sleeve, and on his face a strange, indescribable look of age in youth.

How she hated those rooms at last, with their memories and silence, and their intolerable orderliness!

**H**E wrote her twice every week, and his letters were filled with conscientious details and bewildering technicalities. He was enjoying soldiering. "It's the life!" he assured her. England he dismissed briefly as "some country." (It is, perhaps, characteristic of John's letters at this time that, having secured an idea, he did not waste time in embellishing it.) But always he concluded with anxious in-

quiries concerning herself. Had she been very lonely? Was she taking good care of herself—going out a good deal—having people in to cheer her up?

In June he entered the trenches; and suddenly the tone of his letters changed. It was as though the strange, intimate contact with life—and with death—were forcing his maturity, compelling him to think and analyze, to work toward his own conclusions.

"I have been wondering what brought a lot of these fellows here," he wrote once. "Patriotism, mostly, and a love of adventure, I guess. One fellow said he came because of his 'deep respect for public opinion?' Imagine running a bayonet through a fat, sick-looking German because of your deep respect for public opinion!"

His letters came more frequently now, every day. The strange life-in-death of the trenches, when it left him time to think, bewildered and appalled him—shook his half-formulated faith in the things he had been taught to believe. So he was coming, as he had always come, to the one person in the world he was sure would understand. Never in all his life, perhaps, had he been so close to her in spirit as he was now, in the far away trenches of Flanders.

**E**ARLY one afternoon she came home to find a slip of yellow paper lying on the floor of her little entrance hall. It was a notification that a telegram had arrived in her absence, and was waiting for her at the office, a drug-store a dozen blocks away. She picked it up with shaking fingers; and, after she had read it, she stood quite still for a moment, gathering herself together, fighting down the frantic fear in her heart. Then she set out quietly for the telegraph office, with the yellow slip still in her hand.

The street car was filled with people and one or two turned curiously at the sight of her white, strained face. But she scarcely saw them. She sat very still, holding the little slip of yellow paper, her soul sick with the terror she could no longer control.

The car dragged from block to block, stopping at every crossing to take on straggling groups of passengers. And finally it halted altogether. To-day there was a grand military parade, and the streets were blocked with people. From the car window she could see a moving line

of khaki caps above the heads of the crowd.

There was no possibility of getting through. For the parade encircled the city like a great tourniquet, checking the currents of traffic in every direction. She sat rigidly still, watching company after company march by; and it seemed to her that in all her life she had never suffered as she suffered in those interminable moments of waiting.

The khaki line parted at last, and the stemmed-up traffic streamed through. And after a long time she found herself standing before the drug-store counter. She remembered trying to make out the mysterious labels on a row of great glass bottles that stood on the shelf in front of her, while the clerk, in a little room back of the store, rummaged for her telegram, and whistled softly to himself.

It was nothing, after all—a message from a careless friend, announcing her arrival in the city on the following day. But when the clerk came round the counter a moment later he found her lying in a huddled, unconscious heap on the floor.

**T**HE experience left an impression of terror on her mind that she could not shake off. Before this, she had had, back of her loneliness and fear, a curious and unreasoning sense of security. Women she knew had lost their husbands and sons, and her feeling of pity towards them had been somehow detached and impersonal. Their tragedy had had no real significance for her, because, deep in her heart, she had believed her own son would be saved.

But that nightmare journey to the telegraph office brought the real chances of war sharply and terribly before her consciousness. All her false sense of security vanished. The casualty lists, lengthening daily, filled her now with an indescribable sense of terror.

The thought of John was with her constantly. There were days when he seemed very close to her; when she had a curious feeling that if she turned quickly she would see him standing there, his hands in his pockets, his cap on one side of his close-cropped head. She wondered if, in the loneliness of the still empty house, her mind were beginning to act strangely, to play tricks with her reason.

One hot, breathless night in July she found herself suddenly awake—a curi-

ous waking, in which her brain seemed to spring instantly from sleep to full consciousness. And then that old appalling sense of disaster had fastened itself upon her again; that, and something more—a consciousness of warning, mysterious, insistent, coming to her out of the darkness.

And out of the darkness his face came clearly before her. She knew that this time it was not her fancy—that the thing that had happened to her nearly eighteen years before was happening to her again to-night. And with the knowledge came sheer terror lest she should fail her son as she felt that she had failed his father.

She gave a little cry, stretching out her hands in the darkness. And something struggled within her—struggled and freed itself at last. Her lips did not move, but very far away she knew that she was calling to him—calling again and again in an agony of warning.

And then that mysterious connection snapped; and she found herself alone, with the dawn growing gray in the familiar room, and a little wind from the garden blowing softly across her face.

**A**LL that remains of the story is to be found in the text of a British official report, and in a letter that John wrote to his mother, early in July, from the trenches in Flanders. The official report was like thousands of others that come to us from overseas—those terse messages that contain so much and convey so little.

"Yesterday the enemy exploded a mine under a portion of the front line trench in the neighborhood of D——. Our men occupied the crater."

The letter was very long—I am quoting only part of it.

" . . . It is something I can't explain. I went down the trench and along one of the communication trenches without knowing where I was going or why.

"The trench I had been in was blown to pieces—you may have read something about it in one of the official reports. Afterwards we dug for what seemed to be hours, trying to get some of the men out. But when we did it was too late, poor beggars!

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you about it; but I felt somehow that you would understand. It may have been only trench nerves after all . . . only it seemed to me as though someone had called to me from very far away."

## Some Features in the November Issue

There will be many new features in the November issue—strong articles on Canadian national topics, and bright stories by the best Canadian writers. Just to mention a few: "Putting the Wheat Crop Across," by B. D. Thornley; "Fleurette," by Robert W. Service; "Wanted—a National Anthem," by Arthur Stringer. November will be the best number yet issued.

# IN THE WHEAT

*By Robert J.C. Stead*

Illustrated  
by Arthur Lismer

His wheat is golden for the harvest blade;  
Amid its ranks red prairie roses blow;  
And by the fringe his little maid  
Trips in and out; she is too young to know.

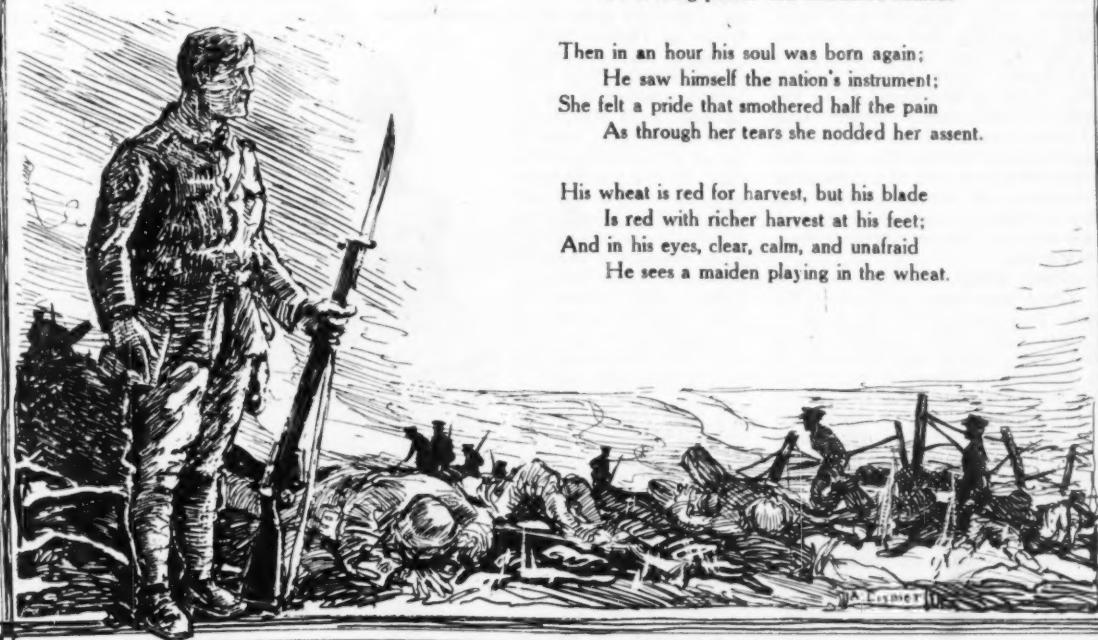
He left his binder canvased in the shed;  
He left her mo'er, weeping, at the gate;  
His harvest yields a richer red  
And shouts for reapers; other fields can wait.

When in the Spring across the fragrant mould  
His seeder-shuttle wrought a richer zone,  
He did not dream how much a year can hold  
Nor what a field should ripen with his own.

His care was all for simple, selfish things,—  
His home, his wife, his horses, and his child;  
No thought had he for conquerors and kings,  
Or reeking power and innocence defiled.

Then in an hour his soul was born again;  
He saw himself the nation's instrument;  
She felt a pride that smothered half the pain  
As through her tears she nodded her assent.

His wheat is red for harvest, but his blade  
Is red with richer harvest at his feet;  
And in his eyes, clear, calm, and unafraid  
He sees a maiden playing in the wheat.





Doris Keane appearing in "Romance."

ABOVE the more or less suppressed outbursts of merriment on the part of the blasé audience, rose the hearty haw-haw of two officers in the fourth row of the stalls. Dowagers raised their lorgnettes and looked toward them and, looking, smiled. A woman, sitting behind them, laughed with them. Laughed so heartily that finally she became hysterical, and had to send for a glass of water. Their laughter was infectious. Their good-natured faces had the effect of a stimulant. Curious heads peered down from the dress circle, to see who they were. And more than once, they were rewarded by a look of appreciation from the star of the comedy, Gladys Cooper, the most talked-of, most photographed, most beautiful of London's bevy of beautiful actresses.

The officers were Canadians, and wore kilts. There were many of them in the audience, that night; and are a great many every night. It is not only Gladys Cooper's beauty which attracts them. It is the fascinating drivel in which she appears with Charles Hawtrey—drivel being, of all things, the most appreciated form of entertainment. They would have been pleased if they could have heard her "enthuse" about them, in her dressing room, after the performance.

"I simply love playing to soldiers," she gurgled, "and I get hundreds of letters from them, after they go back to the trenches, a great percentage of them being from Canadians. Nice, friendly letters, not the silly, sentimental kind one reads about."

The comedy which amused them so much is called "Please Help Emily," an ab-

# Amusing the Canadian

## A Review of London's Gaiety in War Time

surdly unnecessary solicitation, Emily, admirably played by Miss Cooper, being coquettishly able to look after herself. Hawtrey, of course, proves the greatest benefactor and finally ends—as all successful stage heroes should—by taking the coquettish heroine under his lasting protection.

Miss Cooper is coming to America some day in that uncertain period known as "after the war," where, it is somewhat redundant to add, she will be welcomed by a theoretical regiment of open arms. Her next venture here will be "The Misleading Lady," which gave Elsie Ferguson splendid opportunities in New York.

NOT far from the Playhouse, where nightly this precocious Emily is encouraged in precociousness, stands a whole colony of theatres, which nightly present discouraging notices of "House Full" to all late comers who may wish amusement. The natural moral is "Don't be late," but with the refreshment taps being turned off at 9.30, the thirsty populace linger perhaps longer than usual in the numerous glass-walled places which fringe on Theatre land.

One of the most popular of the nightly "Sold Out" laughter-palaces is the Alhambra, most sumptuous, most comfortable, most alluring of all homes of Revue. Here a trio of music and fun acrobats vie with each other in spreading the greatest contagion of optimism amongst a receptive audience. There is George Robey, still holding his place at the top of the tree of somewhat vulgar comedy. He still carries out his old successful habit of "ragging" the audience, still jokes with the orchestra and occasionally puts the other players off their lines by his undercurrent of raillery at their expense. His twin brother of comedy is Alfred Lester, inimitable imitator, droll, quiet in his methods and never vulgar.

And, then, there is Violet Loraine, who deserves a paragraph to herself. She it is who knits the parts of the show together,



Gladys Cooper, prettiest of English actresses.

who makes things go, as they should go in a Revue, who can portray an American wife of newly-acquired riches and a London East End coster with equal success. She is the foremost English musical comedienne of to-day. Through her efforts "The Bing Boys," who are installed at the Alhambra, are likely to remain there a good long time.

For the satisfaction of all who insist on dancing as an extra special feature, there is Phyllis Monkman, as graceful as the wind, as light as the proverbial feather, as pleasing as the golden bubbles which do not pirouette after nine-thirty.



Unity More, a dainty bit of fluff, who first sang "Mary from Tipperary."

BUT a stone's toss distant is Daly's, which breathed and moved and had its giddy being through the efforts of George Edwardes. Here is a galaxy of stars. G. P. Huntly holds sway here in the role of Fun-King. His fun is never offensive. Canada knows that very well. And what's more, it is always funny.

The Daly combination of music, dancing and drollery is called "The Happy Day." And a happy day it was when the management first decided on its acceptance. Unity More, one of London's newest song and dance acquisitions, contri-

# Soldier in Old London

By Margaret Bell

Illustrated by Photographs of Stage Stars

butes quite a good deal to its happiness. She is a dainty bit of fluff, with black hair and a penchant for Irish songs of sentiment. Perhaps her song, "Mary from Tipperary," lilted out from the interior mechanism of a trench gramophone, has given more enjoyment to the fighting lads than any other song they have taken back from "Blightie" after hearing it from her lips. She, too, receives innumerable letters from them about the infection of her stage smiles. She showed me a photograph of herself the other day, which a soldier had sent back to her, pierced with a bullet wound. One hears many tales about articles carried in the pocket being the means of saving life. If Unity More's likeness has been the means of doing that, it seems to me she has more than done her bit from the stage of Daly's, when all within is dazzling, and all without Stygian in the depths of wartime streets.

MUSICAL things are having their night out. Just across the street from Daly's, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Raymond Hitchcock, recently imported from Wilsonland, reduces his audience to a state of laughter limpness by his old familiar croak and drollery. He has caught on wonderfully in London, and intends, I believe, on his return to the land of democracy, to portray an English nobleman! His present enterprise is known as "Mr. Manhattan," and has to do with more than the insidious beverage, which London is led to believe, in New York, flows like water is supposed to flow, under bridges.



Phyllis Monkman, as graceful as the wind, as light as the proverbial feather, as pleasant as the golden bubbles which do not pirouette after nine-thirty.

Old Drury Lane — may the shades of Russian opera forgive it! — is wallowing in the most ostentatious display of Revue ever seen in London. The dignified home of music, as it once was, has become the rendezvous of superficial superlatives. The most dazzling scenery, the most gorgeous dresses, the slimmest ankles, the shortest skirts, the most elaborate coiffures, the giddiest dancing, the most spectacular spectacles, including as the *pièce de résistance* a scene of Canadian skaters on real artificial ice — there you have Drury Lane in its present state of materialistic retrogression. Viewing the huge stage from the back of the stalls — in a perfectly normal state of mind, too — one would hazard that the chorus might be mentioned in the thousands. At one of the rehearsals a large staircase, built on the stage, broke, injuring fifty chorus girls, one of them for life. "But it's all for the soldier lads, when they come back home," say the producers. "They must be amused; and can't be by morbid plays. Hence the mad competition in effects." True it is that the greater part of all audiences is in khaki. And what surprises the British public most is the fact that Canadian privates can afford to sit in the stalls, which now, with the Government tax, cost eleven and six.

But to return to this riotous Drury Lane revel. The principal singer in it is Miss Shirley Kellogg, fair, not slim, and — who can judge of an actress's years? She is a great favorite with the Tommies, has all the necessary *joie de vivre*, and is the wife of the big producer of this thriller in music, Albert de Courville. And most appropriately this thriller is named "Razzle-Dazzle."

HE recently left the Hippodrome, another haunt of the Revue spirit, where "Toyland" still holds sway, under the ruling hand of Harry Tate, a comedian whose popularity I never can understand.



Gertie Millar, who has returned to the scene of former triumphs.

He is of that type, who depend for success on such clever artifices as vigorous attempts at hitting a golf ball with no more success than the breaking of the club and consequent overbalancing of the whole physical equilibrium. And yet, though I sit yawning away the moments while he is on the stage, the British public rock with undisguised glee. I have seen — well, a very distinguished person — absolutely sway back and forth in her chair in the Royal Box from the moment Harry Tate came on the stage till he made a mute, inglorious exit through the back drop.

As far as Revues are concerned, to my mind, the Palace is the place. "Bric-a-brac" has gone into its second edition; every night finds every seat sat upon by an audience thoroughly satisfied with its expenditure of shillings and pence — the shillings for the admission, the pence to go to Mr. McKenna of the British Government. Here is a Revue where vulgarity never intrudes, where the chorus is trained as one person, moving with rhythm and grace, where the songs are rippling with melody, the jokes fresh and really funny, the principals artists every one of them, in his or her why. (By the way, the whole company is going to tour America some time in the autumn.) Here is Gertie Millar, once more returned to the scenes of former triumphs, just as gay and irresistible — if a trifle heavier — as of old. She is the soldiers' joy, and Canadians, who have never seen her before, make a practice of going to hear her sing

her "Toy town" song, with its inimitable dance, every time they have leave.

Here also is Nelson Keyes, a splendid comedian of the quiet type, and Arthur Playfair, as funny as he is corpulent. Also Teddie Gerrard, an American importation, with plenty of "go."

I MUST go on talking about Revues, for they are the chief attraction to our soldiers. Hence there are more of them than of any other kind of amusement. There is "Pell Mell" at the Ambassadors, which proves a very excellent vehicle for the charms and wiles of Mademoiselle Delysia, a great French comedienne, who came over from Paris at the beginning of the war. Along with her is Monsieur Morton, a French funny man, who is the butt of her witticisms. They are a splendid team, and work the laugh-producing machine right merrily.

Then there is "Some" at the Vaudeville Theatre, a Revue at this writing but a week old, but likely to live until many weeks have passed over its head. She who pulls the amusement strings is Lee White, an American comedienne of the very first water. There is something absolutely irresistible about her. It may be the combination of her infectious smile, her ability to sing a comic song and joke with the orchestra at the same time, and her whole good-natured personality which exudes joy in life. But it is something. And along with all these attributes, she is marvellously good to look at. She has what the Americans call "punch," and can put a show safely over the footlights without the slightest effort.

Phyllis Dare, at the Adelphi, has been a very alluring "Tina" in a comedy of

that name — also musical — for many weeks.

With two more Revues in preparation and about to be launched at any moment at the Empire and the London Opera House, where Ethel Levy will electrify her audience in brilliance in execution and originality in dress, the next few months promise a great repertory in musical competition, and the gallant fellows home on a week's leave will not return to morbid Flanders harboring the memory of neurotic problem plays and tearful tragedies.

**S**TILL, there are several legitimate plays which certainly are worthy of special mention. Plays which attract the khaki public quite as much as Revues. Many officers seem to prefer them, probably as an example to their followers.

Chief amongst these is Miss Irene Vanbrugh's new play, "The Riddle," at the New Theatre. Miss Vanbrugh's name is too well known to need special comment. She is always finished, always conscientious in her parts, hence always technically correct. She is London's most charming portrayer of both comedy and dramatic parts. In this new play she has plenty of scope for displaying both these powers, and does it admirably. Her husband, Dion Boucicault, is appearing with her as leading man.

In the same category of artists, I must mention Miss Dorothy Green, a friend of Miss Vanbrugh's and a great favorite in Canada ever since her visit there as leading woman of the Benson company.

Unlike some first-rate actresses in wartime, Miss Green has remained true to her principles and has not gone into inferior companies. She has recently attained the

enviable distinction of playing lead to H. B. Irving in "The Barton Mystery" at the Savoy.

**S**EVERAL American successes are meeting with equal réclame in London. There is Disraeli at the Royalty, the name part being played by Dennis Eadie, a very finished actor, who makes the great statesman a real figure and brings out of the lines all the wit which Louis N. Parker has written into them. This play is drawing crowded audiences to the Royalty, the whole theatre invariably being dotted with a generous smattering of khaki.

Then there is our old friend "Peg O' My Heart," revived after a rest of a month or two. It is extraordinary the power of this light bit of laughter and tears. Peg never fails to attract the soldier man, although Laurette Taylor, the original star, has been out of the cast for many weeks. However, her part is very admirably taken by a beautiful young actress called Moya Mannering.

And now we come to the big success of American importations, "Romance," at the Lyric, with Doris Keane, who is likely to remain in London for years and years, if one may judge from the present indications of success. She has a remarkable personality, this young actress, which probably accounts for the long guard of curiosity which nightly forms at the stage door after the play, to catch a glimpse of her as she enters a luxurious car, and sings out to them in her high-pitched monotone, "Good night," "Good night." I met her the other evening in her dressing room, where a letter of appreciation had just been handed her from Sir David Beatty, of Jutland fame. So it seems that it is not only fighters of our land battles

*Continued on page 87.*



# The Anatomy of Love

By Arthur Stringer

*Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Counterfeitors," etc.*

Illustrated by

Harry C. Edwards

**SYNOPSIS.**—Professor John Herrin Macraven, Dean of Amboro University, who has selected as his life work the preparation of a series of volumes on love, is asked by a former associate, who is going away on a trip, to spend part of his vacation on his farm to look after his daughter Sybil. Macraven has been working hard on his last book, "The Anatomy of Love," and welcomes the chance, especially as he is apprehensive that Anne Appleby, a very attractive young Amboro woman, to whom years before he had rashly proposed, has designs now on his freedom. He remembers Sybil as a little girl but, walking to the Shotwell Farm from the station, he stumbles across a very beautiful young girl combing out her hair by the side of a pool—and so learns that Sybil has grown. He finds her pleasure-loving, poetical and scornful of science, but decides that at last he has found a girl who might be persuaded to discuss the psychology of love. Sybil initiates the Professor into the delights of country life, even to the extent of making him go barefoot, but rather perturbs him with the intelligence that Anne is coming down also. The girl and the Professor put in the interval enjoyably, although Macraven's enjoyment is still further dampened by the announcement that a youthful admirer of Sybil's, one Richard Ford Sewell, is also to visit the farm. On the last day of their solitude Sybil takes the Professor out hunting pond lilies and he has the misfortune to tumble into the water at the moment when Anne appears. Macraven decides that he must exercise his guardianship in keeping Sewell away from Sybil and so he contrives to get Anne and Sewell away for a day. Sybil seizes the opportunity to hold a moonlight picnic for two and works so potent a spell on the professor that he feels his resistance to feminine influence slipping.

## CHAPTER XII

### ANNE AND AN INTERLUDE

IT was not until the clear and coldly penetrating light of the following morning that Macraven fully realized how ignominiously he had failed in his efforts toward a disciplining of the airy and unchastened Sybil. It had been his intention to make no direct allusion to this failure, and the reasons thereof, but he felt that Anne would not be satisfied with silence. It was accordingly, with a more or less troubled and apprehensive mind that he confronted his fellow conspirator, that morning, on the wistaria-screened verandah.

"You haven't given me one crumb of Amboro news, as yet," he told her, temporizingly, as he took a wicker chair at her side. And if he seemed a little over-eager to know if it was hot and dull in town and whether this family had gone and whether that, and if the walls of the new college laboratory were up, and indeed, a hundred and one different trifling bits of news and gossip, Anne betrayed no sign that she even dimly apprehended the reason for this feverish flow of interrogation. From Amboro he glided easily off into the avenues of science, and was suffused with an unexpectedly genial glow when he discovered that she had read his lectures on "Visual Illusions" and his recent defense of Shotwell's Occipital Condyles idea quoted in "The Mating of Mammals." And then he solemnly asked Anne if she believed, at heart, that the dissipation of elements was an actually irreversible process, like the dissipation of heat, and what influence the newer radium discoveries would have on the old problem of the transmutation of matter. He even astounded her with the declaration that in the disintegration of one gram of

radium there were liberated just one billion great calories, and then very gracefally reminded her that even helium would be much less known to-day, had it not been for the work of a woman.

In fact, even though a sense of subterfuge had first prompted Macraven's excursion into this familiar old field of science, it was not long before he had forgotten all motive for that movement in the sober delights which the mere browsing along such well-known paths brought to him.

He even somewhat poignantly regretted that he had not written to Anne, beforehand, asking her to pick out certain of his text books and bring them along with her. Yet, he told himself, he hated to be under obligations to her. She had so many persons already depending on her—down at Amboro, in fact, she had always been imposed on. It came home to him, as seldom before, how nearly all her life had been devoted to giving and doing for others. Even while they had been chattering and debating on the wide cool verandah, that very morning, he had been amazed to find that he had gained at least three new ideas from her.

It was true, as he had once said, that Anne always talked in solid prose. But often, when that prose chanced to be a continuation of one's own unuttered thought, one could relent a little towards its most unimaginative solidities. Not that he dared to claim that Anne did not talk fluently and eagerly—for she had the habit of awaiting one's answers with her sober grey eyes fixed steadfastly on her companion's face, a trick that was always flattering, though sometimes disconcerting.

Macraven, as they sat there talking together, could catch occasional glimpses of Sybil and young Sewel, through

the shrubbery, busily engaged in marking out a tennis court. For once, for some undiscovered reason, he could look down at them calmly and disinterestedly. He even tried to tell Anne what a will-of-the-wisp Sybil was, what an elf-like spirit she had always seemed to him, fluttering about the old orchard and singing about the old gardens, a dreamy-hearted epicurean, drifting down her gay life like a butterfly floating through a world of flowers. And she always seemed to strike such a vivid note against the landscape, her very choice of color was always so artless and yet so effective.

The listening Anne, being a woman of the world, acquiesced in this, and held her peace. But after luncheon she reappeared on the verandah in a sailor-suit of white lawn, with a soft wide collar and with three moss-roses pinned at her waist, and a vivid bud or two in her hair.

THE Professor of Anthropology, looking up from his book, gazed at her with startled and almost unbelieving eyes, as she sat there with her head bent over a magazine, oblivious of his presence.

It seemed, as he gazed, that he had always before looked on a chrysalis of Anne—on an Anne in fact, not as a bright and winged Psyche but on an Anne in the pupa-state.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he demanded, sitting up, a little jealous of that lost and sombre Anne who had now passed, he felt, forever beyond his world and his reach.

Anne laughed a little.

"Sybil's been telling me not to part my hair in the middle."

"Did you?"

"Of course, always,—until to-day.

We've just been struggling to *marcelle* it!"

"Do you know," confessed the honest Macraven, "I never once thought of the fact that you *had* hair, until this moment!"

"But I had, you see, all the time," said Anne, in her solemn manner.

**M**ACRAVEN continued to gaze at the moss-roses, absently, as they stood out so appealingly against their background of white. Terence, far off somewhere, down in the garden among the syringas, was singing slowly and brokenly as he worked:

Can she make a cherry pie?  
Baby mine, baby mine;  
Yes, she can make a cherry pie,  
Wid a soft look in her eye—  
But she's a young thing and cannot  
leave her *m-o-a-other!*!"

Macraven listened to the croon of the distant gardener, absently. A song-sparrow alit on a Japanese almond-tree and trebled out its sweet five-note run and call, like a tiny fountain of sound. The bees droned and hummed about the quiet house-garden. The wind stirred and died in the tree-tops. A sense of peace after unrest stole over the young Professor of Anthropology.

**H**E sighed, audibly. Anne looked up quickly, at the sound. Then she, too, gazed out over the gardens and the tree-tops, and, as her companion had done, found herself surrendering to the spirit of peace that brooded over the tranquil landscape.

"Don't you sometimes think," said Anne, at last, "that we're always working and fretting too much, down at Amboro?"

"There's always so much to do, so much to be done," sighed the man of science.

"But I wonder if it pays, to crowd beauty and peace like this out of life?" asked Anne, dreamily, her eyes on the swaying tree-tops from which the song-sparrow was calling.

"But life is so short—something must be surrendered, don't you think," he argued. Macraven, too, was looking out over the world of sun and shadow and waving trees.

"But should we crowd out the things that make life best worth living?" Anne was asking him. "After all, shouldn't the appeal of beauty be as strong as the appeal of work? It always seemed to me that it was only when work was touched with beauty, in some way or another, that it was worth while."

**M**ACRAVEN looked at her, searching-ly. Here was Anne talking poetry! Anne, of all persons, transformed into an apostle of the ethereal issues of life! It was like finding an accidental poppy in a field of level wheat. A poppy in a wheat-field—that was the very phrase that Sybil had used when she was describing to him her days of idle dreaming, her empty and indolent life, when everybody around her seemed so absurdly busy.

"Life was not made for work, but work was made for life!" quoted the Professor.

"But it's worth remembering that the poor old philosopher who first said that had given the best of his life to drudgery, before he found it out," retorted Anne.

"I suppose really it ought to be a happy mixture of the two, for it's only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy."

"I like that better than your Spencer," assented Anne. A soft rustle of skirts cut short any answer Macraven might have essayed. It was Sybil, pink and glowing, with a tennis racket in her hand.

"Still talking of poor old Spencer?" cried the girl, leaning on the back of Anne's wicker chair. "Or what new and world-moving metaphysical hypothesis are you two wiseacres propounding?"

"Anne has simply been pleading your cause!" explained Macraven, making an inward mental note of the quick telepathic glance that passed between the two women, and yet sorely puzzled as to its meaning.

"Then that's why you're sitting there contemplating me with such sternly speculative eyes! But I wish you wouldn't! I'm not a bug!"

"We weren't breathing a word about bugs, were we?" asked Macraven of the silent Anne.

"We were talking about beauty, Sybil dear, so it must have been a little about you."

"I'll never believe it," mocked Sybil, giving Anne an ecstatic squeeze. "You two old dears are continually digging and burrowing under a mountain of some kind of learning or other, or struggling over some awful 'ology! You're both like two ants—no, like two moles, burying yourselves in books and abstractions, when there's such a lovely world just outside! And you think I'm silly and empty, just because I go along like a bee, only looking for honey!"

"The bee, Dear, deserves every flower that it finds," said the older woman, though even Macraven noticed that she had winced at the "two old dears." It was the first time that Sybil had ever come before him with a sense of intrusion. It was the first time that he had been able to study her with a feeling of detachment.

He reopened his book, and sought for his place once more, abstractedly.

"No more reading to-day, sir!" cried the girl, placing her two small, sun-brown-ed hands over the open pages, with a show of mock sternness.

"We've all got to go and gather fresh strawberries, for we're going to have one of the far-famed Shotwell strawberry short-cakes!"

"Let's!" said Anne, jubilantly.

**A**ND on the way to the patch the young Professor of Anthropology came face to face with a new and strangely disconcerting truth. He found that it was almost as delightful to lift Anne, for all her solemn eyes, down from a rail fence, as it was to help the ebullient Sybil. Only Anne frightened him a little, she was so astonishingly sober through it all.

"Do you know," said Sybil, a few minutes later, looking up from her straw-

berry row, at the stooping Professor of Anthropology, "I used to wonder what you'd be like, before you came up. I used to imagine you'd be all forehead and that I'd hear your think wheels go click-click, and that you'd no more think of climbing a fence or going barefoot, than Dickie here would dream of doing an honest day's work!"

The two men thus alluded to stood upright above their berry rows.

"Oh, I say!" dissented Macraven.

"I say!" echoed young Sewell.

And the two men, standing there in the berry-patch, for one silent moment looked at each other, cryptically, yet understandingly.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### MOONLIGHT AND MYSTERY

**I**T was early the next afternoon that Sybil and Dickie Sewell made ready for half a day of trout fishing. Sybil knew of mysterious pools and basins, along the upper streams on the eastern stretches of the farm, where her father had often made wonderful catches. Their flies were worn and faded, their ancient willow creel showed several gaping wounds and had to be carefully lined before it would hold even their luncheon, and the antique landing net had to be re-strung before it was fit for the crudest of active service.

But nothing seemed able to dampen Sybil's enthusiasm.

"If we're not back for dinner," she announced, "don't think of waiting. We'll cook our own supper, if we have to, down on the river bank!"

She noticed the look of disapprobation that flitted across Macraven's face.

"The same as you and I did that day up at Anona Island," she added, turning to Macraven with what was a bewitching but almost a mocking smile.

"And if we have good luck, both you and Anne shall have a trout for breakfast—and if we don't have good luck, I'm going to duck Dickie, just to get even!"

**A**ND she was off, with Dickie carrying the creel and rods at her heel, waving a merry goodbye to them as she passed out of sight beyond the syringa bushes, making her way out across the shadowy apple orchard.

"Happy youngsters!" said Anne, in her motherly croon, as she stood looking after them, without moving.

"It's astonishing, the emancipation of the modern woman!" was Macraven's answer to her croon, as Anne went back to her novel.

All that afternoon, in fact, he felt listless and irritable. It was too hot for walking, and reading seemed out of the question. When Anne went indoors to write letters, he idled about the garden, essayed a profitless excursion into the clover-meadow with his butterfly net, and then returned and paced the verandahs once more, abstracted and preoccupied.

The dinner hour came and went, without the return of Sybil. Anne went to the orchard gate, at Macraven's suggestion, for one last look. But there was no one in sight, so they sat down and ate alone.

Evening came on, warm and soft and grey. A silvery brown dusk crept over the field. The twilight deepened, and, at last, with the coming of darkness, Macraven sent for Anne.

She could see by the knit brows and the familiar old Dean of Amboro look that he was worried, even before he spoke.

"What are we to do about this?" he asked her, shortly.

"About what?"

"About the fact that it is nine o'clock, and night, and Sybil and young Sewell not yet home!"

"But what difference should it make?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"It makes the difference," he solemnly asseverated, "that my presence in this house practically constitutes a guardianship over this child!"

"She is not such a child as you may think," ventured Anne.

"Child or no child, it is my duty to exercise that discretion which her own father might. Naturally, in this respect, I looked for your co-operation."

**A**NNE remained silent. The feeling took possession of him that there was something guarded and disingenuous in her position towards him. He felt that she was repressing something.

"Anne Appleby, do you know where these young people are?" he suddenly demanded.

She studied his face, for a moment, in silence.

"Yes," said Anne, at last, "I do."

"Then I insist on knowing!"

"Why should you?" she in turn demanded. "What good would it do?"

"Then I am to regard you as—ns circuitous as they are?" he flashed back at her.

"Just as you choose, O King of Knowledge!" she told him, mockingly as she took up her novel.

Never before had he seen Anne guilty of a gesture of dismissal. It amazed him, for a moment, but the mingled pride and dignity of a career crowned with authority saved him, in the end. He turned on his heel, procured his wide-awake, and then his rubbers, crossed the verandah, went down the steps, hurried over the dark lawn, out through the gloomy bushes, and made his resolute way to the eastern end of the great farm, in search of the fugitives.

Anne, from the verandah railing, called to him twice. She had evidently relented; but he gave no sign that he had overheard her call.

**T**HE first fierce fires of his rage had somewhat burned away, by the time he reached the pasture-field. His alleviated indignation, however, brought with it no slightest weakening of his resolution. Then, as busy thought suggested contingency after contingency, as he imagined possible accidents, and sought and advanced not improbable excuses, his earlier personal resentment paled down into a vague and teasing apprehension. Yet he told himself, again and again, that there would be some good plain speaking when he came upon that truant couple. It was



*He found it was as delightful to lift Anne, for all her solemn eyes, down from a rail fence as it was to help the ebullient Sybil.*

not that he resented their love-making, if love-making it was. But duplicity and double-dealing, this secretive and artful way of going about things, was more than he was able to endure. Perhaps that was why, when he became Dean of Amboro Residence, he had made the discipline so close and strict that "it interfered with the circulation of the blood," as Waggles had once described it.

The full dull golden moon, by this time, was well up above the quiet hills and tree tops. Once, across the luminous golden disk, he saw pass the black shadow of a bat. A night-jar started up from the shrubbery beside him and flew off heavily

into the gloom. There was scarcely a breeze stirring. The air was warm, yet fresh and odorous with the heavy dews that made the grass lush and glimmered like seed-pears on the clover leaves and shimmered even on the cob-webs between the fence-rails, until, in the increasing light, they looked like little fish-nets of silver swung in a sea of floating opal.

No soul, however preoccupied or indurated, could withstand the charm of such a night. Macraven walked on, less feverishly, stopping now and then to breathe in the many-odored, misty air along the meadow bottoms. Once he came to a sudden stand-still, startled by the

sound of heavy breathing. He found, as he peered about him, that he had wandered in beside a herd of sleeping cattle, and he could plainly see the little mist that came and went above their nostrils, in their tranquil breathing.

**H**E pushed on more irresolutely now, with scarcely a sense of space or direction. He felt, vaguely that he was trending towards the River, but each lane and path and field that he had traversed so often in open daylight seemed to take on ever new and puzzling unrealities. A sea of Alsace clover, made whiter by the white moonlight, its liberated perfumes made heavier by the heavy dews, unrolled before him mystically, bewilderingly. The very earth on which he walked seemed etherealized, insubstantial. It turned his thoughts back to days and moods of passing exaltation in his own life, and almost unconsciously he found himself quoting Sybil's poem of love and moonlight.

O sad and golden summer moon,  
Where are the lovers thou hast known?  
Where are their sighs and kisses  
strewn?

**T**HE young scholar walked on, engrossed in his sudden memory of that last night in Amboro when he had gazed so disconsolately out of his little Deanery window, poignantly conscious of the beauty and romance of the world beneath him. Then he thought of the summer night that he and a fellow-student of Magdalen had walked out over the dusk Oxfordshire hills to hear an English nightingale sing. And then he thought of a certain window in Heidelberg, from which he had watched all the soft German hillside bathed in its wash of pallid light, from Otto Heinrich's Bau to the banks of the Rhine itself, when his spirit had been heavy with that strange world-loneliness peculiar to the heart when it is idle and adolescent.

Macraven stood still, ankle-deep in the wet, heavy grasses, looking up at the moon, a spirit of soft exaltation creeping through him at the beauty of the night. While he stood there, looking and listening, the faintest lap and ripple of water filled the quiet air. A tree-toad shrilled and was silent. Far off, from a sheltered upland somewhere, belated crickets droned. A little hush fell on the leaves, and the sound of water crept to his ears again.

Macraven realized that he was close to the River, and he moved forward peeringly, looking for some path or outlet.

Then he drew up suddenly, with a start. For before him, not two hundred feet away, outlined against the stretch of open water that lay beyond them like a winding ribbon of silver, sat the runaways for whom he was seeking.

**H**E noticed Sybil first. She was sitting beside young Sewell, on the smooth bark of an old overturned buttonwood tree, facing the river. In one hand, supported by her knee, resting her chin; she was gazing in silence out at the moonlight and rippling water. Her other hand rested on the shoulder of the youth at her side. She turned, at last. Macraven

could see her profile clear-cut against the light, and through that lucid yet muffled luminosity, strangely enough, both her own face and that of the boy at her side seemed suddenly statuesque, as impersonal and beautiful as Praxitelian marble. It was perhaps, due to the refracted light and the dampness of the river air, but round each youthful head hung an opalized circle of light. It crowned them, as a halo might. For causes that he could not fathom, the watching Macraven was touched and awed into a mood of hesitation, trying to fight down the sense of intrusion that oppressed him.

Then he turned his head away, quickly, warned by some movement from the silent lovers. He knew, in that moment that he had looked away, that their lips had met.

A sudden and overwhelming torrent of indignation swept through him. It angered him to think that even unconsciously they had betrayed him into this mean and unlovely figure of the eavesdropper. It outraged his sense of reticence to think that they could thus unmask their emotions to the world, even though it had been a world of moonlight and silence.

All his old-time resoluteness of purpose came back to him, and he moved forward to make his presence known.

**A**s he did so he was conscious of some newer and second presence in his neighborhood. It was neither movement nor sound, he felt, that had betrayed that presence, but some mysterious *aura* irradiated out through the quiet gloom that enfolded the landscape. He turned quickly, and as he did so, he found Anne at his side. One hand held her flimsy white skirts high above the grass, but he could see that already they were wet. She was bare-headed, too, and as she lifted her face to him, unusually pale in the pale moonlight, he could see the little diamonds of dew in her thick hair, and still others on her eyelashes. She reached out a detaining hand and caught him by the arm.

"Don't!" she whispered.

"Don't what?" he asked, not yet recovered from his start.

"Shhhh!" she whispered again, with her forefinger lifted to her lips.

She too, Macraven saw, looked ethereal and unearthly and sylph-like in the pale glow of that spiritualizing moonlight.

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked, gazing at the unconscious and happy couple on the fallen buttonwood tree.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Anne, and something in the solemnity of her voice overawed him.

"But why not?" he persisted, hesitatingly, though this time he did not shake her hand from his arm.

"Because—can't you see," she murmured, without looking at him, "it is—it is Love!"

He looked toward the moonlit water and the lovers once more, and for a moment or two remained there, silent. Then he turned to Anne, mystified by the rapt softness of her voice, amazed by the indefinable transformation of her face.

Through the silence she could hear his sudden heavy sigh.

And then they turned, and walked homeward together, side by side, in silence again.

#### CHAPTER XIV THE LIGHT IN THE FOG

**W**HATEVER may have been Macraven's true feelings, during that silent walk with Anne, and during the night that followed, he made no effort to give them utterance. About him, however, the next morning, Anne was able to detect a sense of repression, a feeling of careful and studious self-control. She even secretly admitted that she liked him better with that air of mingled humility and bewilderment, as though some sudden inner shock had shaken the dust of pedagogic contentment from the shelves of consciousness.

She made note of his look of wistfulness as he took his seat on the deep-shaded verandah. He confessed to her that he had not rested well. He thought perhaps it was getting his ankles wet in the heavy dew or, perhaps, the closeness of the night that had made his sleep so broken.

Anne, sniffing the morning air, said she was glad she wasn't in town on such a day. She was sorely troubled as to how the Birdwell's babies, who should be teething that month, would stand the heat.

"We're so fine and lazy and comfortable up here that we keep forgetting about the sufferings of other people," she went on, leaning back in her capacious wicker rocker.

"But, after all, isn't it just as harrowing to watch other people being so supremely happy—especially when you don't happen to be unusually happy yourself?"

**A**NNE thought she knew the particular people to whom the Professor was referring. There were several moments of silence, accordingly, before she spoke again.

"I think we ought to study happiness just as carefully as we study sorrow," she said at last, with her habitual solemn handshake.

"But it's so hard to swallow—some one else's happiness," pursued Macraven. "We get envious of it—we're always thinking, then, of how much we're missing ourselves."

"Then it ought to teach us the trick, for our own use," said Anne. "That's why I feel, so often, that Sybil—yes, and even young Dickie Sewell—is doing me such a lot of good!"

Macraven had never thought of Sybil, much less of young Sewell, as an instrument of inward reorganization. And he told Anne so, with no mincing of words.

"I think you're wrong there," said truthful Anne. "She's really influencing you, even you, more than you imagine. She's showing you a side of life you never really saw before."

**M**ACRAVEN, at times, had himself felt that his man's due proportion of happiness could only come to him through some falling back and surrender

*Continued on page 84.*

# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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## The Allies of the Future

*Professor Hugo Muensterberg Hopes for an Alliance of Germany, Great Britain and the United States to Maintain World Peace at the End of the War.—Has the Professor Overlooked Anything?*

"WITHOUT petty prejudices, and without selfish wishes," writes Prof. Muensterberg in the *New York Times*, "we must turn our face to the future. But behold! The future does not appear bewildering. If we look at it earnestly, the chaos seems to yield to order, and if we ask boldly the final question we get one and only one simple, clear-cut reply; the ultimate outcome of the world war will be just what we had hoped before the war, a firm alliance of America, Great Britain and Germany." Obviously the Professor has either been inspired from without, or carried away by the fluency of his own uninterrupted philosophy. After reviewing the military successes of Germany fighting against "five-fold superiority," he outlines the world's peace terms as follows:

The League to Enforce Peace is like the league for the use of Esperanto. This, too, was invented in order to harmonize the nations of the globe. Their common mistake is to fancy that in the world of history an artificial abstract construction can replace that

which has grown organically. The linguistic forms of a nation's expression and the emotional forms of its friendly or hostile behavior cannot be created in a philological or juristic laboratory; they have to grow in free historical development. The more abstract formula for international war obligations, treating each case after the same logical pattern, must remain a failure. It will always be brought to nothing by the organic alliances which are held together by the self-conscious will and the historic interests of great nations. Does this suggest that no outer force exists which can keep order in this unruly world? Certainly not. It does mean only that such a force can never be created by a mechanical prescription with paragraphs fit for every case, but that the power to enforce peace must come from a true living alliance of nations physically strong enough to discourage every enemy and morally strong enough to win the faith of the world. Such an alliance would not be bound by treaties and penalties, but by inner affinity, by loyalty to common ideas, by unity of national mission and international purpose. The war of to-day will be followed by an age of peace if it can lead to such an alliance.

What are the prospects? One thing may be taken for granted by all who count with realities—Germany cannot be torn in pieces and cannot be demolished. Germany will remain in any case a powerful nation. Will Germany, supported by Austria, remain isolated on one side while the Allies of to-day remain allies on the other? Too much has leaked out; no serious Englishman or Frenchman or Italian or Russian believes it. A team

is a team, harnessed for a task, but not a family bound together for the life of children and children's children. England and France hardly hide the discomfort of the yoke; the comradeship of Algeciras came, after all, only ten years after Fashoda. Italy? It could hardly have done a greater service to its old allies than to join its new ones. To have forced Italy into the war was probably England's severest blunder; at once Austria was united and the Balkans estranged.

This burden will not be carried long. But most certainly England and Russia must part ways when the peace is signed. The contrast of their world interests has not been changed in the least by the war against the Central Powers. It is not so long ago that the music halls of London resounded to the applause for the popular song:

We have fought the bear before,  
And while we are Britons true  
The Russians shall not have  
Con-stan-ti-nople.

Of course, those others cannot have Constantinople, while they are Britons true.

What, after all, is Germany? Even before the war with all its large African colonies the German Empire had only 3,000,000 square kilometers. It is a dwarf beside the two giants—Russia with 20,000,000 and Great Britain with 33,000,000. Theirs are the world empires, with clearly opposite interests, opposite traditions, and opposite ideals. For a day they can make a partnership against their energetic German neighbor, but when the local warfare ceases they cannot forget the world problems which keep them separated forever. And Russia's new partner, Japan, laughs. That is the future of the Allies, but who will be the allies of the future?

After the war the Russian and the British world empires will and must be the central energies of two diverging combinations, and Germany, whatever the peace may bring, will be the one European power which can tip the scale for either on the world balance. Many in Germany would quickly decide in favor of an alliance with Russia. Austria, Turkey and Japan would join it heartily and other nations would lean toward it. It would be a tremendous alliance—and yet it would bring incalculable harm. One effect would be sure—it would lead to a war with England after a few short years. Russia, with Japan, Germany, Austria, and Turkey combined, would feel strong enough for the final blow of the bear's paw at India and Egypt. Revenge on England would be the German motive for this unnatural alliance, and the war cry of revenge would stir all the nations which have wined under England's grasp.

This would be really the super-war, and the struggle of to-day would appear a mere prelude. The world would be at stake. Europe would be devastated, for the first time Asia would tremble, and America would be drenched with blood. The peace after this war would be only a signal for a new grouping which would raise the spectre of a new and more horrible struggle to terrorize the earth. The German-Russian-Japanese alliance would be a league to enforce war; but we want peace, and every effort ought to be bent to avert such a gruesome future.

Only one way remains open, the way in the opposite direction. Germany must join not Russia, but England. Moreover, as Japan has definitely allied itself with Russia for the Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, and as the two Asiatic powers would menace America's position in the Pacific, the United States cannot remain isolated. But every danger for its world commerce is removed if America joins the British-German alliance. The English Navy, the German Army, the American wealth, nay, the English diplomacy, the German thoroughness, and the American optimism and dash, form an alliance which is invincible. It is the one league in the world the mere existence of which would guarantee the peace of the next generation. France and Austria, Italy and Sweden, Holland and Spain, Brazil and Argentina, would naturally cluster about this massive union of the big three. It would be America and Central Western Europe on one side, Asia and Eastern Europe on the other; but such a partition of the world would not even suggest a contest of arms, as Russia could not dare to attack India and Germany at the same time. It would be truly a world division with a historic allotment of peaceful tasks. If America, Great Britain, and Germany frankly and heartily decide to stand together, the war of to-day may be the last great war for a century.

Obstacles surely crowd the way, but is it not worth every effort to remove the hindrance, if it is clear that every other way leads only to abysses. The sowers of hate have gone up and down through the three lands and the seed has grown. Will not this hate strike out every line of a possible treaty? No, and a hundred times no, because British and Germans and Americans are not Sicilians and Corsicans who swear vendetta. Teutons can hate, but they hate nothing worse than hatred. It is tolerated as long as it serves its purpose of stirring the soul for the passionate deed, but when the smoke of the guns has been dispersed by the wind the hatred will have cleared away too. Among



*The Kaiser: "Ach! I guess what you're thinking; only look out!"*

the many feelings in which these three noble peoples will find their union there will surely be the common feeling of shame at the absurd extent of their loathing.

The sober hours will come and the necessary illusions will lose their influence. Germans, British, and Americans alike will see that they operated with too simple psychology, simple as that of the moving-picture dramas where no complex mental states are allowed and every character is angel or villain and must shout yes or no. It is not true that the responsible men of any nation wanted war. They all sincerely wished to avoid it, while they all saw its unavoidable coming. They really did not want it, and yet subconsciously they all wanted it. Even when the furies of war had swept through the land no nation planned an immoral deed. It is true in Belgium and Greece, in Persia and Spain, in China and Africa, and where not, treaties were ignored in this war; but has not the Supreme Court of the United States for all time proclaimed "that circumstances may arise which would not only justify the Government in disregard of their stipulations, but demand in the interests of the country that it should do so? Unexpected events may call for a change in the policy of the country." It stamps it as the American idea of international law "that, while it would always be a matter of the utmost gravity and delicacy to refuse to execute a treaty, the power to do so was the prerogative of which no nation could be deprived without deeply affecting its independence." Many mistakes have been made. German statesmen regret sincerely the German ones; no doubt the British feel the same about the British ones. No one can wonder that in the heat of the struggle those blunders, when they did harm, were denounced as moral wrongs, that every unintentional homicide was branded as murder and every munition sale was abused as hypocrisy and violation of neutrality. But can this temper last?

But surely one other resolution will be necessary for it. If the world wants real peace for the twentieth century it must prepare for it by the terms of Christmas, 1916. The one alliance which can save Western Europe

will not come if it is not initiated by the spirit of this Fall's peace negotiations. If any great nation leaves the field humiliated its rankling wound will endanger the future. Each has bravely given its heart's blood for its freedom, each must return from the battle in honor with unbroken sword. The triumph of past conflicts was to see the foe in the dust; in our age of the new idealism the greatest triumph in the struggles of war as in the battles of social reform is not to crush the enemy but the enmity. This war was worth the appalling sacrifices only if through it not one people but mankind is advanced. Each nation must feel a stronger self-reliance, a happier willingness to live up to its mission, a larger trust in its safety and its future than it ever felt in the age before the explosion. That was a time of distrust and suspicion and envy and anger and fear which choked the strongest; we greet the new time of mutual confidence.

Germany has earned the most obvious war laurels of the old style, as its brave armies hold the conquered lands of the enemy. It is, therefore, first of all Germany's duty to initiate the coming age; and Germany is ready. Germany will not demand a square foot of the conquered territory in France or Belgium; this is an area abundant in treasures of the soil which Germany needs; but it will renounce them, and this ought to be the symbol for the settlements of the coming Winter. More than that, the Germans see with open eyes that they will suffer great and painful colonial losses. The jewel of their love, Kiao-Chau, may never be returned to them; and, worse, the only large colony which was really fit for the German immigrant, Southwest Africa, may be held by the Boers who invaded it. It will be only a small territorial substitute if Germany receives the old German province of Courland from Russia and perhaps other African colonies from France, from Belgium, from Portugal, where German people cannot live, but from which at least raw material may be secured for German industry.

Germany even seems to be willing in the interest of the peace of Europe to have Poland made a kingdom again, connected with Austria. No doubt this, too, involves a certain German sacrifice, as it may easily bring restlessness to the Poles of Prussia's eastern provinces. It may be that Bessarabia will go to Rumania, but surely Russia will have no reason to complain. A wonderfully rich prize will be hers, as the world will be ready to give all Persia to Russia, and with it the harbors which no ice can block. Even Afghanistan may fall to her lot.

England, as always through the centuries, will be a winner without loss. The diamond land of Southwest Africa may be added to Rhodesia. But England will also get possession of Egypt, after having forgotten for a while that she does not possess it yet. France will receive back all the land which Germany has conquered, and it may be that the peace conference will give to her that part of Lorraine which she occupies to-day, perhaps in exchange for a good part of Morocco in order that Germany may have at least some foothold in Africa where Germans can live in a moderate climate. Belgium will certainly go back to the Belgians, and at last their racial instinct will be fulfilled; the Flemish and the Walloons will find the chance to have separate administration in their own languages.

It is easy to foresee that there will be some malcontents in every German village who will complain as the Japanese complained

after the peace of Portsmouth. They will feel that the German armies had made the greatest gains and that the diplomats took from their hands what they conquered. Their lament will sound faintly in the chorus of German approval.

When the war broke out no responsible German dreamed of conquest. The cartoonists of her enemies amused their public with Germany's plans for European dominion and comforted them with Germany's failure, as she did not even swallow Paris and Petrograd, not to speak of Pekin and Rio de Janeiro. The Germans made in Germany see the hopes fulfilled with which they took up the defense of their country. Not the gain of territory but the safety of Germany's future was their dream. Long freight trains will move to and fro between Berlin and Bagdad, the pressure from east and west will be removed, the sea will be free for Germany's industry and world commerce, the encircling ring of jealousy is broken once for all. Europe knows now the German swords and spears; to-morrow they will be beaten into pruning hooks and plowshares. The jealousy between England and Germany will yield to an earnest desire for mutual understanding, and each will learn from the other. Germany's respect for England's success in its colonies and England's respect for Germany's social organization will mold the future of the two nations. How much less would Germany gain, if it gained more!

But it is not enough that Germany and England alone lay the foundations for the great future alliance in the peace negotiations. The third partner must not wait until the decisive steps of the European nations have been taken. The one alliance which can crown the century demands not only that Germany and England find each other but that they find each other through the goodwill of America. Sensationalists have tired our ear with their cries of remember this and remember that and remember everything; it is a greater art and a higher task to forget. If America will, both Germany and England can forget, and in the ocean of thought which binds the three peoples the submarines of emotion will leave their torpedoes at home and will ply unarmed to the foreign shores. Individuals are freer than peoples. Nothing seems needed but that three great men listen to the voice of the age and fulfil to-day the sacred task for which it may be too late to-morrow. The gods of history have put three great Democrats into the place of honor and trust and power. If Woodrow Wilson, Bethmann Hollweg, and Lloyd George will speak the word for which the century is ripe, not only this war will be ended, but future wars will be impossible.

It is true Germans and Germans will abound who cannot imagine that President Wilson would be an impartial mediator. Many a decision of his has pierced their hearts. They felt the undertone of his English sympathies and doubt whether he could free himself from prejudices against England's enemy. Truly they are poor psychologists who cannot see deeper into his mind. It is easy to attack the President for campaign purposes, as the type of his mind is liable to be misconstrued. It must be illuminated from one centre—Woodrow Wilson's mind is essentially aesthetic. The aesthetic ideals of harmony, or unity, of beauty, of perfection, have for the first time in history irradiated from the White House. Only one result of this aesthetic attitude is essential here; a mind which is deeply stirred by the long-

ing for aesthetic unity will sink perfectly into any role which is seriously undertaken. The personality is so completely fascinated by the idea of a perfect embodiment that all the prejudices and instincts of the daily life disappear; they are burned out by the glowing fire of enthusiasm for the mission which history has imposed. No greater role to be played could come to a man to-day than that of being the mediator between the enemies in Europe; no fitter mind for this

role than that of the President. The neutral nations of the Old World will faithfully follow his lead, the belligerent nations will never forget his courageous act, and their gratitude will forever wipe out the memories of European anti-Americanism. Three men must speak; three nations will follow; three nations will march on, and their Teutonic alliance will bring to the war-ridden world the glories of peace for ages and ages hereafter.

## James Whitcomb Riley

*A Man Who Made Himself Companion and Neighbor of People to Whom Poetry Made no Appeal.*

THE verses of James Whitcomb Riley, who recently died at his home in Indiana have won for the man such a warm place in the hearts of Canadian people, that our readers will be interested in the following brief sketch of his life, published in *The Outlook*:

James Whitcomb Riley, who recently died at his home in the capital of the State, had long been, not only a citizen of great prominence and importance, but an object of intense pride and affection on the part of the people of the State. For many years he has been a public figure of the foremost prominence. His birthday was celebrated last October by public exercises and with a public dinner. The whole State participated in the celebration, and the poet received a recognition such as has been accorded to few American writers of verse. His death, which was unexpected, although it followed a long illness, has evoked an expression of regret and regard which in volume and evident sincerity shows how deeply Riley had touched the heart of his people.

Curiously enough, although he had been so

much talked about in the columns of the newspapers, Riley escaped the biographer. He was both shy and modest. His dislike for anything like publicity was instinctive and grew upon him; and there was considerable uncertainty in regard to some of the leading facts of his life. It is doubtful, for instance, whether any one knew exactly the year of his birth. He understood, apparently, the vast difference between newspaper publicity and fame; and while he could not have been indifferent to the latter, he was eminently successful in evading the former. If he had been asked the name of his school and college, he would undoubtedly have answered, "Indiana," for he had no early opportunities, as opportunities are commonly reckoned. He was born in Greenfield, Indiana. When his biography was written, he was greatly disturbed and did his utmost to suppress it. After much urging, he revised the proofs which were placed in his hands, but took out every specific statement and every date. In this fashion he gave it to the public; but after its publication he bought up the rights in the book and had it destroyed. In recent years, when he has been pressed to write his autobiography, his reply has been: "No, no; it seems too conceited." In this respect he stands in striking contrast to some of the lesser writers, both men and women, whose biographies, names, faces, habits of life, lie recorded for all the world to read on the pages of the Sunday newspapers. It is only just to remember, however, that in many cases the subjects of these sketches, impressions, and more or less apocryphal accounts are victims of journalistic enterprise rather than voluntary narrators of their own greatness.

Riley had little schooling, and set out early in life to earn his own living. Various stories of his early occupations have credence. He is said to have peddled patent medicines, to have amused himself and interested others as a versifier at country fairs, to have been a sign and house painter; and he has even been charged with being the discoverer of the idea of painting signs on fences and barns. One day he dropped into the office of a weekly newspaper, and failing to secure a regular position, turned his attention to contributing verses to the local journals. One of his early poems was widely accepted as an unpublished work of Poe. Afterwards Riley himself declared that the poem was the work of "a sign-painter named Riley." To the habit of writing occasional poems he added the occupation of a traveling actor, for which he had very decided talents. His readings, which became very popular, were notable for his unusual gift of dramatic characterization, for his effective facial expression, and for the pathos and sympathy which he could put into his voice. Sir Henry Irving is reported to have



—Carter, in New York Evening Sun.

"Well, it's only going to be a little war."

said that the American stage lost a great actor when Riley refused to make acting his life-work. Those who were fortunate enough to attend a dinner given to Mr. Aldrich in a New York club at which Riley, Eugene Field and Bill Nye recited characteristic poems gained a very good idea of respective varieties of American humor.

In character and habit of life James Whitcomb Riley was the simplest of human beings. He never thought of himself, apparently, as a poet; he simply fell into the habit of writing verses because it was natural for him to use that form of expression. He was not in any sense the poet of democracy. He had no theories about his art; no consciousness, apparently, of any ambition to practise it in any particular way or for any special purpose. He never proclaimed himself the poet of the "democratic vista," as did Whitman, who regarded himself as the prophet of democracy, and who wrote half a dozen striking and really wonderful poems, but whose books are never seen in the hands of working people, and whose poems are rarely, if ever, recited by school-children.

Riley was in the only genuine sense a poet of the people. He not only wrote about them, but he wrote to them and for them; and no American poet, with the exception of Longfellow, has come so near the hearts of the people or has been so much loved and honored by children. He was a simple singer of

familiar things; but familiar things seen with the poet's vision and described with the poet's feeling cease to be common things; and Riley was able to make things of the farm and of the village significant of human destiny. He never bothered himself with the philosophy of life; he never traveled for local color; he was apparently entirely uninterested in affairs of art; but he sang of childhood, of the flowers in the garden, of the secrets of the woods, all with that unconscious simplicity which is the ultimate aim of art.

It is idle to attempt to assign him to any particular place in the history of American poetry, to exactly define or describe his genius, to predict his position in the future; but in a poetic period of secondary inspiration, of devotion to the technical minutiae of versification, or of lawless disregard of its traditions, Riley sang as the birds sang, because it was his nature to sing. He understood the poet's art; he understood and loved children because he stood in intimate personal relations to nature, not in the rough nor in the large, but as it unfolded the domestic life of the farm and the village. He had that unaffected and delightful humor which is never far from pathos, and he made himself the companion and neighbor of a host of people to whom poetry in its elaborate forms made no appeal. The author of "Knee Deep in June" will stand in no need of formal commemoration.

seconds over 15,000 tons of steel—the bridge was unfinished—which had taken six years of patient toil to erect and fix, became a mass of twisted metal at the bottom of the river, representing a financial loss to the builders of over a million pounds sterling.

It took eighteen months to clear the wreck from the bottom of the river, and its removal was regarded as a clever piece of work. There was no place to begin, for there were no loose ends. So well had the steel-workers done their work that but a single eye-bar was broken in the collapse.

Two months were spent in an endeavor to find a vulnerable spot in the wreck and some efficient method of cutting up the ponderous members of the bridge into bits that could be handled. This was effectively accomplished by severing the parts above water by means of the acetylene blow-pipe, and dynamiting those below the surface. In the explosive pieces of steel were thrown great distances, on one occasion a portion of a girder being tossed clean across the river.

The plans of the bridge had been drawn up by a very eminent American bridge builder. It was thought that the failure of the first panel of the lower chord, next to the pier, was responsible for the calamity. This particular member was about five feet square, and was, perhaps, not strong enough to carry the immense strain. In the new bridge, the same member is over seven feet high and over ten feet in thickness, and has a total weight of four hundred tons.

It is gratifying to note that the new structure is being built by a Canadian firm, the St. Lawrence River Bridge Building Company, whose tender beat those of the Americans and also that of a German syndicate. The bridge, which will be some 3,000 feet in length between anchorages, will cost about £2,000,000. If we reckon the amount spent upon the first structure, compensation paid to workmen, cost of commissions, experiments, and drawing up plans, and other expenses, it is expected that by the time the first train passes over the new structure, Canada will have sunk a sum of £3,500,000 in effecting the crossing.

In the erection of the Great Victoria Bridge at Montreal the massive cribwork of the dams surrounding the pier caissons was carried away by the pack ice. It reared itself thirty feet high in front of the dams and exerted a pressure against them, it is estimated, of over a hundred million tons.

At the time of writing, some 4,500 tons of steel have already been placed in position in the new Quebec bridge, and it is hoped that the structure will be ready for traffic this coming autumn. Then Canada will be able to boast the possession of the greatest of all bridges, and the whole British Empire will rejoice with her on the completion of the most daring bridge-building feat so far attempted.

The Royal Albert Bridge, which spans the Tamar at Saltash, is 2,200 feet long, the two main spans over the river being each 455 feet long. Obtaining the foundations for the central piers was a particularly dangerous piece of work. A huge caisson, a kind of inverted tub of massive proportion, was sunk in midstream, in which, provided with compressed air, the men toiled for two years. In the winter storms the unwieldy cylinder rocked so violently, despite its heavy weights and chains, that leakages occurred, and it was

## Webs of Steel

*The Perilous and Wonderful Work of the Bridge Builder—World-Famous Bridges in Canada.*

THE wholesale destruction of bridges which have taken years to build, has proceeded on such a scale during the war, that the task of reconstruction, immediately peace is proclaimed will be positively appalling. The magnitude of the work can be better appreciated after getting an insight into the principles of bridge building as outlined by H. J. Shepstone in the *London Magazine*. The writer says in part:

The present is the age of big bridges, and during the past few years some remarkable triumphs in engineering have been consummated.

These achievements have been rendered possible by the vast strides that have been made in connection with the improvement of steel, whereby immense strength is secured with the minimum of weight, and the perfection of innumerable devices facilitating the task of erection. At the same time, however, the engineer has still to fight tides, tricky currents, storms, and ice, and can only win through by grit and determination not to be beaten.

Ever since the British engineer impressed the world with the great aerial roadways he built in this country, such as the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash, the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Strait, the Tay Bridge, and the Forth Bridge, whose span of 1,700 feet remains a record to this day, he has gone ahead from one triumph to another. Indeed, these great structures may be said to represent the birth of the big bridge.

It should not be forgotten that the British structures were the first of their kind, and their builders had little to guide them. In America, and more recently in Germany, they

have had some clever imitators, but for originality, boldness, and daring of design, the British engineer has always held his own.

At the moment, the St. Lawrence River, in Canada, is the scene of the greatest of bridge-building feats. Here, at Quebec, rapid progress is being made on the new structure which is to replace the one which collapsed with such disastrous consequences on August 29th, 1907, when seventy-four of the eighty-six men upon it were carried to their doom.

The disaster was the greatest and most fatal catastrophe in all the history of bridge construction, ancient or modern. In a few



His Flame.

only by beating hasty retreats that the men escaped drowning. The two gigantic spans were built upon the shores and floated out into position, and then gradually raised to the desired height, three feet at a time at each end, by means of hydraulic power.

The great steel tubes of the Britannia Bridge, like the girders of the Saltash structure, were built complete on the shore and gradually raised into position. Robert Stephenson, its designer, insisted that the recesses—hollow openings in the walls of the piers—should be filled with masonry as the tubes rose higher and higher, and on no account would he allow more than a few inches under the ironwork.

When one of the tubes had been raised to a height of thirty feet, one of the hydraulic presses broke, and the tube fell a distance of some seven inches on to the packings which had been built up underneath it. So small a fall may appear to the uninitiated to be of slight consequence, but the momentum acquired by the 900 tons of iron grew, even with so small a distance, to such proportions as to crumple up solid castings weighing tons as if they had been mere biscuit-boxes.

"Thank God," wrote Mr. Clark, the engineer-in-chief, to Stephenson, "that you have been so obstinate, for if this accident had occurred with no bed for the end of the tube to fall on, it would have been lying across the bottom of the Strait."

With its eighty-six spans and two miles of length, the present Tay structure, which crosses the great estuary of the Tay between Wormit and Dundee, can claim to be one of the greatest of bridges. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that no bridge was ever erected with greater care. This was because of the collapse of the former edifice during a violent storm on the evening of the last Sunday in 1879, when a train was flung into the raging waters, carrying sixty-seven souls to their doom. Hence the most elaborate precautions were taken to see that the new bridge was strong enough for its work. As it rose it was repeatedly subjected to the most rigid and severe tests, both in regard to the weight it could carry and the wind pressure it could withstand.

Entirely different in design is the Forth Bridge, which spans the Firth of Forth between North Queensferry and South Queensferry. It was the first big structure to be erected on the cantilever principle. Here it may be explained that cantilever means a bracket. The ordinary balcony of a house is a cantilever of a kind.

This mighty bridge has a total length, with approaches, of 2,765 yards. It contains 50,958 tons of steel, and required 6,500,000 rivets to fasten it together. There are three huge but graceful steel towers, each 345 feet in height, from which are built out the great cantilever arms, six in number, and each 680 feet in length. Sir Benjamin Baker has declared that a battleship could be hung at the end of each cantilever arm without causing the ties at the tops of the tower to part, so strong is the structure.

Steel, of course, expands and contracts with temperature, and in bolting up the steel work this has to be allowed for. Accordingly, here and there girders were merely fastened together by means of temporary bolts until it was discovered at what points the permanent rivets should be inserted.

At the final riveting of one of the girders



—Donakey, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
Come on, mother, let's go over and look at the hogs."

a rather startling incident occurred. A sudden change of temperature took place, and the thirty odd temporary bolts in the ties snapped and parted with a noise "like the shot from a 35-ton gun," as a witness describes it. The whole bridge shook from end to end, and some people feared that there had been a disaster. As a matter of fact, Nature had merely completed the work somewhat dramatically, riding the bridge of the temporary bolts.

Despite all precautions, of course, accidents occurred. During the seven years that the structure was in building there were no fewer than 57 fatal and 106 other serious mishaps. The number may at first appear high, but we have to remember that during the busiest times as many as 4,600 workmen were employed upon the edifice.

The famous Hawkesbury Bridge, over the river of that name in New South Wales, some twenty-six miles from Sydney, boasts of the deepest foundations of any bridge in the world. The central pier of this 3,000-foot graceful structure goes down to a depth of no less than 180 feet below low water.

Until the erection of the Fades Viaduct, some two years ago, over the tortuous Seoule River, in France, the Victoria Falls Bridge, on the route of the Cape to Cairo Railway, over the great Zambesi gorge, could claim the distinction of being the highest bridge in the world. The former stands 440 feet above the river, and the latter about 420 feet. But the spanning of the Seoule River was mere child's play in comparison with the difficulties which confronted the engineers when they set

out to secure a path for the locomotive below the Victoria Falls, as far above the boiling waters of the gorge as the cross of St. Paul's is above the busy London streets.

As it was decided to build the structure out simultaneously from each bank until it met in the centre, it was necessary to carry a large quantity of material to the other side of the stream. To get this across the river an electric cableway was thrown across the gorge. Communication was first established between the two banks by firing a rocket across. To the rocket was attached a line, by means of which a stronger rope was drawn across, and again a stronger one still, until a 2½-inch diameter steel-wire rope was thrown over the site.

On account of the weight of the bridge, about 1,500 tons, it was necessary to "tie" it back to each bank in some way until a junction was made, as the bridge then, of course, would carry its own weight.

The manner in which this was done may be said to constitute one of the most interesting features of the whole undertaking. Two bore holes were sunk on each bank, thirty feet deep and thirty feet apart, and the two extremities joined by a gallery running through the rock. Wire ropes suspending the weight of each half of the bridge were passed down one hole, along the passage connecting the two, and out at the other, so that the weight was sustained by this solid mass of rock. As Sir Francis Fox remarked to the writer, "The weight was thus temporarily upheld by a great slice of Africa."

Before work on the bridge proper could be begun, precautions had to be taken to guard the workmen as they toiled 420 feet above the rushing torrent in the gorge. The water races through the ravine here with such force that no ordinary boat could live in it. A strong net was accordingly slung across the chasm beneath the actual working point to catch "boys and tools, should they inadvertently drop."

Once erection began, the work proceeded with great speed. When it came to dropping in the last section, a piece of steel, weighing, perhaps, fifteen tons, it was found that it was some three inches too long. It was Friday evening, and all that day a blazing, tropical sun had been pouring down upon the structure. It had caused the steel to expand; hence the discrepancy.

During that night, however, a cold wind sprang up, contracted the steel, and next morning the engineers found, to their great delight, that the piece could be inserted.

## The Rout of the Senussi

### A Trooper's Review of the Tremendous Difficulties and Splendid Heroisms of the Campaign in Western Egypt

AMONG the many side-issues of war, the quelling of the Senussi in Western Egypt, while it cannot be compared for magnitude and importance with other campaigns, is, in many respects, quite unique. Men from various parts of the Empire—Australians, Indians, Boers and Englishmen—fought side by side, and defeated these strange people under weird conditions, as described by trooper H. K. Elcock in the *London Magazine*, as follows:

Away back in the early days of September, 1914, the little band of Westminster Dragoons,

to which I was attached, left the shores of Great Britain. At that time I do not think a single member of the company imagined the strange experiences through which we were to pass before we once more trod the soil of our native heath. We fought in strange lands, against peculiar people, and under weird conditions. We fought in one important theatre of war before we started on our way to meet the Senussi. It was late in the year 1915 when we landed at Alexandria. After a trip to Cairo, we returned to Alexandria, where we picked up our horses. When we finally entrained for the ninety miles' journey along the single line railway from Alexandria to El Dabaa, which is the rail-head, we became definitely aware for the first time that it was to be part of our duty to quell the rising of the Senussi.

It appears that on the 21st of November a Senussi force had swooped down on Sollum in such strength that the small British contin-

gent in charge of the place were very glad to get away with their lives. They retreated to Mersa Matruh, and in due course the Westminister Dragoons and the other units gathered together from various theatres of war, started the business of quelling the Senussi once and for all.

Sollum was made the base for the Senussi regular army, which was estimated at a total strength of 15,000 men. So far as I saw them, these men of the Senussi army were mostly very young—from fifteen to eighteen years of age—uniformed in khaki and armed with rifles captured from the Italians during the Turco-Italian war. A few of them were mounted on camels, but for the most part they consisted of infantry, formed from local tribes who had been forced to serve whether they wanted to or not.

El Matruh is about half-way between Alexandria and El Dabaa, and, of course, Alexandria was the British base. One of the chief difficulties in those early days was to keep our communications—the single line railway—clear from attacks by the enemy. Little bands of them were wandering over the desert, and the constant patrolling of the railway was a difficult and, at times, a dangerous job.

Christmas Day, 1915, saw the first real attempt to come to grips with the Senussi. An advance party of Australian horsemen picked up the grey mass of the Senussi Army, and an all-night march across the desert by the infantry brought them within striking distance. It was heterogeneous mass of the Senussi our men picked out—soldiers and tribesmen. The whole mass had to be driven back through a narrow gorge between two of the desert plateaux, with our guns shelling them all the time.

It was terrible slaughter, for our gun-boats from the sea also got the range, and fairly mowed down the enemy as they retreated through the gorge. That night we encamped in the desert, and sat down to a sumptuous Christmas dinner of bully beef and biscuits. That's the worst of fighting in that part of the world; if you are not in love with snails and boiled grass as eatables, you have to peg along almost entirely on bully beef.

We had one slice of luck, though. While patrolling the coast one morning, we came across several crates of eggs, washed up from the wrecked *Persia*. They were quite good, and very welcome.

From this Christmas Day right up to January 23rd was a comparatively free time, so far as actual fighting was concerned. Our main duty was to keep communications intact, and to see that the Senussi did not obtain possession of any of the three important wells which were absolutely essential to the maintenance of our Army. This meant that patrol work had to be done continually, for the stray bands of Senussi seemed to be strangers to fear—a characteristic most plainly exemplified by the dare-devil way in which they would attack armoured cars.

In addition to their bravery, the Senussi were possessed of marvellous marching powers, too—a fact which gave us a very rough time of it at Halazin on January 23rd. The rainy season was on, making the desert sand soft and rendering it almost impossible to make any headway with vehicles.

In places the mud would sink up to the axles of the gun-carriages, and they had to be man-handled almost all the way—a process which greatly hampered our operations. Latterly we were compelled to leave the transport in order to get on at all.

Then we came upon the enemy in a very unexpected quarter. We thought we were pursuing them, but by a very pretty piece of generalship they had almost outflanked us, having accomplished a wonderful thirty miles'

march under the difficult conditions described above. But we just spotted them in time, and our cavalry saved the situation.

I saw two of our gallant officers exhibit wonderful bravery here. They jumped on two limbers, and from this position, exposed to the enemy as they were, they directed the fire of our guns. The country round was so flat that this was absolutely the only vantage-point which could be gained, and there is no doubt that the fire they directed from their exposed positions did much to contribute to the rout of the enemy in that fight.

One of the many ravines in this country was responsible for a tragic disaster. Captain Cheape, the famous polo player, in command of a troop of Yeomanry, was fired on from a small rise by what appeared to him to be a small party of Senussi.

This attack on Captain Cheape's troop was so unexpected and sudden that there was only one thing for him to do—charge. Up the slope went the Yeomen with a cheer. Alas! When the foremost rank of them reached the top of the slope, they found themselves and their horses hurling through space, over the edge of a cliff into a deep ravine in which was a large number of the enemy. The few on top had been but a sort of decoy.

Poor Cheape had ridden right into a veritable hornet's nest, and, in all, sixteen of that gallant troop went crashing over the top of the hill to be dashed to death on the stones at the bottom of the ravine. Those who were not instantly killed were quickly despatched by the Senussi waiting below. For the men who did not actually go over, it was hell while it lasted, but fortunately an armoured car was on the scene to scatter the enemy.

As the days wore on we became better and better equipped for dealing with the enemy. Camels were sent to us in plenty, and several aeroplane bases were established. These aeroplanes did some fine observation work for us, and were more than useful in dropping bombs on enemy camps; sometimes flying sixty or seventy miles into the interior.

With the camels we had rather quaint experiences. Sandstorms are one of the things which add to the difficulties of fighting in the desert. These would sometimes last for a full twenty-four hours, and I remember one morning at the end of one of these storms going round the camel lines and finding no less than thirteen of them dead. It appears that during a sandstorm the camels will deliberately close their nostrils, and, consequently, strangulation follows as the result of the water bladder in the gullet being choked with dust.

During the sandstorms one could only breathe or see with great difficulty. But we stuck it gamely, and often passed jokes over the strange appearance we presented to each other. Wearing our gas-helmets—we went groping about among the horses, hanging on to everything we held dear.

Right from the beginning to the end of the campaign the water supply was, of course, one of the chief difficulties to be overcome. The few wells in the desert did not supply nearly all that we wanted, and much of the water was sent forward from Alexandria to Dabaa by train. There were times when we had something less than eight pints of water each for all purposes to last us for forty-eight hours—not too much I can assure you in a scorching country with sandstorms to make you specially thirsty at times.

But as we overcame the natural difficulties which at first prevented us from rounding up the Senussi as quickly as we should otherwise have done, we gradually came into closer touch with them until the last final effort.

Although, so far as numbers goes, this campaign against the Senussi was in no way to be compared with actions in Flanders, in France, or in Gallipoli, there were quite a lot of amaz-

ing little things done, and the bravery shown by the men all the time was a thing to marvel over. But the cream of the whole affair—so far as I saw it—came on February 26th. That was the charge of the Dorsets which did so much to bring the campaign to a successful conclusion. We left Matruh on the morning of February 20th, and, indulging in some of the hardest marching of the campaign across the desert sands, we came into touch with the enemy five days later.

The main force of the Senussi was in a strong position on a dominating ridge at Agagia. Gaafar Pasha, one of the chiefs of the Senussi Army, was in charge of this detachment, and, having plenty of time to prepare a hot reception for us, he had made the best of it—establishing his guns in front of his men in such a position that they would inevitably pour death into any force which attempted to carry the position.

In the hope of weakening his resistance we emptied a lot of rapid fire into the ranks at a range of something between a mile and a mile and a quarter, but it was very difficult to get any real idea of the effectiveness of our fire, for the sun was blazing down, producing a dim haze.

Colonel Souter, who was in charge of the Dorsets, suddenly exclaimed to his men: "This is the chance I have been waiting for for twenty years—come along, boys!"

In quick time the men of the Dorsets were in action, swords were drawn, and we gave them a rousing cheer as they dashed hell-for-leather across the desert for the enemy position. It was indeed a thrilling sight—a real slap-bang, tally-ho fight of the old days! Away on the flat plain the Senussi were plainly visible, with the Dorsets going straight for them through a cloud of sand raised by the hoofs of the horses.

The Dorsets had the very centre of the Senussi position as their objective. As the gallant horsemen came nearer and nearer the enemy we saw first one and then another of them fall, but no man was dismayed—on and on they went in face of machine-gun and rifle fire; never a halt until they had gone clean through the enemy lines.

Fortunately the audacity of the assault saved the lives of many of those brave Dorset men, for the enemy gunners seemed to lose their heads, and their firing became very wild. But against that it has to be recorded that the very impetuosity of this charge by the Dorsets caused many casualties, for they got so far through the centre of the enemy ranks that some of the Senussi were able to pour a flank fire into the charging ranks. But the Dorsets turned, and then went for the enemy again—in all they made three charges right into the Senussi lines, and some of them had the luckiest escapes imaginable. Colonel Souter had his horse shot under him, while two other officers each had bullets glance off the field-glasses which they had in front of them.

Altogether the colonel had wonderful luck—though not more than he deserved. When his horse was shot he found himself on his feet just in front of the Senussi leader, Gaafar Pasha. The enemy leader, who was already wounded, surrendered.

That charge struck real panic into the hearts of the Senussi, and perhaps the best tribute which could be paid to the gallantry of the men of the Dorsets would be to repeat the words of Gaafar Pasha himself. "It was bravery unparalleled," he said afterwards. "It was not war—it was immense. In theory it should have failed, but in practice it succeeded, and to-day I am a prisoner because of it. No enemy in the world could have stood against such an onslaught—against men who evinced such sent regard for death." The South African infantry followed up, and completed the good work of the Dorsets.

## Russian Hopes and Aims

*Why the Alliance With Russia in War Should Become an Alliance In Peace.*

THE British alliance with Russia meant an alliance with a country which not many years ago was regarded as a natural enemy, but the alliance in the working has proved to be one of the most whole-hearted and thorough-going that history has known. The *Edinburgh Review* sizes up this alliance and what it means to Britain in a very clear-cut, forceful article by Bernard Pares, extracts from which are quoted as follows:

One of our chief preoccupations must be the safeguarding and strengthening of this alliance, just as the only hope of the enemy is that he may succeed in breaking it up. With regard to the Russian people England is not only very ignorant but also retains a number of the crudest misconceptions. The war is educating us with amazing rapidity; but we have ever so much lee-way to make up, and there is a certain time-limit. We have got to be on terms with our subject before the time comes for making peace. If we succeed in this, the peace of Europe will be secured by an intelligent understanding in England of the primary interests and aspirations of Russia—for Russia already knows what it is essential that she should know about England. If, on the other hand, we are not in time, it is unlikely that any satisfactory peace will be made at all, for Germany will have plenty of opportunities of spoiling it at the birth. For this reason I think it is worth trying to say, as plainly and as shortly as I can, how I understand the attitude of the Russian people toward the war, and what in Russia is hoped or expected of it.

To start with—this war is national in Russia because it is a war against the German; I say, against the German, because the German is all over the interior of Russia, as well as on the western frontier, blocking the contact which Russia seeks with Western Europe. And we must not forget that this is the Prussian side of Germany, and that the actual frontier is the most Prussian part of Prussia; for East Prussia is the very nest of Junkertum, of militarism, of class aloofness, of racial domination. The only thing that is quite like it is the German domination in the Baltic provinces, which are a part of Russia itself. It is not the genial farmer or industrious trader of Baden or Westphalia; it is the very cream of Prussian swagger and brutality that sets the tone for the whole outlook of the Russian people on Germany as a State. Indeed, it is the complete triumph of Prussianism over Germanity that we have witnessed in the present war.

The German is well known to the Russian people; he meets them at every turn, and always as a kind of deputy master. He is the small trader, the petty official in charge, the under-steward of the estate, the foreman or manager, the senior clerk, the head of the chancellery, the chief constable, the big capitalist, the Governor or Deputy-Governor, the Minister, or the powerful courtier. It has even happened during the war that the Germans on occupying Polish towns have re-installed as German officials, Germans who had served in the same towns as Russian officials. Incidentally the German administrator in Russia has often taken no pains to conceal his

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contempt of those whom he rules. Everywhere the German has stood between the State and the people, between Russia and herself.

Nowhere has this been clearer than in what is specially called "politics." The aim of the Germans in Russia was that Russia should never be allowed to find a voice of her own. As courtiers and as executors of orders they had a hold on the administration of the Empire which would necessarily be endangered by any national assembly. In Russia the cause of patriotism and the cause of national representation go hand in hand, and almost the only enemy of either is the German interloper. One of the chief protests against the institution of the Duma was written by a Baltic German (Herr Schwanebach) in German, and was sent by him to the German Emperor. According to the reactionaries of Russia, the one prop of autocracy in Europe is the Emperor William, and he is not likely to underdo the part. The same reason helps to explain why the Duma, though it has nine parties and has varied very much in composition, has nearly always succeeded in maintaining a certain solidarity.

But, with the position of the Duma itself unfixed, all sorts of major questions which ought almost to have settled themselves were treated as controversial and as involving conflicts of principle. As time went on, the opinion of the majority of the Duma on most of these questions became more or less clearly defined, but it could not express itself in legislation; even a unanimous Duma could not necessarily settle anything. And often the expression of public opinion only led to the opposite of what the public wanted. The anti-Duma section of Ministers fought the Duma on principle; but there was no "heroism of re-action," no hard and fast reactionary policy—it was no more than a flow of cross-currents.

Meanwhile the rudderless country drifted its own way, and its way of drifting was to grow beyond all recognition. In consequence of the rural reform establishing individual in place of communal property in land, both country and towns were enriched. For twenty years previously the development of the enormous resources of Russia had been rapid and wholesale, but the rate of development was now immensely increased. Nothing calls so loudly for efficient administration as the creation of propertied interests. Such interests, big and small, were being created on all sides, and the great influx of foreign capital made it all the more imperative that internal order should be established. In the confusion the country was at the mercy of any one with enterprise. Strong in their training and equipment and in their ties with the authorities, the Germans made haste to secure all the strategic points of the new Russia. A great country cannot be governed like a farm, through household officials or chance advisers; and it cannot be left without any direction at all. At the time when the Duma was created the leaders of trade and industry federated themselves into a General Council, and the deliberations of this Council, which were very practical, came to have more and more importance. Moscow, the home of obscurantism in trade policy, became cautiously progressive; Petrograd, Warsaw, and South Russia needed no conversion. But all this movement only increased the number of questions that clamored for settlement; and the first of them all was a national direction of the nation's economic policy.

Another profoundly national instinct demanded a quite new foreign policy. In his well-known book on the far East, Prince Uktomsky practically says to the young Russian, "Forget about Europe and constitutions: go to Siberia and rule Asia." Mr.

Stolypin, in a talk with me, once complained that the young Russian did not wish to go and serve in Siberia. Prince Ukhomsky said more: "The ideas for which I have stood are dead and buried." The hopes of the Russian nation took a quite different direction; it sought contact with Europe, and it interested itself before all things in the fortunes of its kinsmen and co-religionists of the Balkans. It is to Germany that Russians ascribe the impulse that sent Russia wandering afield to Manchuria and Corea, presumably because Germany herself wanted a free hand in the Balkans. It was the growth of the population and the enormous potential economic strength of Russia that frightened Germany, and made her hurry to secure her own anti-national settlement of Balkan conditions.

Meanwhile England was still obsessed with the belief that Russia threatened Constantinople and British communications with India. Yet Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was then doing what Russia had never attempted, and England was being asked to provide the money for a Bagdad railway which was to remain under German control. Russian writers and public men were more clear-headed than ourselves. They saw their ideal in the Balkans, their enemy in Germany, their friend in England. What they wanted to do was not to enslave the Balkans but to strengthen by Russian help and protection the smaller Slavonic nationalities in their struggle against economic, cultural and political absorption by Germany and by her junior partner Austria. In framing this policy the Russians were following the direction of their national strength, for the population and economic forces of Russia have long been rapidly gravitating southwards. They even dreamed of the liberation of the Slavs of Austria, who amount to three-fifths of the population of that Empire. Finally the Russians hoped to close their long duel with the Turk by driving him from Europe, and to hold in Constantinople the capital of their Church and the natural outlet of their Empire to Western Europe.

All this policy rests on live facts, and is, therefore, simple and convincing. The policy is admirably expounded in a remarkable essay, "A Great Russia," by Professor Peter Struv, a very original thinker on political problems. Other leading public men of Russia had come to the same conclusion. It was one of the ties that united nearly all the Duma men, Conservative or Liberal. It united them against Germany, and it united them in favor of England. This policy also demanded a more liberal settlement of the Polish question; for how could the other Slavs be convinced of the good intentions of Russia while there was this open sore within the Russian Empire? Thus the Poles joined with the Russians in the new Slavonic movement of Liberal Imperialism. But this again meant enmity to Germany; for the natural outcome of the Liberal Imperialist policy would be the reunion of all Poland; whereas the friendship between reactionary Russia and reactionary Prussia had been grounded on the partition of Poland, and was maintained by the common policy that Poland should rise no more. There were a number of New Slavonic Congresses in Petrograd, in Sofia, in Prague, which Germany and Austria roughly interrupted by the annexation of Slavonic Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia, then still suffering from the Japanese War, let the mailed fist decide; but war with Germany became inevitable.

These were the conditions that made natural and necessary in Russia a broad national understanding with England. At every point England came into the programme. England was the model in constitutionalism; England was the alternative ally in the economic sphere; England was the friend of small

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States and the champion of national rights; England upheld the standard of Liberal Imperialism. All these things, and not least the by no means accidental similarity between the two Churches, had to be borne in mind by any Englishman working for the friendship of Russia. The friendship had to be between the two nations, and not merely between sections of them; and what two nations had a broader basis for such a friendship? In 1907 the two Governments signed an agreement as to Persia. In 1908 was founded the semi-official Russo-British Chamber of Commerce. In 1909 Great Britain gave strong support to Russian diplomacy in the Bosnian crisis. In the same year the leaders of six Russian parties were entertained in England; and in 1912 a number of representative Englishmen were given an historic welcome in Russia. Meanwhile there was a constant and deepening stream of communications of all kinds. English books on Russia began to reach a much higher level.

The wonderful outburst of enthusiasm at the beginning of the war was founded on all that had gone before. It could not have been otherwise. All the things that Russia most wished for were closely linked together, and here was the promise, as it seemed, of the simultaneous satisfaction of all these aspirations. No wonder this was for Russia a religious war; it was a war of thanksgiving, and the Russian people, humble and sincere, were ready for all sacrifices with such ends in sight. This deep satisfaction, this simple harmony of all that was herself, of all her dearest instincts, came like a wonder. It was the greatest thing which the war gave to Russia. It reincarnated, in the person of the reigning Emperor, the sovereign majesty of Russia, the idea of that traditional and intimate unity, seldom realized but always cherished, that bound the whole rich and varied world of Russia to the sovereign leader of the people.

The war of itself, by the simple force of facts, brought within reach of fulfillment all these hopes. The same enemy was the enemy of everything. At the bottom of Germany's attitude toward Russia lies a deep contradiction, the hopelessness of uniting the desire to hurt with the desire to exploit, the hopelessness of a complete peaceful domination. These things were reflected by every phase of the war. They explain why crushing blows of artillery were almost immediately followed by suggestions of peace from the apparent victor. The fundamental fact has remained throughout stronger and more fatal than any of the phases of the war; and the fundamental fact is this, that by beginning the war Germany at one blow wrecked all her long work of internal domination in Russia, smashed all her own machinery, and was left only with the hope of being able to pick up after the war the fragments of wreckage and turning them once more into an efficient instrument for the policy which she had so foolishly abandoned. The haste and heedlessness of the German Emperor had spoilt Russia for Germany.

The first economic demand of Russia is emancipation from German economic domination. The second is a full and free initiative within Russia for the development of her own economic resources. Russia has grown bigger and richer. Moscow is full of business and life. As already pointed out, the economic flow of Russian energy and population is southward towards the Balkans. The conquest of Eastern Galicia was the conquest of a long-lost Russian population, and it was the work of their close kinsmen, the Little Russians of the army of Kiev. No wonder the great Russian military success was here; no wonder the conquerors and conquered lived together in fraternity; and no wonder, when heavy artillery upset for a time the course of history, a

large number of the inhabitants came away with the retreating Russian army. Again the settlement of the destiny of Constantinople is one of the oldest aspirations of Russian history, but it is also a first need of the new economic Russia. When the Straits are open there will be a free sea road to free and industrial England.

On the other hand, Germany has done everything to organize Austria into a German-controlled economic unit for blocking the economic progress of Russia, and for advancing German domination over the Slavs of the Balkans. The question of the division of spoils of war has raised in Germany the cry for economic union between Germany and Austria. For Russia the legitimate direction of advance, economic and cultural, is the Balkans; and the maintenance of independent Slav States in the Balkans is the link of common interest and sentiment between Russia and England. Both countries are concerned to prevent after the war the systematic economic penetration of the Turkish Empire by Austria-Germany, and for both the independent Balkan States will be an economic as well as a military rampart.

A further question raised by this war, from its very beginning, is the continued existence of the Austrian State, of whose population three-fifths consist of Slavs crushed under German domination. While Austria was an independent State this question did not arise; it only arose when Austria became the humble instrument of Prussian ambitions. This question has to be answered before there can be any talk of having fought the war "to the end." The liberation of non-German peoples from German control is the only practical solution to the problem of destroying German militarism. The Austrian Slav anticipated this solution where possible by passing over in large bodies to the side of their liberators—an operation attended with great danger, but the only way open to them of putting on record their national aspirations. The answer of the Germans has been to reduce the Slavonic population of Germany and Austria by every means in their power. The Croats have been left to die of epidemics, intended, in concentration camps. The Poles are fed on half rations. The Serbians have been systematically wiped out. After Austria's invasion of Serbia, there can be no talk of re-establishing the old artificial frontier, which never had any racial significance. There can now be no Serbia but a Greater Serbia, beginning from Croatia, that is from the heart of the artificial empire of Austria. Austrian Germans, when interrogated at the front, freely express their desire to be quit of the Slavs and join their brethren in Germany, which in the long run no one can prevent them from doing. What we must prevent is the continued existence of a Germany that controls all the forces and population of a mainly Slavonic Austria. It goes without saying that from Germany itself must be torn the Slavonic provinces of Poland which are necessary to the reconstitution of Polish unity, promised from the Russian throne and only defensible in the future under the aegis of the Russian Empire and army. To take from Prussia that which is not hers, to leave to Germany that which is German, to destroy the fictitious and Germanized unit of Austria—these are the aspirations of the Russian who wishes to see his Slavonic brothers independent from and guaranteed against German domination.

On every issue which I have mentioned it is in the nature of things that the English alliance in war should become an English alliance in peace. To start with, we shall be joint guarantors of the peace which is to be made. But we are much more than that. English influence, which is of a very different kind and very differently exercised, is the wished-for

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substitute for German influence in Russia. England, without interference in the internal affairs of her ally and friend, will continue to be, as she has been in the past, a model for public effort, initiative, and progress in Russia, where she is as much the kinswoman of the truest conservative instincts as she is the pattern of the best Russian Liberalism. Germany did not understand Russia, and understands less than ever. We did not know Russia, but we are learning and we can understand her.

The gap left in the economic life of Russia by the withdrawal of so many Germans offers a unique opportunity to Englishmen. The pity is that we have made hardly any preparation for filling it, and that we are in danger of seeing an unregulated and confused crush of purely personal interests, directed by dubious middle-men and trampling their narrow path through this fine field of economic and political promise. The common economic interests of the Allies will continue after the war; and on the Russian side their importance has been so well appreciated that something in the nature of a standing Imperial Commission is being planned to deal with them. It is sincerely to be hoped that we, on our side, shall be no less far-sighted and no less alive to the issues involved. If we take it that the Germans are to be excluded for our personal profit and that we are free to do as they have done, only with less knowledge and efficiency, we shall make the crudest of mistakes.

The war has had other effects of a more general kind on Anglo-Russian relations. The spirit of England at her best has become a daily study of the keenest interest to our comrades in arms; we have, like our Allies, been on trial, through our army, our navy, our war-factories, above all for our character; but though every one of our deficiencies necessarily affected our Allies as well as ourselves, we have very greatly gained in the good opinion of Russians by the severe test through which we have passed. It is the whole-heartedness and the sincerity of our co-operation that have stood out above all faults of detail. Besides this, the personal association in war work of so many British officers with the Russian forces, and the presence of the admirably organized Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, have given Russia a real insight into our English character and methods, such as could hardly have been gained without this war.

## Our Cavalry in Action

*The Tactics of the Mounted Service of the World's Armies are Governed by Principles Established in Our Western Prairies*

VETERANS of former wars, who cling to tradition, and casual readers who base their deductions on the fact that infrequent mention is made of this branch of military force, are prone to believe that the day of cavalry is over. A recent article in the *Scientific American* gives us a new idea of the place of the mounted service, with some graphic pictures of military horsemanship as it is practised largely on the principles established by our own Western riders. The writer, Charles M. Maigne, says in part:

Early in the present great war, after the first few weeks of advance and retirement,

the contending forces on the main western and eastern lines settled down in a desperate deadlock, crouched within the hastily carved, consistently elaborated system of trenchwork which laced the battle fronts. After the opportunity for manœuvre had passed, when the flanks of the far-flung lines were brought to rest near non-turntable topographical points such as the sea or the boundaries of a neutral country, the No Man's Land between the trenches became a crater of death to any living thing which might venture upon it. The lines were held solidly in strength from end to end and consequently the employment of cavalry in normal functions of security, information and mounted action became out of the question; so the horses were kept in shape far to rear of the firing line or were loaned to the artillery to replace losses. Transportation requirements affected them little, for the supply problem of to-day has become one of gasoline solution, and for months horseflesh has had a comparatively easy time.

But the horsemen have only waited for their moment. At first the cavalrymen were grieved to the core that they should be asked to render dismounted service alone, to take to the trenches like a mud-crushing infantryman, but rather than not be in the fracas at all, they acquiesced with good grace; besides, they had to. But here, after almost two years of war, success and reverse, the Russians mass their reorganized, revictualled, remunitioned forces and by sheer weight of artillery and numbers, slash a broad gap in the opposing Austrian lines in Volhynia, Galicia and Bukovina. So stupendous is the force of the onrushing human tide that line after line is carried and the broken flanks of defense curl back in stubborn effort to prevent sweeping disaster to the entire front.

Awaiting their moment, division after division of Russian cavalry which have been gathered in rear of the infantry attack, look again to saddle, cinch and saber, and when the break has been effected in the opposing line, the divisions spring to horse, mount and are gone, streaking away like a gray tornado, accompanied by the rumble of countless galloping batteries, on through the gap, striking for the flank, communication and rear of the Austrian forces. The full details of the Cossack's action have not yet been brought to this country; about all that is known is that they stormed through the breach in the line and once within, rode down their disorganized opponents wherever they fled; and when they encountered hastily formed lines of defense, the Cossacks tumbled from their horses and fought on foot under the supporting fire of their horse artillery.

It may come as a surprise to many that among officers of the United States Army, the opinion is rather general that cavalry tactics of to-day both at home and abroad are modeled upon those developed by the horseman of North and South in the Civil War of '61-'65. But to place the credit squarely where it belongs, we must look further and acknowledge that these tactics were originated by the only true, unhyphenated Americans, the American Indians of the plains.

Of very necessity these tribesmen were warriors; the fighting instinct had been born in them and securely rooted through centuries of intertribal strife. As a result, with senses sharpened to a point of prompt appreciation, they recognized immediately the superiority of rifle to bow, and if he had none, an Indian would barter his all for one of the "firesticks." Once in his hands, he made himself master of it, although his untrained mind sometimes failed to fathom the mysteries of the hind sight. He got perfect direction as a rule, but his elevation frequently left much to be desired. This little failing saved many a soldier's life in the old days of the Frontier.

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With the encroachment of settlement upon the Indian's own lands, Lo resented, and fought; and as the sword has invariably followed the cross—and civilization—the mounted troops of the young republic of the United States were sent westward to cover the encroachment of their civilian kind. And there the cavalry of America learned its great lesson.

Even the youngest hopeful of any American family to-day, and many of foreign domicile, can testify to the prowess of the American Indian. But the old soldiers and the frontiersmen who fought the original possessors of the land have *prima facie* evidence of his attainments in concealment and enterprise. The Indian seldom battled as a member of an organization; it was every man for himself, the band or tribe in general. With uncanny ease the far-sighted scouts detected the approach of the soldiers, quietly signaled their waiting fellows and slipped around some low hill or through a shallow arroyo, or even over naked plain, each to crouch motionless behind nothing more protective than a wisp of a bush, frequently stuck up by himself in the ground for the purpose, and fade into the dusky landscape. Then when the approaching forces came within range, a shot, a cluster of shots; and when the cavalrymen charged over to the puffs of smoke, there was nobody there. A moment later came the spatter of fire from some other place and the disheartening chase continued.

Troops soon grew weary of charging over in masses; the target presented was too large,

too compact, and the deployed line, the skirmish order of to-day, came into vogue. Sabers were about as useful against the Indians as so many clubs and the custom of carrying rifles was adopted. After that, at the first shot the cavalry lines opened out immediately after the horses had been linked and led to the rear, the men dropped prone and sought the most promising cover.

The cavalry learned, too, the lesson of protection as well as of cover. Cover, in the broadest sense, merely offers concealment, but more than concealment was necessary in the face of a heavy searching, hostile fire. The Indian met the occasion, if nothing better offered, by placing before his head which hugged the ground, a stone no larger than a fist or two. In comparing the ratio of the dimension of the balled fist to that of the head, it is obvious that a certain percentage of protection against a bullet was gained. With the peculiar effect which mottling has, a simple little stone frequently so broke the definite line of the body that the body became almost invisible, and that not far away. A twig or two stuck up in the ground completed the effect and the Indian disappeared like a quail.

From these rough lessons, the art of cavalry action which should combine the mobility of horsemen, the formation which offered the least inviting target, the ability to develop accurate rifle fire and appreciation of cover and protection, expanded and grew until time and experience made its tactical employment general.

The woman comes to replace men who are either physically unfit for manual labor, or were occupying positions which rendered it unnecessary for the job holders to employ their superior physical gifts. Those men, replaced by women, went into the Army or, in other words, went into physical training.

There is no reason why, at the end of the war, such men should revert to boy-jobs. There is no reason in the world why they should not be absorbed by the factories, which should be increased in number, and should be fully occupied in meeting the heavy demands consequent upon trade recovery after the war.

We need more than an army to fight—we shall need a great manufacturing army. Germany exported to England alone enormous quantities of manufactured goods which will have to be made at home. She also exported these to Russia and to France—and we shall secure a portion of that trade.

A million pounds worth of motor chassis came from Germany—that million (or a greater part) will be spent in England. £300,000 extra will be paid in wages—2,000 or 3,000 men must be found additional to those who were being employed before the war in motor-car manufacture. Women will largely replace the men who go into the factories. £3,000,000 worth of chemicals; £700,000 worth of earthenware (the raw material came from Cornwall and Devon!); nearly £7,000,000 worth of soft goods, gloves, hosiery, lace, etc., came from Germany (here is employment for 20,000 or 30,000, mostly women); boots and shoes to the amount of £1,500,000; iron, steel, electrical goods, machinery, etc., £10,000,000 (20,000 to 30,000 extra workmen required).

How are we to obtain the skilled man labor to cope with the demand upon our industries which must inevitably follow the end of the war? It must be drawn from those departments of industry which have hitherto attracted the unskilled labor. New armies of mechanics mean new armies of clerks, messengers, and carriers. Our greatest problem will not be to oust woman, since woman, the warrior, is not to be ousted, but to persuade her to continue in the work which she is now performing.

I have been at some pains to discover the feelings of the women themselves upon this very important subject, and I append a few typical cases, showing the considerable difficulties which employers of labor will experience when the war is over.

Let it be remembered that there are few skilled machinists or engineers at the front. They are included in the two million now engaged in munition work. Let it be remembered, too, that their numbers must be considerably augmented, and that thousands of men who left boy-jobs will come back to men's work.

That is a point which I would very strongly emphasize. The lift-men, the messengers, the ticket-inspectors—who are amongst the poorest paid of workers—will find more lucrative employment elsewhere. The employer may be faced with the alternative of women or nothing. The present great army of women employed are merely the pioneers of women labor in unusual occupations. From what I have been able to gather, they themselves regard their work as purely temporary and for the duration of the war only, and the majority do not seriously consider the possibility of continuing in their present occupations.

H. B. before the war was a waitress in a tea-shop. She is now a conductress. After the war she will marry her "boy," who is now serving in France with a heavy gun detachment. She is not greatly enamored of her

## Woman the Warrior

*Will Woman's Invasion of the Labor Market be a Menace to Men After the War?*

WOMAN has taken her place in the ranks of the great industrial army which is doing no small part in helping to win the war for Britain and her Allies, but her arrival on the scene is the cause for misgiving. Men whom she has replaced are speculating upon the possibilities of the future. Will woman's invasion of the labor market be a menace to men after the war? In the *Royal Magazine*, Edgar Wallace discusses the position of women workers after the war and reassures those who have anticipated trouble. The writer says:

The after-the-war difficulty will not be, how shall we find work for men, but, how shall we get the men we require?

Woman has already supplied half the answer to that question. She has made it abundantly clear that she can take certain jobs and release men not only for fighting with rifle and bayonet, but with lathe and machine in the war which is to follow the war.

If modern man is puzzled as to woman's future place in industry, how much more would be the ancient philosophers, if you could transport them from the spaces of immortality and engage their minds in the problem which is presented by the war woman and her future. Euripides saw his ideal in one who "remained quiet within the home." Socrates would have set his face most resolutely against the modern war-worker, believing that her introduction into man's spheres would react to his disadvantage.

"Woman, once equal to man, becomes his superior," he said, and in the terms of equality he must have included her equality of opportunity.

England asks, and asks in all seriousness, what is to be the position of woman when the war is ended? Will she retire gracefully into the oblivion from whence she came? Will the neat bus-conductresses, the messenger-girls, the woman ticket-collectors and inspectors, the lift-girls, and the like—will these go back to whatever was their task before the exigencies of war brought them to fill man's place?

The answer is "No."

The returned men will come against Woman the Warrior—woman, who, obeying the unerring instinct which every mother-heart holds, the instinct, not of self-preservation, but race-preservation, will oppose the return of men to jobs which women can fill. Not necessarily the women who are at present employed in work which the majority regard as temporary, but the army of women who will march along the path which these pioneers have cut.

Let this be remembered: that nothing so rouses the scorn of womankind as the spectacle of men filling women's jobs. There never was a woman who respected a shop-walker or counter-clerk. There never was a woman who did not regard a male domestic with contempt. The only domestic servants of a household that the educated woman ever met on anything like human terms were the groom or the chauffeur—because they were doing men's work, and work which was too heavy for a woman to perform.

Women require manliness in men. They demand the exhibition of strength or exceptional ingenuity. They have implanted in them the consciousness that life is a mental progression, and that mentality is, or should be, one of the most important weapons in man's equipment.

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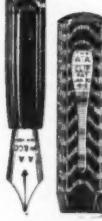
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present job, save that it gives her a certain authority which is pleasing.

H. M. before the war was a "bookkeeper"—a vague description which when worked out proved to be a cash-girl at a stationery shop. She is now working a tube lift, and prefers the work. She likes the authority she possesses, which is in contrast to her previous position. After the war she hopes to marry and "settle down." She has no young man in France, but harbors the faith that "Mr. Right" will one day float into her orbit.

K. V. before the war was a shorthand-typist (not a particularly good one, and probably only in the novice stage). She is now engaged in a munition shop, and "likes the life"—and the wages. She is married, and (during the war) her husband is in France. When he returns, she will not go out to business as her husband objects.

K. C., before the war a domestic servant (there are very few domestic servants to be met with, but this is probably due to the fact that the girls will not admit that occupation), now employed as conductress. Likes the work, but "too hard for a woman." Regards her profession as essentially a war-time product. After or during the war will marry a man now engaged in munition work.

S. J., before the war of no occupation, lived with her parents, now a conductress. Educated at Cheltenham. Advanced views on woman's place in the world. Young, and has no desire to continue working after the war. Gives her wages to a benevolent fund (for busmen).

M. A. O., before the war of no occupation. Soldier's widow. Has two children, now employed as messenger. Likes the work, and especially cycling. Says she wishes to continue, "as it is only boys' work." Very intelligent girl, and holds the view that all boys should be compelled to serve an apprenticeship at some trade or other, but only for three years. After that, apprenticeship should be voluntary. This would give women such work as messengers, lift-boys, bell-boys, and booking-clerks do.

R. C., before the war a shorthand-typist and secretary, now in a railway ticket-office. She likes the work, but finds it very exacting. After the war she will marry.

I have conducted inquiries into some 150 cases, and these are the facts that stand out:

1. The majority of women questioned have as the goal of their ambitions, marriage and a home. Very few, indeed, seriously consider their future in relation to independent employment.

2. Those who like their jobs are most pleased by the authority which the uniform or their position give to them. They have never before had the right to address such peremptory instructions as "Step lively!" or "Show your ticket!" to mere men—indeed, the majority are meeting man in his oppressed state for the first time, and find the experience both novel and delightful.

3. They mostly agree that the men with whom they work are suspicious and resentful of this intrusion. They all agree that the great public, whom they are meeting for the first time, are considerate and polite.

It will be seen that few of these women regard their positions in the light of a permanency, and that is as it should be. The type of mind that looks upon a job which requires little skill and practically no strength as enjoying any permanency, is a singularly weak one, and is a source of weakness to the nation. The unskilled labor market should be stirred up at frequent intervals, and if women supplied the majority of workers in that market the stirring up would be more or less automatic.

The minds of the majority of women are



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fixed upon marriage, settlement, and domestic duties. Not two per cent. of the young women who go to work regard their career as permanent. It is rather the interregnum between school and marriage, an awkward interregnum, where their boundless energy, their youth, and their natural desire for a certain financial independence urge them to energetic action.

Roughly speaking, the average working life of a woman—and by working life I mean that period in which she is employed outside of her home—is about eight years. The average working life of a man is about thirty.

For this reason alone there will always be a considerable shortage of woman labor if employers decide, as they must decide, in retaining women in those posts for which the war has proved they are best fitted.

The decision, as it happens, does not rest entirely with employers. Woman herself has marked down the billets she can hold as creditably and as adequately as her male competitor. It is all to the good that she has arrived at such a decision, for without her we might find ourselves faced with the alternative of importing labor or restricting our output of manufactures.

and geology which I had known only as a form of words to be memorized.

After breakfast, but before this education excursion, I found Guilford engaged in repairing a study desk he said he had made himself at the school workshop. His use of the working drawings he had made at the time he constructed it and his success in giving the desk simple but beautiful lines and in staining it an unobtrusive green showed me rather abruptly that his range of ability and workmanship was beyond what I had supposed. I could have done some of his mechanical 'stunts' myself, for, as I modestly stated at some time during every educational discussion I entered into, I had been raised on a farm and taught all kinds of manual labor. But I could never have done the work with the artistic skill and scientific accuracy he showed.

When I came to question him about the work and what he understood of it, I saw still more clearly that manual training, as I think it used to be called, had come to include more than it amounted to for me on the farm. In my younger days the pupils often repaired the district school and understood most of the mechanic arts. But such training came from the practical necessities of rural life, and was not thought of as any part of education. That term, represented in the concrete by the district school and in the flesh by the pedagogue, often a young college student, meant nothing but intellectual labor for the boy. But if he moved to the larger towns or cities, as so many did, education still remained purely intellectual, and he had no opportunity to learn to labor with his hands. Now, under the present system, the opportunity has been given even to the city boy, and, as he is not in the district-school age, intellectual and manual training are combined for him and made to serve each other in developing the head and hand of the individual.

Furthermore, I was greatly astonished at the methods used in his schooling. Everything he did seemed to be play or mere pleasure. When I asked him what he studied, he laughed and said: "Father calls it 'every-thing'; but I suppose you would call it algebra, botany, zoology, English, French, chemistry, physics, agriculture, geometry, physical geography, arithmetic, geology, architecture, wood-working, plastering, painting, manual training, plumbing, music, domestic science, elocution, gymnastics, and a few others. But we don't bother about names much, and it isn't divided into as many parts as that."

"Besides," he continued, "we don't so much study as actually do things. Father always asks me if I have studied my French, and I always say, 'No.' Perhaps I've only read a description of the aeronautic war manœuvres at Rheimes, copied from the Paris 'Matin,' and talked it over in French with Charlie Kerr." "I believe," he said in explanation of this, "we learn by doing, as I think I heard one of the speakers express it at a parents' meeting I ushered at. Now, as this morning is Saturday and there is no real school work, my class is going to visit a jewelry store and observe the business, note the methods used, and learn something about gems and making jewelry. The proprietor is a Frenchman, so Miss Albright said it would be a delicate compliment to him to speak nothing but French during our visit. We discussed it yesterday in French, to make sure everybody knew the common words used in the trade, but we shall pick up a good deal more on the spot. Won't you go with us?"

As I knew practically no French, having studied it only two years of my college course, and then not having been taught to speak it, I had to decline. But the incident impressed me. These young people were already using a foreign language naturally and practically, adding to their abilities in it in the same way we increase our command of English—by using what we have to acquire more, and making each addition permanent by actual use.

As for excursions to jewelry stores and other such strange jaunts, I could not help seeing that, as Guilford told us at lunch, there was much to learn there: artistic groupings in the window displays; fine mechanical workmanship with delicate tools and valuable material; and, besides, the practical illustration of many a law of chemistry, physics,

The thing, however, which impressed me about the result of this training on Guilford was that he had learned manual arts from teachers far better equipped than mine had been. His had a broader outlook and a more scientific preparation. I had learned to plane, saw, nail, mix mortar, and paint simply that my labor might save hiring a regular workman; he had been taught these matters, not only that he might perform the operations themselves, but that his whole being might be broadened and developed harmoniously in all directions.

"This afternoon," said Guilford at lunch, "you've got to come and see the sports on the playgrounds. We're all going, anyway, and you'll be interested, I think. We don't have any one 'big' game here, as they do in some places, such as football or baseball, though we play both, and there is lots of interest; but there are a dozen or more games of different sorts, and only one out-of-town team present. The rest are all organized in the schools or among the townspeople. That gives more chance for everybody to participate."

This last fact was impressed on me when I came down ready to start. I found the whole family in the automobile—Guilford as chauffeur, and the only one, as he cleaned and cared for the machine. The rest were in athletic attire, too—Helen, arrayed for field hockey, Judson for baseball, and Davis, with his pail and shovel, for the kindergarten sand garden. Even my sister-in-law wore a sweater, and remarked that she should either join a ladies' field bowling tournament or watch the games while visiting Mrs. Rand, whose verandah overlooked the playgrounds.

"You'll see," she said, "that even the grown-ups have fields for baseball, association football, bowling, and golf. On the golf

## The School-boy of the Future

*The New System Encourages Initiative and Self Control, and Fits Him to be a Citizen.*

THE following description of a model suburban school, written by Walter B. Norris, the English instructor in the United States Naval Academy, appeared in *The Outlook*. It presents in a clear, impressing style the wonderful possibilities of the new system that aims at all round development of the child, without sacrificing his individuality.

His name was Guilford, which was his mother's maiden name. Tall, erect, with a clear, ruddy complexion and a skin that showed the blood coursing within, but also spoke of an outdoor life, he came down to breakfast that morning a picture of seventeen-year-old health and happiness. It was a simple, light meal, in great contrast to the heavy breakfasts of my boyhood, but far more wholesome. When I was introduced to him as that South American uncle of his whose long absence had prevented his ever seeing me, he shook hands firmly and thanked me eagerly for the many curious gifts that had reached him every Christmas. Then, with boy-like abruptness, he asked me whether I was to stay long.

Upon hearing that I was to remain several months, he at once said: "Then we shall have time to show you the town. You know we have a bully place here, the finest suburban town around, and the greatest place for a boy you ever saw."

"Why," he continued, with boyish disregard of logic, "ever in North Paterson they don't even provide the high school principal with a residence, but he has to live out in town anywhere. Here he has a fine house on the school grounds, and gives parties and his clubs meet there. You ought to see the broad piazzas and beautiful decoration inside, all done by the students in the high school at that time. Its architecture is quite original, somewhat like a bungalow. It won a prize for us at the Philippine Exposition last year."

At this point his father broke in and assured me that I was in a very progressive town, one so well managed that the envious, as he called them, had nicknamed it "Spotless Town." He seemed to think that the changes in educational methods since I went to school had made a boy's life totally different from what we had lived a generation earlier. As I looked at the youth before me I did not see such a great difference in the product. He may have been rather finer in appearance, older in his talk, and more at ease in conversing with his elders, but I could not see much else.

I found, however, that he lived a very different life from what I expected of a boy not

course you'll find Frank (that was my brother) as soon as he can get home from town and change his clothes. You see, the town owns the playgrounds, and opens them to all. The higher taxes we have to pay for these privileges tend to keep out those who would not appreciate such luxuries, as they would call them. The social atmosphere is one of perfect democracy, and in all public matters the town officials, especially the director of education—you used to call him superintendent of schools—are influential and the leaders."

I found the playgrounds beautifully placed near the outskirts of the town, surrounded with hedges and trees, beyond which, as we looked toward the town, were to be seen the gently sloping roofs of the school buildings, themselves situated on the same tract of land, and making, with their smooth lawns and well-massed shrubbery, a pleasant picture.

When I had wandered about for a while, I began to believe what my sister-in-law had told me. Games of all kinds were going on, from prisoner's base and such century-old pastimes, to lacrosse, football, field hockey, and golf. Children and young people of all ages were engaged in them, and I even saw a baseball nine of business men playing a team of fourteen-year-olds. The spectators were largely in some sort of athletic attire, and after a short period, for nothing seemed to last long, they went on the field as contestants, while the others retired to the swimming pool and baths in a near-by building—the municipal natatorium—only to reappear later as spectators.

When, later in the afternoon, I met my brother, he had finished his golf and was refereeing a lively game of lacrosse for some youths of eighteen. This contact of men, old and young, had, he said afterwards, made the playing less intense, more friendly, and had kept it play rather than strenuous labor. Though there was no bitter struggle for victory at any price, there was much cheering and coaching of the contestants, and an evident desire not to be defeated.

The feminine part of the population were also provided with games suited to them, and the opportunities were taken, I was surprised to see. Indeed, I found that the children were taught to play the various games, which accounted, perhaps, for the uniform excellence of play and the readiness with which they turned from one to another. As a result, I learned that there was little athletic hero worship, for in so many kinds of play each found some game in which he could excel.

To make such play beneficial physically requires, of course, careful supervision. Physical examinations were given all school children, and a certain standard of health and strength required before the boy could indulge in the more strenuous forms of exercise or go on to more brain-fagging studies. The family physician also worked in conjunction with the school to make the development of the child physically and mentally harmonious.

"The schools," said my brother, "are, in fact, the predominating factor in the community. If I should feed my children ill-cooked food, or even much of the food we used to eat on the farm, they would protest, for they have studied foods and know the good from the bad. My family doctor would protest and the school authorities would protest, as soon as they discovered the situation. Besides, the facts being once known, public opinion would soon bring me to mend my ways."

A special case my brother cited to me concerning smoking. The influence of a study of the effects of tobacco on young men, especially students, by the physical training department of the schools had so stirred up public sentiment that without any law being passed smoking on the playgrounds ceased al-



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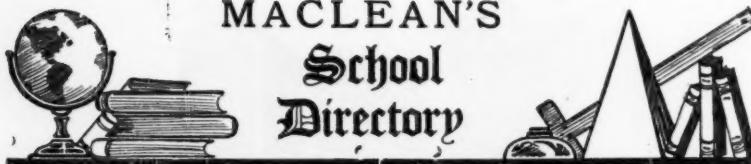
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most entirely, and the school-boy who smoked on the streets of the town showed independence worthy of a better cause.

"Another strong force which has already begun to show its influence," said my brother, as we were on our way homeward, "has been exerted by an idea you have perhaps never heard of—the school city."

"I confess not," I had to answer.

"Well," he explained, "the school is made a self-governing community, organized like a city, with mayor, council, chief of police, and commissioners of various matters—fire protection, sanitation, street cleaning, etc. There are also courts to try offenders. All these officials are students, the teachers acting as friendly advisers and experts. What we should call securing discipline, and all the care of the school grounds and buildings, the reception of visitors, and the giving of entertainments are intrusted to the pupils themselves. If you could have been here last week and seen Guilford appearing in the school court against boy who got angry and pulled up a rose-bush in the school garden, you would have appreciated the entire change in the attitude of the pupil toward the school and its work. Though entirely voluntary, the system has had such support from the pupils themselves and from public sentiment that a certain number of tax hours are exacted of each pupil—corresponding to city taxes—and the time is used in caring for the school buildings and playgrounds. The maintenance of them is thus reduced almost to the cost of materials and tools."

As I suspected, I found that this system of self-control did not lighten the labors of the teachers. In fact, it required more of them, for the results in discipline had now to be secured indirectly, and many a teacher had failed because he lacked the tact and personality necessary. But it had proved successful, and had given the boys and girls a moral training in responsibility and self-control that I could see I had never secured from my school life.

As for system, there seemed to be no inflexible military regulations in force. There was no sudden jangling of bells and a universal commotion every hour. Pupils kept passing, seemed to leave the rooms at pleasure, but appeared to have individual tasks and to be going about them in a businesslike way. It was the atmosphere of a well-run shop or of a well-patronized public library.

When, however, one of the teachers to whom Guilford introduced me took me into several parts of the building to see work in arithmetic, English composition, and Latin, I found that the workshop comparison was the better one, for there was much more of activity than I had seen outside. Yet all was easy and natural, and pupils seemed to be treated, not as masses, but as individuals.

In the arithmetic section I visited I discovered what did not entirely correspond to my idea of arithmetic as it used to be taught. The pupils were tabulating the results of a survey of one of the playgrounds just made by some older pupils, and were being shown how to find the area of the irregular field, and how it should be divided to accommodate a baseball diamond, a lacrosse field, and a quarter-mile track. When the calculations were made, the pupils of a more advanced section were to do the actual surveying from the blueprints furnished by this class. It was no wonder that with such a practical problem the pupils were interested and keen to secure accuracy.

My teacher-guide explained that there was no real work in pure rhetoric, and that English composition was taught in all classes, each teacher examining all the written work handed him for spelling, punctuation, good paragraphing, and correct and effective expression. Be-

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C. S. FOSBERY, M.A., Head Master - MONTREAL

sides that, however, there was the practical newspaper writing. Entering a room marked on the door "Editorial Department," I found myself in a fully organized newspaper office. There were more people at work than customary, but all were busy on actual tasks. Student reporters and writers kept entering and handing in copy, neatly typewritten by their own hands. The teacher acted partly as editor-in-chief, partly as a general adviser and helper. The school published, I was told, a small daily newspaper, giving the official business of the school city and some other matter on general topics, all prepared and printed in the building by the school forces.

While I was waiting for Guilford to appear at half-past eleven, when he had said he would be free for a few minutes, I was approached by a "cub" reporter and asked for my opinion of the school and the community. After supplying him with some "stuff," and being questioned regarding the latest revolution in South America, I turned questioner and asked the boy what he thought of this kind of education. In reply he told me an interesting story. He had become very much dissatisfied with his school life in a distant city, where the methods used were rather ancient, and had about given up the idea of preparing himself for any definite vocation. Just then his father had to move to New York, and established his home in this suburb. The boy had become interested in the educational methods he saw there, had re-entered school, and was doing good work. "It's not study we do here," he said; "it's work. It's not like going to school and sticking to books for five hours in one hard seat; it's just living all the time like other workers, and thus practising for the work one will do later. The schools made this town, sir. Did you know that? They're the biggest thing in town now. I'd rather be the director of education here than mayor, and I'd get a larger salary, too."

In the Latin department I found myself in the atmosphere of classical antiquity. Views of the Roman Forum, one or two statues, and many pictures of such remains of classic architecture as the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum helped to make one feel himself in the Rome of the Caesars. Even the decoration of the room and the furniture had a classic form—all made, I was told, by the students themselves. In the darkened lecture-room adjoining a teacher was giving a stereopticon lecture on the Roman house to some fifty pupils, including several of the club women of the town who were interested in the topic. The scope of the lecture particularly struck me. The talk ranged from matters of architecture and construction, including some scientific details, to its adaptation to the Roman climate, its sanitation, references to it in the Æneid and "Ben Hur," and its lessons for us to-day.

At the close of the lecture a half-hour was spent in an open discussion—a strange school performance to me, for the pupils seemed to question the teacher. But I soon noticed that, though the teacher never tried to cover up his ignorance when he was unable to answer a query, he had the habit of retorting with a question, which generally led the pupil to furnish his own answer. At times he called on some one else to explain, and thus before the time was up nearly every one in the room had taken part. Moreover, the pupils showed by their questions and answers that they had made considerable preparation before coming to the lecture.

Impressed with the broadness and originality of the methods used in the schools for the purpose of making the work practical, I was much surprised to find that the shops of the school system occupied but little

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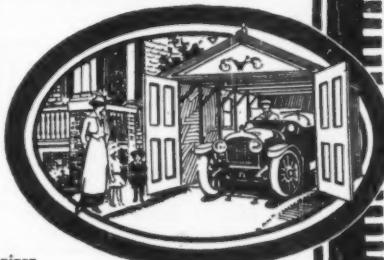
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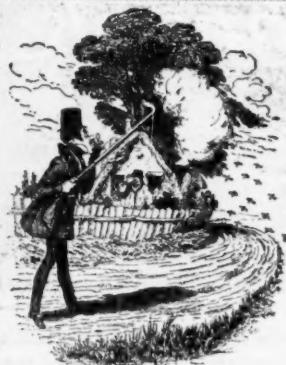
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space; they were housed in a long, low building, beautifully surrounded with hedges, and looking very unlike the bare New England factories of my boyhood. This was due partly, I discovered, to the system of co-operation with manufacturers in the vicinity, who received pupils for much of the practical work, the boys working one week in the factories and then attending school for one week. By this means, some boys, I was told, had practically supported themselves, and been able to prepare for lucrative positions.

When I left the school building and started for home, Guilford insisted on taking me through the school fields. I had noticed signs of agriculture on Saturday, and I now found plots of vegetables, cereals, fruits, and flowers under careful cultivation by the school population. As far as possible this was made practical, and the products in the way of flowers, hedge plants, and trees were used in beautifying the school grounds or other public spots, or the pupils were given the results of their labor—vegetables, for instance. All ages participated, from the smaller children with their tree-culture and farming. Though most of the work was done with the simplest implements, the mechanical side was not neglected, and the school barn showed more agricultural machinery than I had seen in Argentina.

"Do your graduates become farmers?" I asked Guilford.

"Oh, only a few of them," he replied; "but we all learn to understand the principles and apply them around our homes. Then it seems to help people to love grass and flowers and make beautiful gardens around their houses. We boast the most beautiful suburb around New York, and it's largely due to the influence of the schools."

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There are many reason why the girl who leaves school prefers to become a factory hand, a postwoman, a lift attendant, or anything else rather than a domestic servant. One is, as I mentioned before, the lack of social life—the loneliness, the sense of being a stranger within the gates. Other reasons given are the monotony of the work itself, the restraint, the sense of never being "off duty," but always under supervision and at everyone's beck and call, and—perhaps the most powerful reason of all—the loss of caste.

It is difficult to see how, under present conditions, all these objections could be removed entirely. We shall need to alter many things—our views of life, and our ways of living amongst others—before the problem is solved.

But certainly the housewife has her grievances, too. If she advertises for a "general," what sort of a helper does she get? More often than not a totally untrained girl who looks upon her work simply as a means of



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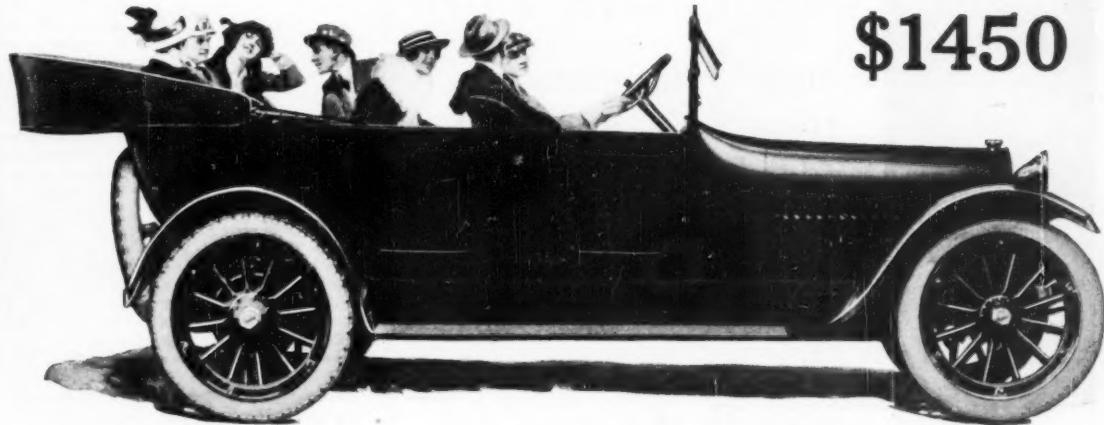
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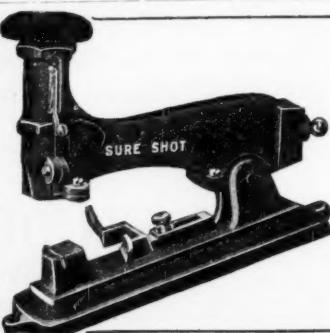
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supporting herself until marriage comes along. No wonder that the mistress resents the fact that she must teach her employee her work and at the same time pay her for doing it.

At once someone says: "But why not have training schools for domestic servants, and grant them certificates of proficiency? When they realize that their work is scientific, dignified, and valuable, they will respect it and will take a pride in doing it intelligently." Very true, but do you think trained workers will be content to work under the old conditions?

Do you think that the scientifically trained domestic, armed with a diploma of proficiency from a recognized school of household science, will be content to spend her days in the tiny back kitchen and her nights in an attic bedroom? Will she be willing to do her work with the antiquated and meagre apparatus which is to be found in the ordinary household after she has been used to the latest labor-saving appliances of the training school? Will she submit to the restricted hours of "off duty"? Will she be ordered about by the children, alternately their playmate and their slave?

Undoubtedly not. She will demand increased wages, proper tools for her work and regular hours for doing it, more opportunities for social intercourse, a higher social status, and a new name. To obtain most of these will entail nothing less than an upheaval of the ordinary habits and customs of the average household.

The trained worker will probably refuse in many cases to "live in"; she will live at home, or in hostels, and go to work daily like any other girl worker.

This will mean that the housewife will have to come into line with the new order of things. In some cases she will find that she cannot afford the high wages demanded, and she must rely chiefly upon her own labors. This will entail simplified living and a home built in accordance with changed requirements.

If our architects would realize their shortcomings, let them spend a week in the kitchen of a small suburban villa. After that, if they have any intelligence, they will no longer put the sink at the opposite end of the kitchen to the fireplace, or in such a position that the door opens directly on to it. Neither will they place it so low that washing-up is a back-breaking process.

In the wash-kitchen they will see to it that the boiler has a cold-water tap fitted over it, and also that it can be emptied in some other way than by baling out the water. They will put porcelain washing-tubs fitted with hot and cold water at a convenient height for a woman's comfort. This, and much more, will they do, and oh! may I be there to see it!

Most people's homes are overcrowded with furniture. If they would only follow William Morris's maxim: "Have nothing in your homes but what you know to be useful or believe to be beautiful," what a clearance there would be! We should miss some of the dear, ugly, useless things with their sentimental associations, but our homes would be more artistic, more hygienic, and labor would be considerably lessened.

We have grown accustomed, too, to elaborately spread meals — to much ornamental silver, and a plethora of doilies and fal-lals. Our meals could be quite as tastefully served without them with a great diminution in work.

What does a man do when he wants to economize labor? Why he invents a machine which will do the work of several men with only one to direct it. But how few appliances, comparatively speaking, have been invented to economise home labor since the days of our grandmothers, and even those which are available seem to be little known.

Strange to say, women seem to be indif-

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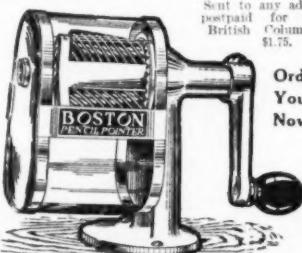
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Managing Director

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ferent to them, and go on working with the same old tools which have served for a century or more. In any household there is much unnecessary work. Some is caused by an absurd adherence to useless conventions, some by lack of method, some by superfluous furniture, some by structural inconveniences. All these can be remedied.

It is at present one of the treasured conventions of middle-class homes that one must not open one's own door to visitors. This will have to go.

People will also have to cease aping the customs of those who are above them in social position. They will have to stop expecting to have a meal served in the same way with one maid as with half a dozen. I do not mean that they must live with less refinement—it may possibly mean that they will live with more by a reversion to simplicity. By a readjustment of living in most households I believe the labor could be reduced by half. A return to simple living would mean happier homes, and re-created men and women. But who is going to start it? Who is bold enough to lead the way and bid defiance to the god of conventionality?

## Can Buying Make or Break a Business

Economical Purchasing Methods Used by Noted Firms.

In view of the rapidly increasing cost of raw materials in many lines, the following article in *System* contains some valuable suggestions; comparing the buying principles of several managers and purchasing agents:

While many of his competitors are scouring the markets in vain for fine mahogany, and are even in danger of having to quit making certain products for want of it, a Wisconsin furniture manufacturer is running full time and his yards are piled high with material that will keep him going till the end of this year. Wise foresight in buying put him in this favored position.

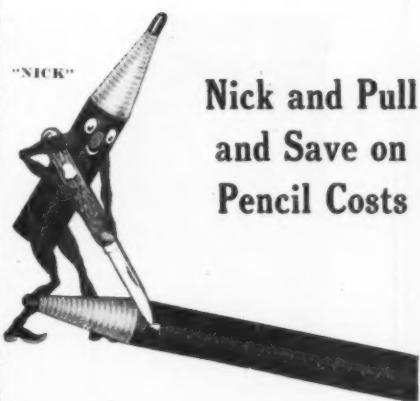
Like business men in a large number of lines, this furniture man found that the European war was steadily sending the price of his raw materials higher. He was thoroughly familiar with the markets, and knew there were a number of good reasons why prices should rise. For example, the supplies of mahogany that had been coming through London from the west coast of Africa were entirely cut off. In the face of this considerable decline in the available supply of raw materials, there was no decline in the consumer demand for the finished product. If anything, this demand was more than usually insistent.

The manufacturer, therefore, bought heavily on the rising market. While many of his competitors were still hesitating, he placed orders for four million board feet of mahogany, and secured delivery. He paid \$120 per thousand board feet. The size of the order was unheard of in his firm, and the price was \$40 above normal. Conditions, however, as the manufacturer keenly realized, were abnormal.

The wisdom of the purchase was soon definitely proved, for the same quality of mahogany in a few months was selling at \$175 per thousand board feet, and scarcely any was to be had at that price.

Manufacturers who waited are in many cases advertising that they find it necessary

"NICK"



## Nick and Pull and Save on Pencil Costs

Save time—no whittling, just nick and pull, and the pencil's sharpened. Save bother—no soiled fingers; no muss. Save lead—no scraping; lead lasts three times as long. Save temper—so quick and easy it's a real delight to point a Blaisdell pencil. And Blaisdell leads are of the smoothest, easiest-writing quality.

Every modern business and professional man recognizes the Blaisdell's convenience and economy, and uses them daily.

Don't go through the wasteful, trying ordeal of whittling wooden pencils any more—"nick and pull" and make your pencil sharpening a pleasure and profit.

Blaisdell 202 with eraser, is the idol of stenographers, book-keepers, and all office workers.

Blaisdell 151 blue pencil is head and shoulders above them all—out-sells all other blue pencils combined.

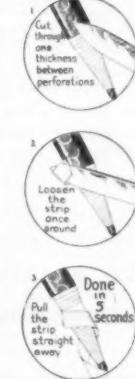
Blaisdell spun-glass ink eraser eats the blots and leaves the paper. A real friend of clerks, book keepers, stenographers, etc. Sharpens like a Blaisdell pencil. Lasts three times as long as the ordinary eraser.

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad Pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness.

Stationers everywhere sell Blaisdell Pencils. Ask yours for Blaisdells today!



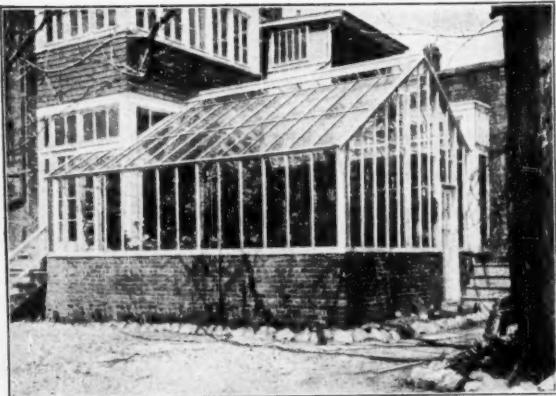
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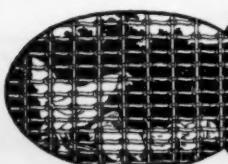
#### COLLECTIONS

No. 1, indoors	25 bulbs, postpaid	\$0.70	No. 3, indoors	100 bulbs, postpaid	\$2.60
No. 5, outdoors	25 "	70	No. 7, outdoors	100 "	2.60
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HAMILTON - Established 1850 - ONTARIO



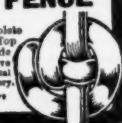
### PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other factors have proved to be the best for strength and crispness of fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

The Benwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,

Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.



to resort to various plans of substitution. Some of them are announcing that they will use gumwood, birch and other woods in place of mahogany. On certain lines, too, some say they are finding it worth their while to use cheap woods with a veneer of mahogany. Finally, some manufacturers are supplying their needs from the limited amount of mahogany that is available from other sources of production.

In many lines besides furniture making there has been a similar stringency in raw materials, and the result has been to bring out more clearly than perhaps ever before the important part right buying plays in any business. That furniture manufacturer was gambling when he placed his order for four million board feet of mahogany. He was accurately informed on the conditions of supply and demand prevailing in his field; and while he did guess when he bought so far beyond his immediate needs—of course any one of a number of things might have occurred to leave the materials a burden on his hands at the unusually high price he had paid—still, he guessed scientifically.

The tendency under the unusual conditions prevailing has perhaps been, in many lines, to discard maximum stock limits and get whatever materials are to be had. In spite of the extraordinary present conditions, however, the rules of right buying have not been set aside—on the contrary, they have been emphasized. Some of the ordinary methods, indeed, have been discarded in concerns where the need has made itself keenly felt; but the fundamental principles—securing quality, service and price in their proper proportion—have come out more clearly than ever.

What are these principles of right buying? Business men demand the answer insistently because they are able to see at the present extraordinary time many instances where failures in right buying have had disastrous consequences.

Right buying is economical buying. But there may be a false kind of economy. In fact, false economy accounts for many disastrous buying experiences. Price is only one element that can be laid hold of most easily. And sometimes it is the chief element in the minds of men who buy, since quality and service are more or less intangible.

Still, buying which takes price alone into consideration may prove ruinous. At other times, price may be the only element worth considering. The effective buyer, when he makes a purchase, invariably keeps in mind all the elements that help make a good "buy." He asks himself whether, by shading the price perhaps only a fraction of a cent a pound, he may not secure a quality that will cause dissatisfaction or loss in the shop—if he is buying for a factory; or whether his cheaper purchase may not cause him to lose a customer—if he is buying to sell again. He considers, too, the kind of service the supplier will give him if the price is forced down—will it, as in the case of poor quality, be of such a kind that it will delay production or lose customers?

Sometimes it is true that what is economical buying for one concern might prove ruinous for another. For example, an Ohio retailer recently bought forty-seven thousand cases of canned peas. A single case of peas might be an overstock for many grocers!

It happens, however, that the Ohio merchant is at the head of a chain of grocery stores, in which he has made a specialty of selling excellent goods at low prices. Quantity buying is a tremendous power in his hands, because he has developed facilities for getting rid of large quantities in record time. He always gives his customers the advantage of his good "buys."

For instance, he bought the forty-seven



## DAYLIGHT AT NIGHT

**When or Where Desired**

"Franco" Electric hand lanterns. These lanterns are a wonderful convenience. They carry stored-up daylight that can be used at will—anywhere—for any purpose. *They are safe, sure, clean and long-lived.* You can get them in any style desired.

Equipped with "Franco" Tungsten Bulbs and the famous

### "Franco" Radio Nitrogen Battery

These lamps give a brilliant flood of bright light that can be used for hours at a time. Don't be put off with inferior makes. Get the **Franco**, which was attested best in competition with the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915, where Franco Flashlights received the highest gold medal award.

Ask your dealer and tell him that it must be a "Franco" Hand Lantern. Most hardware, electric or sporting goods dealers have **Franco** electric hand lanterns and flashlights.

**The Interstate Electric  
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220 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

thousand cases of peas at a price which enabled him to sell them at six cents per can. At this price he made a good profit. The peas were the same quality as customers regularly paid ten cents for elsewhere, and they were so advertised. As a result, when the forty-seven thousand cases were placed in the merchant's various stores, it was only a few weeks before customers had taken them all.

In this particular instance, as in most of this merchant's buying, there was a definite purpose behind the purchase. For two years there had been an over-production of peas in Wisconsin, which is an important centre in this line. The price had steadily declined as one canning factory after another attempted to get out from under its excess load.

The merchant's buying scouts were in the field, and when they reported that the market had reached the bottom, he bought the entire lot of forty-seven thousand cases from a single concern that was not yet out from under. The canner, of course, was glad to avoid the selling expense and bother that would have been involved in distributing his product among a number of smaller concerns. So the purchase had the elements always requisite in a good "buy"—it satisfied both parties to the bargain.

The purchase of the peas is but a single instance of this merchant's methods. He finds his whole business on right buying. Last year he bought flour in huge quantities when the market struck bottom temporarily.

Here again he passed on his good "buy" to his customers. He sold them twenty million loaves of bread in twelve months. At times he sold two big loaves for five cents, at others he sold three loaves for ten cents, the price varying with the price he himself had to pay for flour. He made a profit on every loaf.

This, you may say, is an exceptional merchant. That is true. But his buying wisdom is of kind that every merchant, big or little, can apply. He never buys in quantity merely to get a low price, regardless of quality and other factors. He buys the kind of goods that his customers will in turn buy of him; experience, of course, is a factor that helps him out in determining this point, just as it must be with every man who buys to resell.

Furthermore—and this is a second point in the merchant's buying policy that every buyer must consciously or unconsciously follow in his own purchases—after he has determined what his customers will buy, he gets it at a price which will allow him to sell it at a figure that will pay, and which will leave him a profit. He seldom varies from this rule.

Finally, no matter what quantity he buys, he takes care to figure out in advance how soon he can clear the goods from his shelves, once he has placed them there. No price can be so low that it will attract him, if the low price means he will have to take a quantity or quality that will keep his shelves cluttered with unsalable goods.

Careful attention to this policy has been a tremendous factor in boosting this merchant's rate of turnover. Last year, for example, he turned his goods fourteen times—nearly half again as many times as the investigations conducted by *System* show that the average merchant, even in a fast-turning line like groceries, turns his stock.

To sum up, the points in right buying which this merchant emphasizes are four in number, as follows:

1. Have the kind of goods your customers will buy;
2. Buy at a price that will enable you to resell to customers at an attractive figure, and with a profit;
3. Secure only such quantities as you can get rid of quickly—avoid "dead" stock as you would snakes;
4. To make good on the first three points, study both your customers and your markets



## Wrong

Some people have never tried Red Rose Tea because they think it is just ordinary tea put into packages.

WRONG!

Red Rose Tea is a "master" blend of more than a dozen high-grade Indian and Ceylon teas. It is a DISTINCTIVE tea—distinctive in flavor, in richness, in strength, in economy.

To prove it, try it.

In sealed packages only.



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Within a block of Sherry's and Delmonico's, the Harvard and Yale Clubs, and a block and a half from Times Square.

The transient clientele is from the best families of Europe, Canada and America.

Service and cuisine comparable with the best clubs, but with the advantage of hotel privileges and conveniences.

Moderate prices. Booklet on request.

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*Specially Adapted for*

### Women's! Children's! and Infants' Wear!

"Viyella" comes in a large variety of patterns, comprising  
Plain Colors! Stripes! and Tartan Plaids!

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading  
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Avoid imitations

DOES  
NOT  
SHRINK

**"Viyella"** FOR FROCKS  
KNICKERBOCKERS  
NIGHT DRESSES  
DAY SHIRTS  
PYJAMAS, ETC.

(Reg'd)

Look for the name on the selvedge

## DOES NOT SHRINK

### *A Breakfast Recipe*

For a real appetizing breakfast try

#### Fearman's Star Brand Breakfast Bacon

Its delicious, satisfying flavor arouses the dull appetite and pleases the most fastidious taste. Try this bacon for the hard-to-please men folk.

Fearman's Bacon is sugar cured. It is the product of the choicest Canadian Hogs. Ask your grocer for the appetizing Fearman's Star Brand Breakfast Bacon.

THE W. F. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



with a "buying eye" at least as carefully as you study them with "selling eye."

These principles are fundamental in right buying, especially for retailers and wholesalers, who buy for immediate resale. In factory and supply buying, there are certain special conditions that seem to call for different methods. The fundamental idea of economy, however, runs through all buying, no matter what purpose it is designed to serve.

An office manager in the middle West finds that there are many ways in which he can secure economy in his purchases, without the sacrifice of any qualities essential for good work in the office. For instance, every buyer knows that the price of paper has recently increased at a rapid rate. One of the methods this manager uses regularly is of particular interest on that account.

He makes it his stenographer's business to watch the "want" advertisements in the daily papers. Whenever she comes across the advertisement of a firm that is going out of business, she mails them a form letter in which the office manager tentatively offers to buy their left-over stationery.

The manager finds that this simple plan often enables him to get worth while quantities of really high-grade paper at an extremely low price. His printer cuts off the upper quarter of the letterheads—the part containing the old firm's name—and prints his own firm's letterhead form on the three-quarters size sheet remaining. The quarter sheets are done up into convenient scratch pads.

Since the manager has not found it necessary to standardize his stationery rigidly, this method serves him to the best purpose. He gets letterheads at a final cost ranging between eighty cents and a dollar per thousand, and this price is for good, heavy grades of bond paper.

For this particular manager, this method has proved entirely economical. His requirements are not large, and the precarious source of supply is satisfactory, because the saving is so great. In some other concern, where the requirements were much greater, where the good impression which the firm's stationery made on customers was all-important, where standardization was essential to stenographic effectiveness, and where perhaps still other considerations might have to be kept in mind, such a source of supply might prove uneconomical and even wasteful. Economical buying, therefore, requires a consideration not only of the original price to be paid, but of all the effects of the purchase.

The idea can easily be illustrated by taking the instance of an article purchased for manufacturing purposes. There are roughly five elements in the selling price of any article, as follows:

1. Materials;
2. Labor;
3. Indirect Expense;
4. Selling Expense;
5. Profit.

Buying has to do directly with the first of these elements, materials. Yet the effects of good or bad buying are felt for better or worse by all the remaining elements.

129 Bleecker St., Toronto, June 17.  
I greatly appreciate the magazine and  
it has a good Canadian flavor.

Elgin Schoff.

Victoria, B.C., June 5th, 1916.  
I consider your magazine one of the  
best on this continent.

F. P. Rand,

**Overland**

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**Never Before**

The four has the motor—now at the height of its development—which drives more automobiles than any other motor of its power ever designed—

**Such Big Cars For so Little**

The six has the very latest, most highly developed six cylinder en bloc motor of 35-40 horsepower with lightning fast pick-up and truly remarkable flexibility.

Order one to-day and enrich your life and the lives of every member of your family with the freedom and wider activity made possible by such a car.

Willys-Overland, Limited, Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ont.

## England's Declaration of Musical Independence

*How the War is Inspiring a National Spirit in Art*

**T**HAT the war will have some sort of permanent effect upon art, seems to be a general belief. What the effect will be is largely problematical. As regards music we have an interesting prophecy in the *Current Opinion*. The writer claims that what we have heard about the boycotting of one nation's music by another, of assertions made by eminent Frenchmen that all German music is barbaric, of apparently serious utterances to the effect that in the music of Wagner and Strauss as in Nietzschean philosophy, is to be found an underlying cause of the war, and so forth, is all nonsense. These outpourings are not, perhaps, given serious considerations, yet they are not unlikely to affect the course of national musical art in various countries.

It is an accepted historical fact that the modern French school of composition practically owes its existence to the Franco-Prussian war, for it was then that France threw off the German influence in musical matters. Now we hear from England the first echoes of a similar "declaration of independence." Not only is the German yoke to be abandoned permanently, but the nation is warned equally against the acceptance of another threatened tyranny, against the substitution of the yoke of a friendly power. We learn from the London *Musical Times* that in Russia a committee has been formed, under the patronage of highly-placed personages, "with a view to encouraging the introduction of Russian music

into the United Kingdom," and this news is taken by Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, writing in the same journal, as the basis of an argument for the creation of a bulwark against foreign influence. The nucleus of such a bulwark has, in fact, already been created in the form of an English Music Society, which is to attempt "the consolidation and furtherance of a national outlook on our own music." To quote Mr. Scott:

"At a time when we are defending our political existence, it is opportune to consider whether we should not fight for other things also—things even more precious to us than material possessions. We are aware of foes without. Are we sufficiently alive to more insidious, disintegrating forces which lurk within?

"We own an imperium over, I believe, a third of the globe. Where is the musical soul, proudly-poised, clear-eyed, alert, which should parallel such a gigantic phenomenon, or adequately reflect, even, the spirit of that more limited but not unimportant area which we call England? In truth it might have been said (it is fortunately less true now) that we had gained the world only to lose this soul.

The writer goes on to say that England had "such a soul." He recites the glories of English music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when in some respects it led the world and supplied other nations with a source of inspiration. He claims that the fashion set for foreign music under Charles II. was responsible for the following of "false gods," and that hence the English persuaded themselves that the genius of France was their genius, that Handel was their Messiah, and that Mendelssohn was their prophet. But fortunately, in the meantime an enthusiasm for the old madrigals was maintained by isolated individuals, and, more important, the

English village life stored and treasured for the country "a wealth of native song, unsullied by foreign elements, the very spirit of England and her folk." Now the country is "moving towards happier conditions." Mr. Scott sounds the clarion call, "the time is propitious and must be taken by the forelock":

It may be said at once that with the complex developments of modern life, the easy intercourse of one nation with another and the almost overwhelming resources of present-day art (through which sincerity of utterance may well fail), it is difficult to arrive at a *rationale* of nationalism. A musician of undoubted excellence, like Delius, though born in England, may be hard to place in any national category; another, like Cyril Scott, may seem to have no predecessor among his own countrymen in the line of his special style. In short, individuality must be reckoned with as well as nationality; and much discussion will turn upon the relative claims of these two factors.

But this much is certain: Individuality, however great, cannot be independent of influence. The mightiest artist, as someone has said, has always a thousand others behind him—and this not only in the matter

of artifice but of spirit; and the problem for us is to organize our musical life that the right influences pour in upon us—on composer, executant, and public alike.

What should those influences be? To answer this we may ask another question, What is art for? Different replies may be given. This is surely the most commendable: to Interpret national life; to raise national feeling into a religion, so that *vox populi* becomes for us, in very truth, *vox Dei*.

After arguing against the hybrid growth of international art, an art which has drawn its inspiration from the whole world as a sort of huge "no man's land," and condemning such an art as "unstable," Mr. Scott continues:

"How different it is with the firmly-rooted forms of national music; with that very music of the Russian school (the merits of which appear to be so evident to the English public, but its origins so unappreended). Based upon the language of a people, upon its folk-song, it becomes a way of thinking characteristic of that people, and an influence molding the character of each successive generation that arises to represent it, so that, although we may not know the artist, we know whence the art came.

High esthetic standards are, of course, necessary for English music, and beauty must be the ultimate test; but "these standards," says Mr. Scott, "will best be discovered by developing our own resources rather than adopting those of a foreign habit." He concludes:

Yet it were better for us even to say of our music, "It is a poor thing, but mine own," than "It is a splendid thing, but, effectively, my neighbor's." From which this policy emerges: Let our musical heritage be made clear to all; let the Church music of Tallis and Byrd sound in our ears; let our Elizabethan madrigals be witness to the fact that, in the words of Ravenscroft (of that time), we could "surpass the tuning of any string" which the foreigned "ensampled" to us; let us know of Purcell and of any of our musicians who have produced beautiful work, and reflected in any vital way the English spirit. . . . But, above all, let us drink deep of the pure waters of our folk-song; let it be taken in by our children almost with their mother's milk; let it be remembered as a sort of spiritual standard in our musical institutions throughout the whole range of our musical activities.

What the result will be no man can foretell. But that it would yield finer fruits than we were able to gather during the centuries when we forgot such principles as these may safely be predicted.

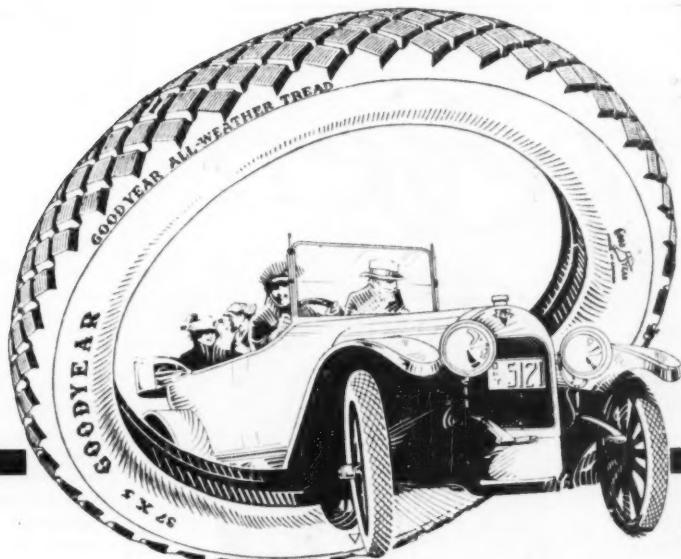


L. Raren-Hill, in *Punch*, London.

*The Tables Turned.*

## Peter McArthur Now

In the NOVEMBER issue another name will be added to the list of well-known Canadian authors contributing to MACLEAN'S—that of Peter McArthur. He is preparing a series of stories of Canadian rural life and the first of the series, "The Witch of Atlas," will appear in the November issue. It is delightfully humorous and thoroughly typical of the life of the rural community; in fact it is Peter McArthur at his best.



# Two Savings for You

**"Made in Canada" Lowers the Price of Goodyear Tires**

Goodyear Tires cost you less because they are made in Canada—they are not imported. Therefore when you are offered *imported* tires at the same, or higher prices than Goodyears do not assume that they are of the same or higher quality.

For in the United States where these tires are manufactured, most of them sell for *less* than Goodyears. Now here is the most important point—*though these tires sell for less than Goodyears in the United States, Goodyears are the biggest selling tire in the States.*

If Goodyear Tires give greater value where they are higher in price, how much greater is the value here in Canada where they are lower in price?

There is an actual cash saving of considerable import because Goodyears are made in Canada. Compare the prices given here.

**Were Goodyears NOT Made in Canada, They Would Cost You—**

Size	Plain	All-Weather
30 x 3½	\$19.02	\$22.23
32 x 3½	21.87	25.58
34 x 4	31.92	37.34
36 x 4½	44.96	52.65
37 x 5	52.44	65.55

**But Goodyears ARE Made in Canada, So They Cost You Only—**

Size	Plain	All-Weather
30 x 3½	\$15.00	\$18.00
32 x 3½	18.95	22.75
34 x 4	28.10	33.80
36 x 4½	39.35	47.20
37 x 5	45.45	54.50

**Goodyear Quality Lowers the Cost per Mile**

If all tires gave equal mileage and service, Goodyears would still have the advantage of most imported tires by being lower in price. But Goodyear value does not stop at price—rather it does not begin at price. Long mileage is the first aim of Goodyear factories. Excess mileage is the aim of Goodyear Service Stations. We believe that there is not another tire manufactured to-day that will give so low a cost-per-mile as Goodyear.

Goodyears are now giving extraordinary mileage in Canada. You can make your decreased tire-cost-per-mile offset your increased gasoline-cost-per-mile.

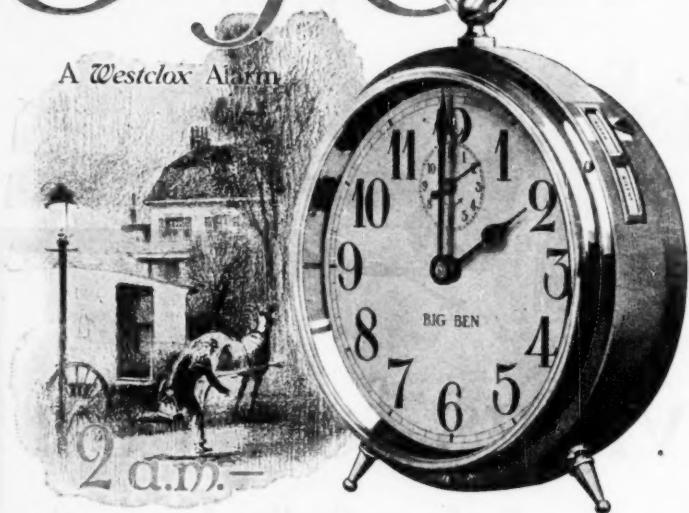
**Some Goodyear Mileages**

Bentley—P. E. Thorpe, 11,000. Calgary—H. J. B. Pearson, over 30,000. Camrose—H. J. Younge, 9,000. Champion—F. Smith, 15,000. Edmonton—G. W. Massie, 9,400. Edmonton J. J. McLaughlin Co., 11,000. Lethbridge—Dr. P. M. Campbell, over 10,000. Fredericton—T. H. Crockett, 10,000. Fredericton—A. B. Bray, 13,100. Sydney—C. R. Lorway, 12,000. Morris—T. Drought, 10,800. Winnipeg—J. A. Matthews, 18,000. New Westminster—R. M. Bradshaw, 15,642. Vancouver—Terminal City Motor Co., 10,500. Regina—J. F. Role, 9,900. Windthorst—Dr. T. H. Argue, 9,500. Fort Couteau—Conlogue Hardware, 8,000, 11,000. Fairbank—J. J. Little, 20,000. Hamilton—A. Addison, 9,000. Ottawa—G. B. McKay, 10,790. Toronto—R. Bigley, 9,612. Milk River—W. Smith, 30,000.

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A Westclox Alarm



## For the Cream of the Day

**T**WO A.M.—inky dark—that's when Big Ben starts the milkman's day.

Out of bed like a boy going fishing—nudges Big Ben to a hush—takes up the tune as he whistles to work.

You've heard that patter of nimble feet—the clink of bottles in the wire tray—the rattle of boxes, of cans and ice—the giddap—the wheels—the merry tune—all unmindful of the world at sleep. You've wondered.

Try Big Ben yourself a little earlier. See how he'll bring you the cream of the day—rich morning hours that start you right and stretch out till night with minutes aplenty for every task. And you'll take up his tune and smile through the day.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—dowright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your Dealer's, \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your Dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

**Western Clock Co.**

Makers of Westclox

*Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meier, Lookout and Ironclad.*

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**The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited**

143 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

## Morality of War Efficiency

*How the Prussian Standards Have Placed Modern Warfare Definitely on the Basis of Scientific Barbarism.*

OBVIOUSLY war makes its own morals, and brings confusion to the moral standards to which we are accustomed. What startles Havelock Ellis, the well-known British writer and scientist, is that the present European war forces the world to reckon with the conception that war is a function of the Supreme State, which stands above morality, and is, therefore, able to wage war independently of morality. Whatever the issue of this war, Germany's military reputation is so great that the situation is gravely critical for humanity and civilization. Writing in *Current Opinion* Mr. Ellis says:

The conduct of wars has been transformed before our eyes. In any future war the example of Germany will be held to consecrate the new methods, and the belligerents who are not inclined to accept the supreme authority of Germany may yet be forced in their own interests to act in accordance with it. The mitigating influence of religion on warfare has long ceased to be exercised, for the international Catholic Church no longer possesses the power to exert such influence, while the national Protestant churches are just as bellicose as their flocks. Now, we see the influence of morality over warfare similarly tending to disappear. . . . Necessity—the necessity of scientific effectiveness—becomes the sole criterion of right and wrong.

Mr. Ellis discusses "Morality in War" in the *London Nation*, and he seems to think that "scientific barbarism" as the basis of warfare has come to stay. Morality is a relative term, fundamentally the *mores* or approved customs of peoples at given periods. The military ideals of the old European world was that of a professional fighting class, retained by monarchs and imbued with certain romantic and chivalrous notions of war etiquette. These were absurdly incongruous, to be sure, because war by its very nature always means a relapse from civilization to barbarism. Germany has now broken general contentment with that incongruity.

Germany, or more precisely Prussia, with its ancient genius for warfare, has in the present war taken the decisive step in initiating the abolition of that incongruity by placing warfare definitely on the basis of scientific barbarism. To do this is, in a sense, we must remember, not a step backwards, but a step forward. It involves recognition of the fact that war is not a game to be played for its own sake, by a professional caste, in accordance with fixed rules which it would be dishonorable to break; but a method, carried out by the whole organized manhood of the nation, of effectively attaining an end desired by the State. If by the chivalrous method of old, which was indeed in large part still their own method in the previous Franco-German War, the Germans had resisted the temptation to violate the neutrality of Luxembourg and Belgium in order to rush behind the French defenses, and had battered instead at the gap of Belfort, they would have won the sympathy of the world, but they certainly would not



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“More bread and  
better bread” arrived the day  
the sun first shone on

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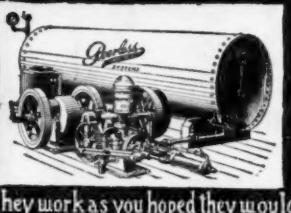
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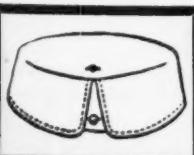
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AND HOW TO FEED  
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Waterproof Collars ever made. A sponge, water, and a little soap—this is your only laundry. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores, or direct, for 25¢.

The Arlington Co. of Canada, Ltd.,  
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All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good,  
but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best.



have won possession of the greater part of Belgium and a third part of France.

It has not alone been military instinct which has impelled Germany on the new course thus inaugurated. We see here the final outcome of a reaction against ancient Teutonic sentimentality which the insight of Goldwin Smith clearly discerned forty years ago. Humane sentiments and civilized traditions, under the molding hand of Prussian leaders of Kultur, have been slowly but firmly subordinated to a political realism, which, in the military sphere, means a masterly efficiency in the aim of crushing the foe by overwhelming force, combined with panic-striking "frightfulness." In this conception, that only is moral which served these ends. The horror which this "frightfulness" may be expected to arouse, even among neutral nations, is, from the German point of view, a tribute of homage.

In other words, Mr. Ellis observes that the fact that "efficiency" takes the place of "morality" in the conduct of affairs, offers a new foundation for war when war is waged on scientific principles for the purpose of rendering effective the claims of state policy.

The conclusion seems to be that we are to-day entering on an era in which war will not only flourish as vigorously as in the past, although not in so chronic a form, but with an altogether new ferocity and ruthlessness, with a vastly increased power of destruction, and on a scale of extent and intensity involving an injury to civilization and humanity which no wars of the past ever perpetrated. Moreover, this state of things imposes on the nations which have hitherto, by their temper, their position, or their small size, regarded themselves as nationally neutral, a new burden of armament in order to ensure that neutrality. It has been proclaimed on both sides that this war is a war to destroy militarism. But the disappearance of a militarism that is only destroyed by a greater militarism offers no guarantee at all for any triumph of civilization or humanity."

In so far as this war acts as a spur to efforts to group and direct other factors than war toward molding the world, Mr. Ellis says it will not be an unmixed calamity. But it is necessary to recognize that the intellectual leadership was grievously mistaken which declared that the beneficent growth of science and intellect ensured the disappearance of war. There is a morality of war; but it is not the code "forever unattained" of the Sermon on the Mount. In the substantial and central sense morality means the conduct of the main body of the community. What we call international law reflects but does not originate the popular conventional moral code. There may be pioneers ahead of it, and a debased rear guard, for the main body of conduct is in constant motion. The significant and dangerous thing, according to Mr. Ellis, is the State standard of efficiency as real-morality which Germany has set up in this war.

R.R. No. 3, Oshawa, Ont., June 20.  
Gentlemen.—I should like to take this opportunity of telling how *very much* I like MacLean's. The June number was perfectly splendid—high class in every respect. Arthur Stringer's story is a delight. The articles are a source of education—in fact from cover to cover it is full of good things—a magazine that Canadians may well be proud of.

(Mrs.) M. E. Anderson.

Cobalt, June 26.  
I believe that in MacLean's Magazine we have at last a fiction magazine in Canada that is worth while.

Ben Hughes.



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Made in the best styles: workman-  
ship and fabric are unconditionally  
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Deacon label give the wearer  
comfort, fit and satisfactory wear.

Ask your dealer for Deacon Shirts; write  
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### KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS

No form of insect life can live once it  
comes into contact with Keating's Pow-  
der; flies, fleas, moths,  
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all. Yet Keating's is harmless to human  
or animal life.

Sold in tins only by Druggists and  
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## Allying the Church With the Moving Picture

*Why Should the Picture-Play be Called the Church's Most Formidable Competitor When it Can be Made to Assist?*

WHY is there so much "dead weight of opposition" in the Church to the moving picture? This new art has come to stay, and if the Church were wise, we are told, it would co-operate in its development, and take advantage of its graphic capacity for religious instruction." This blunt statement of the problem of the Church and the picture-play appears in *The Churchman* from Orrin G. Cocks, advisory secretary to the National Board of Censorship. The writer admits that eight or ten years ago the moving-picture was "piffling, shocking or inane," but claims that "out of this Tertiary Period it has emerged through the Stone Age of brutishness into the age of intelligence, esthetics, morals, humor, and social values. Even to-day there are "elements which grate on sensitive nerves, some crudities, and some shortcomings," but they will pass. Mr. Cocks concedes also that some producers "walk boldly into the inner sanctuaries of life where angels fear to tread," and they do so in their quest for the "hidden forces and impulses which make or mar life." In consequence, "conservative or timid persons" withhold approval; nevertheless, we are told that because the motion-picture "lays a firm, if sometimes ignorant, hand upon the forces of life" it is here and "can not be dislodged." It appeals primarily as an amusement and relaxation, but "cunningly weaves into such hours of play thrills, thoughts, emotions, the elements for imagination, instruction, and culture," and this leads Mr. Cocks to ask:

Do you desire to possess influence in changing the playhouses of your city for the better? Go to them, don't stay away! Study the pictures and their effects on the audiences. Analyze their appeal. Form the acquaintance of the keen-minded proprietor who daily listens to the comment of his clientele. Let him know when you are pleased. Speak to him about the future shows. Support the decent, conscientious men; and there are many. Discriminate between houses, if necessary. Results will surely follow! Don't censor and condemn without accurate knowledge. "Go and tell him his fault, between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more." Only then "tell it unto the Church" or city. In our cities there are from one to five thousand picture-houses. A group of skilled laymen during the New York Campaign of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, canvassed the city for evils in the picture-houses and almost unanimously reported that they were clean in shows presented and in the conduct of audiences.

A minister in Denver concluded that it was far better for him to co-operate with a neighboring exhibitor than to introduce the



## A Twilight Story About Puffed Wheat

When you serve a supper dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, make this your story sometime. It is like a fairy tale.

Each bubble of wheat is a kernel, puffed to eight times normal size. All its thin, airy flakiness is due to steam explosions. And each has been shot from guns.

### 100 Million Explosions

Each kernel of wheat contains, as it grows, more than 100 million food cells. Each food cell is hard and hollow. A trifle of moisture is in it. Each must be broken to digest.

Other cooking methods break part of those food cells, but never more than half. So Prof. Anderson, a famous food expert, sought a way to break them all.

Puffed Grains are made by his process. The grains are sealed in huge guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. Thus the bit of moisture in each food cell is changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot. Each food cell explodes. And the grains come out puffed to bubbles, as you see.

This makes the whole grains wholly digestible. Every atom of every element is food. That's why countless mothers, every morn and night, serve these grains to children.

<b>Puffed Wheat</b> <b>Puffed Rice</b>	Except in Far West <b>12c</b> <b>15c</b>
---	---

You find these fascinating dainties. You call them food confections. With sugar and cream or mixed with fruit they seem like breakfast bonbons. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play. Girls use them in candy-making.

But they are, above all, perfect grain foods. In no other form have cereal foods ever been so fitted to feed.

The better you know them the more you will serve them. Keep both on hand.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

SOLE MAKERS

Peterborough, Ont.

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**The Waltham**

THE habit of promptness grows on a man who carries a Waltham Watch. The accuracy that is part of a Waltham soon becomes part of the man. In business or in social life, wherever accuracy is admired, there you will find the Waltham. For Walthams time the movements of most people throughout the world. You will appreciate having your watch possess Waltham accuracy and the Waltham name on the dial. Your Jeweller will gladly show you any of the Waltham Watches or fit a Waltham movement to your present case. Shall we send you the new booklet "Concerning a Timepiece"?

**WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, MONTREAL**

## Talking to the Point—

Classified want ads. get right down to the point at issue. If you want something, say so in a few well-chosen words. Readers like that sort of straight-from-the-shoulder talk, and that is the reason why condensed ads. are so productive of the best kind of results.

Classified want ads. are always noticed. They are read by wide-awake, intelligent dealers, who are on the lookout for favorable opportunities to fill their requirements.

TRY A CONDENSED AD. IN THIS PAPER.

motion-picture machine in his Church. The results of this friendly interest were so complete that little money need to be raised elsewhere. Following the venture, the minister established such close relations with his friend the exhibitor that he often came over to the photo playhouse for a five-minute talk after some specially good film to drive home the moral. The results in establishing new relationships and increasing the attendance at Church have been far-reaching.

Mr. Cocks cites other examples of the use of the motion-picture for religious purposes, yet reminds us that, owing to the indifference of clergymen and teachers, it remains almost entirely in the hands of those who employ it solely for gain. But—

This does not mean that it is unworthily used, but it does mean that it has been capitalized and commercialized. Films now must do service like trolley-cars, railroad equipment, and ocean-going liners, which bring in regular financial returns. From the business standpoint, the demand of churches, schools, and libraries has been irregular. Those using the films desire a large service at the minimum price and are regarded by business men as poor pay. Many of them, moreover, have been unbusinesslike in their dealings with the companies circulating films and have caused delays which are irritating. The commercial film houses have made some costly experiments with disheartening results in attempting to enlarge and meet this demand.

A few clergymen have recognized the value of the motion-picture in attracting people in the small villages and rural neighborhoods for community purposes. They have felt the drift toward the cities and have attempted to meet it in a manner similar to that of Mrs. Porter in her new book "Michael O'Halloran." The lives of many such persons are devoid of amusement. They live their independent lives on a farm and have little of the community feeling which makes the city so attractive. When the motion-picture is introduced into the parish-house, schools, or churches, immediately the people gather and find themselves neighbors and friends.

But what of young people? They are at the same time the inspiration and the despair of clergymen. They will have enjoyment. They will play. They will go to the motion-picture whether you want them to or not. The appeal is stronger than the prohibition. With the development of self-consciousness, they determine that they will not be preached to continually. All life becomes an adventure, and they determine to have their part in it. They desire the good rather than the bad, but they want something all the time, whether it is good or bad."

Call to mind the aimless wandering of the hosts of young people in your town, Mr. Cocks goes on to say, in his argument to prove the value of the motion-picture as a social influence, and he adds:

Thousands of them were on the street in small groups searching for friendship, excitement, and mates. Many of the social and moral barriers were let down and parents were given many a heartache and struggled to avoid or hide many a scandal. A certain amount of this is inevitable with every generation. But with the coming of the motion-picture another element is introduced. All through the day, in the shops, factories, and stores, on the street, and in the cars, the films in the neighborhood picture-houses have been discussed. These same young people, in large proportion, nightly, now find their way to the "movie," and are at least held under the spell of something more impersonal than each other.

The motion-picture has demonstrated in scores of cities and towns that it has a more

powerful hold upon the men than has the saloon. Liquor licenses are falling off; the corner saloon is disappearing, and sobriety in the home of workingmen is supplanting the waste of character, money, and home-life across the bar. All of which demonstrates incidentally that human nature is good, and when it has the opportunity to choose between the higher and lower, all other things being equal, it will choose the former.

Here, then, is a great new art which has laid hold of all classes of people. Its ethical influences are far-reaching and vital. Whether we desire it or not, it is here to stay. The part of wisdom would seem to direct that the Church co-operate in its development and utilize it in every possible way in religious instruction and in reaching the unchurched masses.

## Germany's Troublesome Socialists

*What Swiss Socialist Papers Tell of the Doings of Their Friends in the Fatherland*

THE news comes through the Swiss Socialist papers that a noisy minority of the German Social Democrats, angered by the condemnation of Dr. Liebknecht, seem to be determined to stir up as much trouble for the Government as possible. The press censorship having effectively closed the German Socialist press, the method now employed by Dr. Liebknecht's embittered followers is the wholesale distribution of manifestoes in pamphlet form, extracts from which are quoted as follows in the *Literary Digest*:

One of these pamphlets protesting against Dr. Liebknecht's sentence to two and a half years' imprisonment runs in part:

"Two and a half years' imprisonment. Workmen, soldiers, the die is cast! Two and a half years in prison for our beloved Liebknecht, because he cried, 'Down with the war!' It is for this the slaves of war make Liebknecht wear the prison garb. Must he groan in prison because on May day he demonstrated in favor of the brotherhood of the people? They put him in chains because he called for the freedom of the people. Comrades, will you quietly indorse this wickeded sentence? Workmen and workwomen show, by general strike, that the German people will no longer be treated as dogs by the dictatorship of the sword. We are tired of these slayments and horrors. We are tired of the misery and hunger and the iron collar which a state of siege put round our necks. The persecutors of Liebknecht must know that thousands, ay millions, are behind him who shout as he did, 'Down with the war!' Let this cry ring through the Empire and reach the trenches. We'll then see if these military satellites will dare maintain their sentence."

Under the same auspices and in the same manner an attempt has been made to inaugurate a 'Stop-the-war' movement by means of a general strike. We find the manifesto urging this course in the columns of the *Berner Tagwacht*:

"The inevitable has arrived—famine in Leipzig, Berlin, Charlottenburg, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Osnabrück, and many other places. Riots have taken place in front of



### "Why the Spring Needle Rib?"

BECAUSE the Spring Needle Ribbed Stitch gives to the fabric an elasticity possible in no other way. There is a springy, rebounding strength to every garment that brings it back to normal shape the moment the pressure is removed. In all popular fabrics and sizes, for men, women and children.

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UNDERWEAR

SPRING  
NEEDLE RIBBED  
Mfg Co.

The Watson Manufacturing Company, Limited, Brantford, Ontario 102

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**DUNLOP TREAD**

**SEAL OF QUALITY TRACTION**

And a service you are proud to tell your friends about.

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Children think only of the sweetness and delightful flavour on Bread, Toast and Criddle Cakes.

But "grown-ups" know of the splendid food value of this famous table syrup—how wholesome and nutritious it is—and far more economical than preserves, or butter and sugar, when spread on bread.

Get "Crown Brand" in the 3 pound "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars—or 2, 5, 10 or 20 pound tins, if you prefer.

Write our Montreal Office for a copy of our new recipe book—"Desserts and Candies"—sent free.

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Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Denson's Corn Starch—  
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in Package  
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**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

**For Your White Shoes**

**QUICK WHITE** (in liquid form with sponge), quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens Buck, Nubuck, Suede and Canvas. In round, white cakes, packed in metal boxes with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes with sponge, 25c.

"GILT EDGE," Ladies and Children's Black, self-shining dressing, 25c.

"ELITE" combination for gentlemen's black shoes, in 25c or 10c sizes.

"DANDY" combination, cleans and polishes all kinds of russets and tans, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

**Whittemore's  
Shoe Polishes**

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

the provision-shops, and the only solution the Government is able to find is—reinforcing the state of siege and an appeal to the sabers of the police and to armed force! The Government ought to have known that the consequence of a war against France, England, and Russia would have been the blockade of Germany. The responsible authors of the war whine that 'wicked enemies encircle us.' But why did they themselves pursue a policy which led to this encirclement? The whole Imperialist policy of conquest is a crime, and the German Government has pursued this Imperialist policy, thanks to which it has entered on a conflict with all the other States, and has had to humble itself to an alliance with that political corpse, Austria, and with that miserable Turkey which nothing can save from bankruptcy.

"One would have thought that the Government would take measures against famine, but the Government does nothing, and for the mass of the people the gravity of the situation is apparent. It is said, 'We must hold out.'

"We were fed on fairy-tales about the effect of the submarine-war, whereas it is impossible to arrest the commerce of England, even if Germany possessed ten times as many submarines as she has. Our eyes were dazzled by the tale that an attack in the Balkans would give us air, and that Turkey would supply us with food. That vision has been dissipated. Now we are told about the next crop, which is to put an end to all our woes. It is one lie the more. The crop can not give us what we need.

"We have a food-dictator. Too late! It is no longer a question of sharing out, because there is nothing to share. What is to happen? We could continue the war another six months, and perhaps a year, but the future generations will be sacrificed. To the dead and mutilated of the battle-fields will be added the sacrifice of the women and children. With its victims, German militarism is driven into an *impasse*. Women and children of the people, make your voices heard at last, and from words pass to acts. Ifow, with the war!"

The majority of the Social Democratic party does not indorse this activity, and the Socialist executive committee strongly condemns any idea of a general strike. According to the Berlin *Vorwärts*, the Committee has issued an appeal in which it says:—

"The prolonged war weighs heavily on all nations and entails great sacrifices. It severely tests the endurance of those at home and at the front, and it is natural that ill-feeling and discontent should develop. This situation is unfortunately being abused by irresponsible individuals who wish to mislead labor into resorting to measures which are not in the slightest degree adapted to relieve the burden but rather to increase it. . . . .

"We therefore consider it our duty to warn labor against the machinations of apostles of protest and a general strike, working in darkness and anonymity. . . . .

"Just now, when our brothers in uniform on all fronts must withstand a mighty onslaught by the armies of our enemies and must make indescribable sacrifices, and when, just before the harvest, the food-supply presents the greatest difficulties, each thoughtless action may be fatal, and, above all, strike labor itself the severest blow."

Fairmont Springs, B.C.  
June 9th, 1916.

I candidly say that your magazine is all that you claimed it was and more.

J. A. Beck.

## Behind the Bolted Door?

*Continued from page 26.*

The Doctor looked up and caught Willings' gaze fixed on him. That voice—would they ever forget it? It was the lost-soul voice they had heard twice before in the Fisher rooms.

"Well, at any rate," said Willings, "it was a human voice." Then he turned back to help the others.

THEN minutes later two would-be jewel thieves and blackmailers sat trussed and ready for the patrol wagon. But in the little room of the high-backed desk, Laneham was having a last word with McGloyne:

"You must leave Glasbury with me. For the next few days he'd have to go into hospital in any case."

"As you say."

"Till further notice, too, I'll ask you not to try to talk to the two worthies out there, either. And, if possible, keep it absolutely quiet that you've even caught them."

"You mean keep it even from Fisher?"

"Fisher? Oh-h. Oh, if you want, tell him. But no one else."

"But, Lord," McGloyne protested, "when you might say we've got the thing cleared up!"

"Cleared up? Inspector, once more, who killed Mrs. Fisher? Those two thugs in the handcuffs don't know. Why and how was she killed? Do you know that? And how did the murderer get in? Has any one of those questions been answered? Has any part of the real mystery been solved? No. But, if you will give me the opportunity, to-night I think we can at last begin."

McGloyne shook his head uncomprehendingly. But the matter was in Laneham's hands. "Doctor," he said, "what do you want to do?"

"Several things, one of which will again convince you that I've lost my senses. But first of all—and nothing could be gained by letting any one else know this—first of all I want a chance to take Willings and go back to Mrs. Fisher's rooms, and be free if need be to spend the entire night making another search."

"Another search? An' what for?"

"A certain tiny pellet of fused white metal," Laneham answered, "which should still be somewhere near or in the swimming-pool."

### CHAPTER XXI

FOUND BY THE SWIMMING-POOL, AND MORE OF ZANCRAY

A TINY pellet of fused white metal, somewhere near, or in, the swimming-pool! Not a bullet, obviously. But, if not, what could it be?

Laneham offered no explanation. McGloyne did not know nor Willings. And yet, as Willings stood there looking straight before him, one might have said



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that already, at the bottom of his soul, he half suspected.

Meanwhile he waited in the Casa Grande till the Doctor had taken Glasbury to 390. But within half an hour Laneham was back again.

"Jacobs can take care of him quite well now," he said. "Judge Bishop is down there too—with D. Hope and Jimmy. I've told them, if they'll wait, we may be able to report on something else."

And again they went up to that murdered swimming-pool room.

Once more they had only to throw on the electrics in the great alabaster bell hanging above the pool to have light enough. But the Doctor had also brought along a pocket flash.

He closed and locked both doors, so that they would not be interrupted. On one of the dusty green flower benches lay a long-handled brush. He picked it up and handed it to Willings.

"I want you to sweep around the edge of the pool with this," he said. "But wait a minute; I think we can make our first verification from the water itself."

He stepped back to the pool, bent far over its barrier-like brim, and took up a little in his palm.

"If what I believe to be true is true," he said, "this water should be salt."

And, after holding back a moment, each in turn dipped a finger in and tasted it.

It was salt.

"But mightn't it—isn't it just sea salt?" Willings asked.

"No; this is common salt. And there's all the difference in life—or death—between them here. Well, now to our real work."

Willings followed him, and took up his brush again.

The Doctor explained roughly.

**A**CCORDING to McGloyne, no matter what might have been done in Fisher's own rooms, no cleaning work of any sort had been done about the pool since the hour of the crime. Therefore, anything that had been on the floor then, if not so small that it could be carried out on some one's shoes, should still be there.

"It may be only the minutest globule," he said, "like a droplet from a plumber's iron. But we must try to find it. At first, though, my own work will be higher up."

"How do you mean?" Willings asked him.

"I'm going to look first for some place where a file, a very small file, has been in use."

And crossing to the other side of the room, he began to run his eyes along the walls.

For a moment Willings himself stood awaiting further instructions. And while he did he followed Laneham. It was evident, moreover, that he was working according to some definite plan or course. If his eyes had started at the wall, they had moved rapidly to the ceiling, then along it to that great, whitely-radiant, moon-like bell. But there he looked again at Willings, and the younger man took up his brush, and turned away to his own work. He saw only that the Doctor had

mounted the flower stand. And next moment he gave a little triumphant gasp.

"It's here!" he cried. "Oh, no, never mind about the details now. I'll just go to work again with you, and maybe we'll get everything!"

There was no second brush. But, dropping almost face down, Laneham laid his flashlight in front of him upon the tiles, and began to sweep them levelly with its little searching beam.

"It's an even chance our drop of metal is in the water," he said. "But, at least we must look outside first. Up there near the faucets and the nickel work—"

**H**E got no further. A second time his search had ended before it really had begun. To the right of the faucets was a small marble step. In the corner between it and the side of the pool, some dust and fluff had gathered; and there, in the midst of it, was something that glittered faintly.

The Doctor picked it up. It looked exactly as he had said it might look. One would have said it was some little solder globule left by plumbing work. But, handing it to Willings, "What do you notice first?" he asked.

"Why, its weight! The thing's as heavy as gold."

"Yes; it's platinum."

"Platinum!" Willings stared at him.

"Yes, platinum. But in itself there is nothing in that."

"Oh, no; not in itself." Willings' voice had fallen to a whisper, and into his face there had come a look never brought to it by any mere droplet of heavy metal. "Doctor," he said, "I want to tell you something."

"Well?"

"It's the evidence—the Zancray stuff—that I've been holding out. I believed implicitly till this minute that it couldn't matter, and my only idea was to protect the innocent. But I've got to tell you now."

And, still standing by that grisly swimming-pool, he did.

"Willings! And you didn't see the importance of that at the beginning?"

"How could I? But it means, doesn't it, that the thing will be cleared up? That the cloud will—will be lifted from me?"

"Oh, surely, surely!"

"Very well. Then, when we get back to 390, before you ask anything else of me, may I speak for a moment to D. Hope?"

**A**ND what he had to say to her he again said in the little brown study.

"I thought you'd want to be the first to know," he began. "It's at least different with me in one way now, from what it was yesterday."

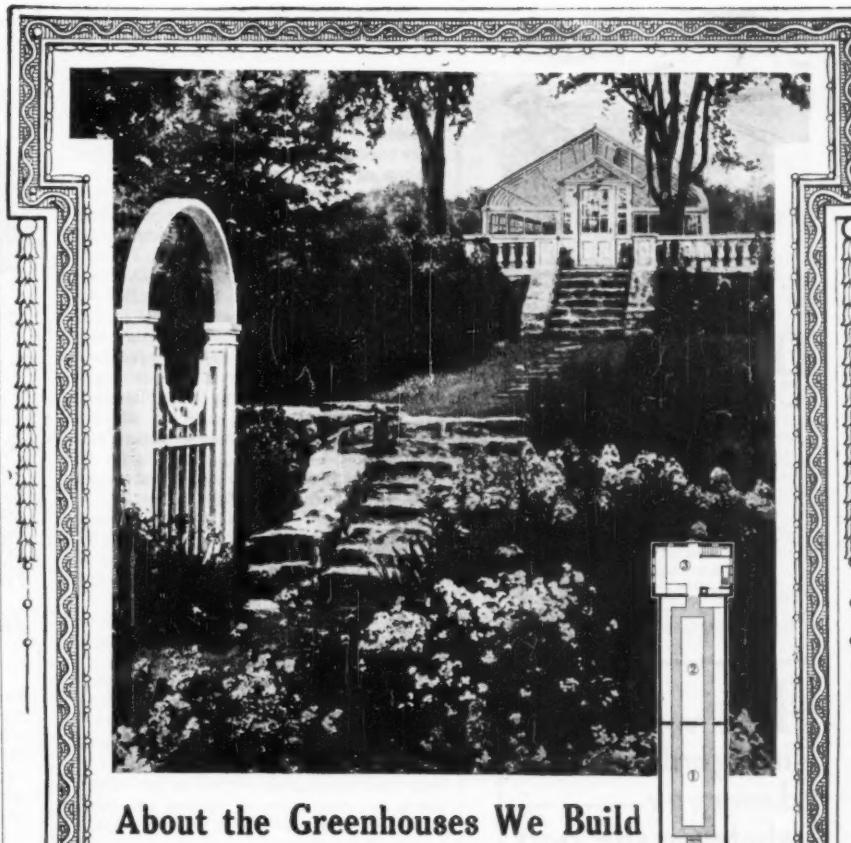
"Do you think," she asked, "that anything can make things different with me—unless you want to change, yourself?"

He caught her in his arms again. "But you know what I meant. I can anyway feel a little nearer to you now."

"Can you?" She laughed up into his eyes with the joy of it. And he clasped her closer.

"Oh, I love you, love you!" he whispered.

"You do? Only you don't want to say as yet that you're engaged?"



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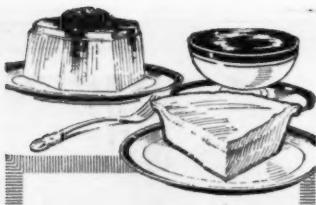
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"No, not till—till—"

"Till you have about a hundred times more money than you really need. Is that it?" she asked him. "Oh, very well. For I can wait. But now we must go to the others."

And, in another five minutes, they were once more with the Doctor and Judge Bishop and Jimmy in the library.

The Doctor went to his point at once.

"Willings, here, has just been telling me something," he said, "and something to the last degree important. No, I won't say what it was; but it was his 'Zancray evidence,' the thing he felt justified in holding back at the beginning. And all three of you have confessed to doing the same thing; you have your holdbacks, too. Now, once again, to prevent the martyring of some one who may be guiltless, I ask you to speak before it is too late. In a few hours Glasbury may confess; but until he does—"

A look that seemed to ache in the eyes of D. Hope turned him first to her.

"You told us," he said, "that you were keeping silent because of a promise given Mrs. Fisher. If in these last hours you feel, for any reason, that morally you are now released from it—?"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she cried. "But, Doctor, may I—just for the present—can't you let me tell it just to you?"

"By all means. It may be better so." And he drew her with him into his office.

M INUTE after minute passed; they could hear her sobbing. Then for a long time the Doctor seemed to be asking questions. And when he opened the door again D. Hope was still crying, but with a sort of happiness.

Laneham asked his last question in the doorway:

"And you'd never suspected that?"

"No. Oh, I knew she was ambitious. I could feel that marriage hadn't satisfied her—"

"I should think it hadn't."

"—And that she wanted to lead some sort of bigger life. I felt at times that she'd begun. But—even then—I didn't suspect that it was that!"

"No, I suppose that no one could have." The Doctor himself was greatly moved. "Poor woman! Poor, poor woman! And Glasbury! D. Hope, if you still pray, won't you say something to-night for him?"

He turned away to Jimmy.

"And now, my son, isn't there something coming from you?"

"Doctor Lyneham, don't hush me! I can't! An' it eyn't any matter of protecting the h'innocent. For I don't know who did it and who didn't, no more now than never! I'm only trying to protect a good nyme—the nyme of one that's dead, too, and that I'd go to 'Ell for!"

"Jimmy," said D. Hope, taking his hand, "if you mean Mrs. Fisher's name, it needs no protection now. And if you can only add something to what the Doctor knows already maybe everything will be understood again."

"You think so, Miss?" And even then he hung back "Your—your 'and on your 'eart, you can promise that?"

"I can, Jimmy; I can!"



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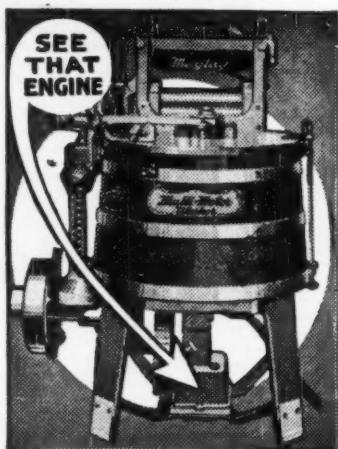
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AND a second time, confessor and confessed were still talking when they came out again.

"You understand, now," Jimmy was saying, "about that voice. I wasn't lying. After the murder I heard nothing. What I was speaking of was the voices I'd heard before."

"I know," said Laneham. "But, old man, if you just told me at once—what you've told me now—!"

"That's true. If I had! But anyways, I've told you now."

And if that famous Frenchman and psychologist Emile Zancray had never made his claim that the friends in the case always conceal something which, being known, would make all clear, he would have made it then!

Meanwhile Laneham was looking at the Judge.

"And now, Bishy, there's only you. I've had three contributions, and put them together. All that is lacking is the fourth."

"Laneham!" Bishop began again to put him off. "I—I—I give you my professional word—!"

"Yes, and in a way, so did all the rest of them."

"I tell you it's absurd—as crazy as—as some of your dream theories."

"All right," the Doctor answered quietly, "supposing we try it on the basis of those crazy dream theories."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Just this, that since Mrs. Fisher's murder, at least once and probably twice, you'd had a certain dream. Well, instead of making your confession, supposing you simply tell me it?"

"What?" The Judge's hands lifted themselves almost in a posture of defence. "Laneham, this—is this no time, and no occasion, for—for foolery!"

"What I proposed is very far from being foolery. It's the soundest of sound psychology. All I ask now is that you tell me that dream. But, of course, if you fear the test?"

"Fear it? Fear it? Why, if it's a challenge, then, in the Lord's name, come along! I'll take my turn in confessional!"

TEN minutes afterwards he came out again, and his face was that of a man in awe.

"Laneham," he said, "I would never have believed it, never!"

"Well, you know, now."

"I do!" One might have thought that he had just stepped down from the criminal bench, after pronouncing a death sentence. "And now I know, too, why she sent for me. But to get at it in this way—!"

"Oh, we mustn't believe it absolutely, even now. In every legal sense, it is still to be proven."

"Proven! The only question remaining is how did they get in?"

"If they did get in. Well, I think that, too, should be demonstrable."

"Demonstrable?" Again Bishop repeated the word.

"The proof of guilt must come the first."

"Oh, the courts will be equal to that."

"Oh, no, Bishy; as you know yourself, in these cases it's exactly the thing they're not equal to."

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"And you propose to establish it yourself?"

"I believe it possible."

"But how, how?"

"Say, if you like by one more psychoanalyst method that I mentioned to you on our ride up-town a week ago—trance and medium."

"Trance and medium?" Once more Bishop could only echo the phrase.

"In fact, I am going to McGloyne in the morning to ask if to-morrow night he will let me hold, in Mrs. Fisher's rooms, and if possible midway between the rooms where the two murders took place, something that you could only call a spiritualist seance."

## CHAPTER XXII

### A SEANCE IN THE CASA GRANDE

"I TOLD you, Inspector, that you'd say again that I'd lost my senses."

"But, hell, Doctor, hell! And what do you expect to get out of it?"

Laneham had found McGloyne in Mrs. Fisher's library, where Hooley had been killed. They were standing almost on the spot itself.

"Perhaps we may hear the voice again, or be able to produce some further knocking."

"Voice an' knockin'! Dr. Laneham, you've got a long way beyond that. Now tell me your idear. What is any seance goin' to do? Come, now—speakin' man to man?"

And, "speaking man to man," Laneham told him:

"I hope it may do this: give us Mrs. Fisher's murderer. In fact, I hope it may even make our murderer convict himself."

"All right—go ahead. I give you my blessin'. An' who do you want to have there? Glasbury, first of all?"

"If he's physically up to it by to-night."

"An' if he's not? You'll postpone it?"

"Yes, for a day or two."

"Good. You'll be wantin' those elevator boys, too?"

"Both of them. Will you see to that?"

"They'll be there!"

"And I'd like to have Grogan—your patrolman who was with poor Hooley when they got him. Then, of course, there will be yourself and Willings and Judge Bishop and myself."

"What about Fisher? Oh," McGloyne hastened to explain, "I don't want him. He's got to be too much for me. No more mercy in him than the death-house itself. I've been fightin' him off of Glasbury ever since he heard of him. You can leave him out for all of me. But, o' course, when you're goin' to hold it in his own apartments—"

"Yes, of course, we must have him. I'd have asked him myself."

BUT the Doctor offered no further explanations to any one. If what he proposed to do now was unusual beyond anything that had gone before it, it was evident that his reasons and his justification were to be offered with the end alone. He asked Willings to help him make his preparations. But he did not tell him what, this time, those preparations were to be. Later that afternoon Bishop sought

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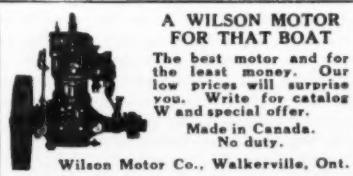
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him out in those Fisher rooms themselves. But Laneham had as little to say to him.

For the matter of that, after the first minutes, the Judge, like McGloyne, confined his remarks mostly wholly to the question of Professor Fisher.

"I've nothing more to ask as to just what you're fixing up here," he said. "Maybe you will get something out of it—"

"I trust so."

"But I think you've made a mistake in letting the Professor even hear of it. For he's coming, all right—don't worry about that. Not that he can get it clear what you're up to, any more than the rest of us. But he's been told that Glasbury hasn't really confessed as yet. He figures, no doubt, that your seance is to do that part of it. And he insists that Glasbury shall be present no matter what his condition, and the thing go on to-night. In fact, the man's eyes gloat at the thought of it. I—I—damn it, Laney, making every allowance, I could hardly keep my hands from him!"

"Well," said Laneham, after a minute of silence, "if Glasbury can go through it at all, I think we'd better make it to-night."

"If he can! Why the man's condition is pitiable enough as it is. And, as a physician, you know the strain a seance can put on the nerves of even the normal healthy man."

"I know."

"Well, if he suffers a second collapse, I'll merely say that I'll never allow anything he may say or do to be used against him in the courts!"

"That's as you say, Bishy," the Doctor persisted. "But if he can go through it to-night—"

And he turned back to the nearest window, where Willings was awaiting his preliminary orders.

**H**E had decided in the end to use the morning-room, the room between Mrs. Fisher's bed-room and the library. But in practically every room he was doing something.

First of all, he had brought in half a dozen full-length mirrors.

"We'll hold the seance in this room," he said. "But we must be able to command the whole apartment. And we can do it in this way—by leaving all the doors open, and putting these mirrors where they ought to be. You'll have noticed that in the door leading to the pool there's one already."

At the same time he was making every window absolutely dark. "It's necessary," he explained, while he himself began to hang the first lengths of some heavy black "mourning cloth." "And I believe the medium will also wish to control all inside lights."

So far this was his first real mention of the medium.

"Where are you getting her?" Willings ventured to ask.

"Through Peterson and the Psychical Society," he answered laconically. "She's done a good deal of work for them."

But no one except Laneham really saw that medium until the night, when

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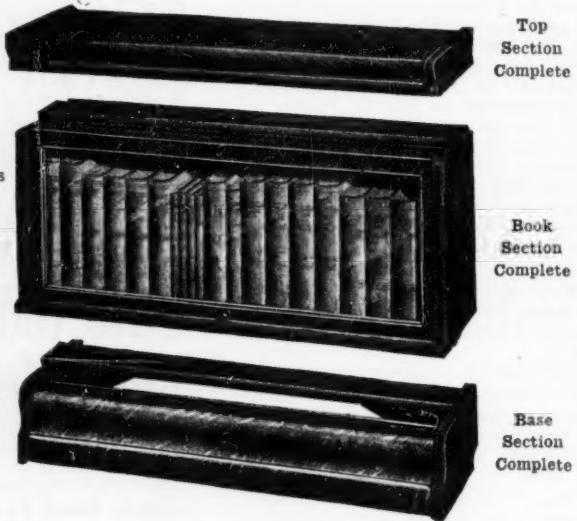
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they were taking their places for the seance itself.

And at first they did not see her then. For that middle room, like the whole apartment, was in almost absolute darkness, and the medium was still in her cabinet. The Doctor had made that for her by simply cutting off one corner of the room with another curtain of black. In front of the cabinet they could make out the lines of a table, and of the chairs which awaited them about it. The Doctor was still going and coming between the table and the open door.

Willings and the Judge arrived first, with Glasbury. And Bishop began at once to make a last protest.

"Laneham," he whispered, "once more you see the shape the man is in. And if he were a thousand times guilty—"

"I know," the Doctor said, "I know. But the thing must go on now."

Fisher came next. He chose a chair directly opposite Glasbury's, and his gaze seemed to feed and batte upon him.

Then Patrolman Grogan, very white, was brought in. And after him, in McGlyone's keeping, were the two West Indian elevatormen.

For another moment Laneham waited. Then he closed the door, found his way to his own chair,—the one nearest the cabinet,—and the last light went out. There was a sort of rustle of the sable curtain. One could feel, rather than see, that the medium had come forth. And next moment she was lighting some kind of dim and tiny lamp.

IT merely made the darkness visible. It did not even let them see her face. Apparently she was wholly covered by a kind of grey-white cowl, pierced at the eyes. But even of that Willings could not be certain. He only knew that she was motioning them to place their hands upon the table. Then, when they had done it, as if with the mere passing of her own hand that little light began gradually to die down. It died and died, so slowly that they did not really know when it was wholly gone. And, while the darkness seemed tangibly to creep upon them, all sat silent, rigid and unmoving.

For a minute they sat so—for two, for three; ten minutes, indeed, it might have been. And then—

Slowly at first, then more quickly, the table itself was moving.

IT was not rising from the floor, as tables are supposed to do at seances. It was not "turning," or moving from side to side. It was as if its surface had become charged and wavelike, as if it were rising and pushing itself against their palms in waves of living power. Willings knew, from the little out-breathed gasps of those about him, that the others felt it also. And he looked again at the medium. In one sense, he could not see her. In another he could see her with a distinctness more than earthly. For the outline of her head and shoulders seemed pricked out in a species of wavering, shifting phosphorescence. And, at the same moment, from the direction of the library and the little writing-room, he heard a sound, a sound of knocking.

It was the knocking that had followed

the murder. And, even as then, it seemed to stop his heart. He knew, too, that the same shudder was going through the circle from end to end.

He looked back at the medium. That phosphorescence was gone. Save for a moving greyness, one could no longer have said that the woman was even there.

AND then the next thing followed. The Doctor, after placing his mirrors, had closed all the doors and locked them. But now—there could be no doubt of it—slowly, without the help apparently either of hand or key, one of those doors was opening.

From the nearest mulatto elevator-man came a long, shuddering whine of terror. "Oh, h'avens above, boss," he said, "h'avens above! My Lawd, let me out!"

"If you go out now," breathed Laneham, "you go alone."

At the same moment the knocking had come again. And the fellow dropped back into his chair in a new reaction of fear. "Boss," he began, "I—I—I—"

For something was moving and swelling out the curtain of the cabinet. It was more like an emanation than an actual presence. The medium was still there. But next moment they all felt that the door from the library was opening. And Willings, his skin lifting like fur, knew that some one, or something, was passing through the room.

The thing, whatever it was, was passing through to the doors that led to the bedroom and dressing-room and swimming-pool. But at the first door it stopped. It knocked again—with the very hand of death—and, "Oh, God! Oh, my God, my God!" it cried.

They were Glasbury's words, and it was Glasbury's voice. And yet, beside him, Willings could feel the man himself. He put out his hands and touched him—a touch that came back to him in an answering shudder.

But the medium now was speaking:

"Whom do you seek?"

"Him who knows," the answer came.

"And how will you know him?" she asked again.

"By what he will know—the signs of death and the things of death."

FOR a moment there was silence again, silence almost more unnerving than the horrid sir.g-song of the dialogue itself. Then:

"And what are the things of death?" the medium asked.

Again one of the elevator-men tried to get to his feet.

"Sit down," whispered the Doctor, "or it will be the worse for you."

"What are the things of death?" the cowed figure asked again.

The tiny lamp was apparently alight again, and moved by the medium's hand it threw a disk of light upon the table.

Again the answer came:

"The first is this."

Willings put out his hand as if to guard himself. But there was no need. What was falling from nowhere upon the centre of that table was nothing that could harm. At first—in that half darkness—it seemed a liquid. Then, as it piled

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itself up, they could see that it was merely common salt!

Yet, at that same moment, there was a sound as of some one getting jerkily up from his place, and then forcing himself back to his seat again.

"And the second is this."

Again from nowhere there dropped into that disk of light a tiny wire. It was not gold. It did not seem to be silver. In a curling, springing spiral it danced before them elishly, then was gone.

"And the third is this."

Once more the table was clear. Then, where the salt had been, there appeared first a green-covered magazine, and then—in its place—a little pile of grey-brown, fluttering ashes.

**A**GAIN some one had tried to rise, with the gasp of one who tries to breathe through a throat dried gaggingly.

But, at the moment, no one gave heed. For—all could hear it plainly—the door began to open to those rooms behind them, to the bedroom and dressing-room. There remained only the door to the swimming-pool itself. And then, from the other side of that door came a third sound of knocking.

"Hell!" choked McGloyne. "Hell!"

"She must come out!" The thing in that middle room was speaking again. "She must come out." For a moment the voice waited, then it spoke again. "The woman who is dead is seeking some one. He, and only he, must open to her."

Again, too, came the knocking. Yet still no one stirred.

"Then," continued the voice, "then I must open to her!"

To be continued.

## The Anatomy of Love

Continued from page 38.

to a life involving a play of the primal instincts. This feeling had even mocked his most intellectual hours. It had, too, often enough touched with ironic bitterness what should have been his most exalted moments of scientific ardor.

But he allowed Anne to go on, without interrupting her with this mood which she might find it so hard to understand.

"Sybil is a butterfly!" was all he said, though he said it with a bit of a sigh.

"Yes, she is," said Anne, "if you mean by that that she's free and unrestrained and natural. She has all youth's real love for color and movement and the lightness of life. She's opening our eyes to the fact that the decorative side of existence is more enduring and more important than we really thought it was. For, in a way, I think it's possible to get too wise, in this world. Don't you?"

Macraven was doubtful as to that point.

"Sybil, you see," Anne went on, "has never been sobered down by discipline, and hemmed in by conventionalities, and devitalized by defeat! And her side is as much right as ours. She's merely Youth, Eternal Youth. She is the cry of the

Young, looking for its own in life. She's been a blessed little egoist all her life, as artless an egoist as a honey-bee, going from flower to flower of sensuous impression. We've been penned up in grey walls with little windows, with a lot of old frumps who've frightened the joy of life out of us and a lot of old bookworms who've lectured the wickedness of laughter out of us—and we'll both wake up, some day, and wonder what it is we've been missing."

"Oh, I say!" said the Professor of Anthropology with his habitual exclamation of mild dissent. Yet it startled him a little to think that Anne had put her finger on the very thing that had so often puzzled his own heart.

"Why, we'd almost forgotten there was ever anything but neutral tints in clothes, and in life as well," pursued Anne, with the persistency of a person long silent but at last determined to say, once for all everything that had been groping for utterance. "And look at Sybil there just beyond the syringas, by the tennis-court! Just look at her in that morning gown of sea-green with white ruffles. She looks as cool and fresh as a bit of the ocean. And look at the great bunch of Jacque roses she's holding! And that rose stuck in her hair! See what an eye for color and harmony she instinctively has. She almost sings to the sight! And she has the same instinct for the bright and warm feelings of life!"

"But how long would that childish sort of life appeal to you or me?" demanded Macraven, in defense of his ultimate dignities of existence.

"It might help to keep our hearts from getting macadamized," responded Anne, with her eyes on the distant tree-tops.

"I suppose a life of effort *does* make us hard!" conceded the Professor of Anthropology.

"That's the blessing of children," said ingenuous Anne. "They kind of keep the dust off the heart!"

Macraven had the feeling of a skater on exceedingly thin ice, and decided that a retreat to side-issues would not be untimely.

"Surely she is a light and airy creature," he exclaimed, as they caught a glimpse of the rose-harassed Sybil, in her gown of sea-green breaking into a foam of white at the edges, loitering about the shrubbery of the lower garden.

"She's waiting for Dickie," asseverated intuitive Anne. She leaned forward, with her chin on her hand. "I envy that child her sense of color!"

Macraven looked at her with widened eyes, a little impatient, apparently, of the mood of gloomy self-disapprobation that had taken possession of them.

"Fine feathers don't always make fine—Anne Appleby, I'm going down into that garden and get you a bunch of those old Jacque roses!"

AND this he promptly did. Anne took them in and pinned them on, with a little blush. That was one nice thing about Anne, remembered Macraven, she was always so grateful for trifling things. It was a delight to please her, just to see the tumultuous gratitude in her sober grey eyes.

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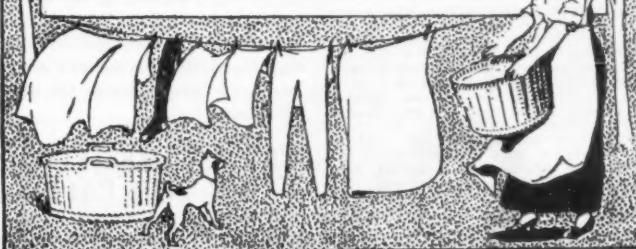
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She gazed at her own broken reflection in the long French window behind her. He almost excused her look of content. And yet, he remembered, he had once described her as "that odious Anne."

"I believe you're getting vain," declared the Professor of Anthropology, "as vain as Sybil!"

"Perhaps I am," admitted Anne.

He recalled her meek and sombre "Woman Recrudescence" days and felt vaguely troubled at the change.

"And I'm going to get a great deal vainer, too!" declared Anne, with an even more disturbing conviction of tone.

And although the young Professor of Anthropology scowled darkly at this evidence of growing frivolity in the old-time sober Anne, it was noticeable that all that morning, instead of carrying Doctor Wellington's huge green umbrella, as usual, he swung airily about with one of his host's slenderest walking-sticks. And when he went up and down the bright parterres of color in the lower flower-garden he carried neither pocket-microscope nor bug-net, but from time to time stooped over the flowers, and studied them intently.

YEARLY the habit of a life-time reasserted itself, a few hours later, when he overheard the nervous cluck and chatter of two mating chipmunks, in the tangled grape-vines east of Sybil's Arbor. He crept noiselessly in through the underbrush, pausing from time to time, the better to observe the strange advances and retreats, the strange allurements and evasions, flights and pursuits, of the tiny amative animals amid the tangled grape-vine.

As he halted, for the tenth time, in his stealthy advance, he suddenly realized that he had crept upon more than two innocently mating chipmunks. For there, plain to his eye, yet quite unconscious of his presence sat Sybil and young Sewell, in a little sheltered coign of the garden between a clump of cedar and a cluster of flowering sumach.

He hesitated, scarcely knowing whether to advance or retreat, when the sound of their voices arrested all motion.

"He's really not such a bad sort, old Macraven," the youth at Sybil's side was saying. "If we could only get him to help me along with the faculty a bit—then, Angel, it would be November at the latest."

Macraven closed his eyes to the demonstration that followed. Then he heard the youth dolorously add: "But Macraven's not the helping sort!"

What Sybil said to this he did not hear—did not care to hear; his only thoughts now were those of some opportune and silent escape.

"But not with him?" asked the unguarded voice of Sewell, almost disgustedly.

"And why not with him?" responded the rising voice of Sybil. "I think he's very nice—I don't know what mightn't have happened—if—well, if something else hadn't happened!"

"But he's so tall and thin—and—and threadbare. He's so con-founded grinding and self-centred! Why he's—he's as cold-blooded as a toad!" ejaculated Sewell.

To be Continued.

## Amusing the Canadian Soldier

*Continued from page 34.*

who succumb to her charming performance, but leaders on the sea as well.

A GROUP of Canadian and Australian soldiers, sitting behind me the other night at the Queen's, where Madge Titheradge plays the persecuted heroine in an old-time melodrama, known as "Tiger's Cub," eulogized the play and playing like this: "That's the sort of play I like. One that draws blood in the first act. None of your wishy-washy stuff for me. And gee, but can't that woman act!" It most decidedly does "draw blood," in more ways than one. Billed as an Alaskan romance, the play promises to produce more thrills in two hours than any other ten plays running in London. And let it be said that Madge Titheradge acts quite up to her standard of sob-producing voice catches and expressions of innocent helplessness.

THEN there is "Fishpingle," a new play at the Haymarket, by H. A. Vachell, who has turned out more successes—and failures—during the last year than any one else in the whole blessed kingdom. Fishpingle is a butler and the ruler of the Pompfret household. He is a marvellously clever butler, and manages to shatter everyone's theories and turn their minds revolving in such ways as does his own. Ultimately everything ends quite satisfactorily, in spite of momentary chaos here and there throughout the play. It is entirely due to the admirable acting of Mr. Henry Ainley, that the stalls are nightly filled with lovely ladies and escorts clad in khaki.

Gerald du Maurier has become a Barrieite. At Wyndham's Theatre he holds sway in turns as a policeman in close vigilance as to Zepp-coaxing illuminations, and a fairy Prince clothed in egotism and sky blue breeches. The play is typically Barrie at his most fantastic, and is known as "A Kiss for Cinderella." A group of Canadian officers over on leave from the front hurried from Victoria Station, on arriving in town, to secure seats for that night's performance. They were all Barrie "fous," and anxious to see the latest effort of his prolific pen. With Mr. du Maurier must be mentioned the splendid work of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who is London's especial Barrie star, of the Maud Adams type.

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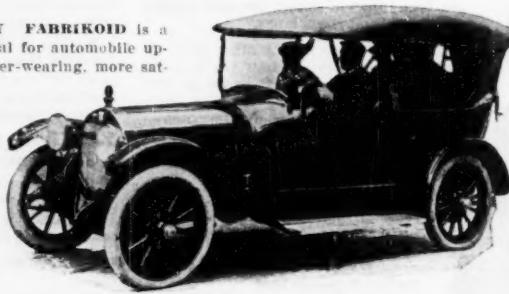
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## How Science Contributes to the Soldier's Comfort

*Prosthetic Apparatus for the Crippled—An Air-Bed for the Field—Electricity to Kill Trench Rats*

THE artificial limb of to-day differs radically from its predecessor of two decades ago. The earlier article, says *Chambers's Journal*, was virtually a crude stump, utterly deficient in any mechanical features capable of reproducing the movements of nature. Its present-day representative is a highly ingenious piece of workmanship, with which the patient, after a little experience in accustoming himself to the devices, is able to carry out almost any operation, often with marvellous dexterity.

One of the most remarkable instances of how excellent a substitute it may be, has been recorded in a German scientific paper. Some years ago a German mechanic who went to the United States met with an accident which resulted in the loss of the lower portion of both arms and both legs. Five months after the amputation he was fitted with a remarkable set of prosthetic apparatus which cost about fifty pounds. Within an hour of donning the artificial feet he was able to walk without the aid of a stick, and in less than a week he was strolling the streets revealing no sign of the contrivances fitted to his legs save that he had a somewhat longer stride than formerly. With the apparatus fitted in place of his amputated hands he can carry out practically any task, being even able to write. The apparatus, while substantially made—it has been in use eight years—is extremely simple in its design, and the patient himself carries out some of the minor necessary repairs. He is able to climb ladders, to walk long distances, to run, to ride a bicycle, and to dress and undress himself. Just now he is earning a higher wage than ever before. Upon his return to Germany he started in business, but has now been taken in hand by one of the foremost Austrian surgeons to give demonstrations of his dexterity in the use of his wonderful limbs in an Austrian hospital devoted to soldiers crippled in war. He instructs the broken and battered in the use of artificial limbs, and proves by example that the loss of even both legs and arms does not necessarily condemn the patient to permanent incapacity. With the prosthetic apparatus now available it is possible to perform practically any task. Naturally, the more there is left of the original limb the easier it is to make the substitute efficient; but it has been found, from practical experience, that even the loss of both arms by amputation at the shoulder does not condemn the patient to utter helplessness, because of the power and adaptability developed by the shoulders. Several American firms, realizing the demand for artificial limbs, which is rapidly attaining imposing proportions, have despatched specialists in this novel profession to these islands. The expert fashioning of prosthetic apparatus demands years of experience and unremitting attention to minute details, and it is interesting to learn that the majority of the American masters in this craft are themselves minus a limb. They are probably better able than a workman sound in every limb to appreciate the needs of a mutilated comrade, and to translate their sympathy.

into the practical shape of providing a comfortable and well-fitting substitute.

In order to maintain that physical soundness which is imperative upon the battlefield, comfort in sleeping at night is vital. Perfect relaxation of the limbs is essential, as well as protection against cold and damp. Many attempts to achieve these highly desired ends have been made with air-beds, which are inflated as required; but the majority of these extemporized pneumatic couches suffer from the serious disadvantage of being too bulky and cumbersome for use upon active service. An improved contrivance of this character, which appears to fulfil every requirement, has recently appeared upon the market. It consists of a mattress and bolster made in one piece, which, when rolled up in its deflated condition, has an over-all length of eighteen inches, with a diameter of four inches, and thus, being light in weight, is easy to carry. It is readily inflated by the mouth; and, because of the material employed in its manufacture, a ground sheet is not required. In its inflated condition it offers a raised pillow for the head, while the mat is sufficiently long to receive the body down to the knees. Owing to its small dimensions it can be used practically anywhere—in the trench, in a dugout, or in camp; and as it can be packed into such small space, it is no obstruction during the day. Mouth inflation imparts sufficient resiliency to the couch to afford the body all the rest and comfort needed, the result being that the sleeper does not suffer from cramp or stiffness, while damp is completely avoided. The soldier, upon waking, is fresh and fit for instant duty. This novel air-bed is the invention of a well-known engineer whose profession has taken him into remote corners of the world where he had to depend entirely upon his own individual efforts and ingenuity. He has used one of these beds continuously for three years, which affords adequate testimony to its value.

The soldiers in the trenches upon the battlefronts are suffering from another pest—rats. These animals have multiplied at such a rapid rate as to render totally inadequate the various plans for their extermination which have been tried hitherto. After testing nearly every feasible scheme, the French soldiers in one section, chagrined at the meagre results achieved, decided to try a most drastic method. This is electrocution. The rat-runs leading to the trenches are excavated slightly to form a narrow trough, and over each are stretched three parallel wires, spaced a few inches apart, and kept charged with electricity at a sufficient potential. The rats, in their stampede across the troughs, foul the wires and are instantly killed. In the section where this simple system is in operation the death-toll is stated to amount to several hundreds weekly. The process is certainly effectual, but unfortunately the necessity of having a supply of the "juice" conveniently at hand militates against its general adoption.

Apothecary, King's Co., New Brunswick,  
June 24th, 1916.

It is one of the most worth-while magazines which have come into my hands. If Agnes C. Laut, is a woman, as her name implies, is it not an injustice that a woman with the grasp on affairs which she is capable of should be denied the suffrage which is open to some recently naturalized emigrant who can scarcely write his name?

(Mrs.) Herbert S. Jones.

Gravenhurst, Ont., June 23rd, 1916.  
... my subscription to MacLean's Magazine with which I am much pleased.

H. B. Palmer.

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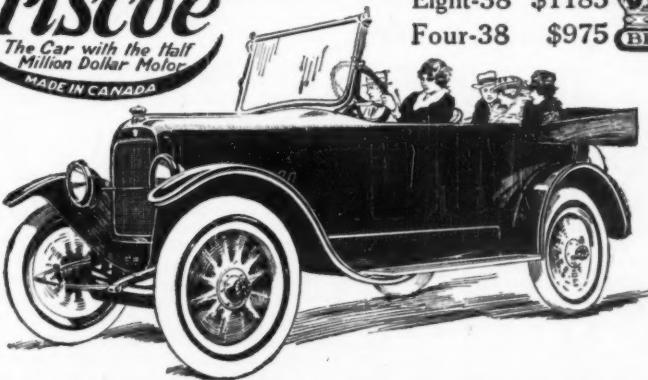
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# What is an Internal Bath?

By W. R. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection" and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day" is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the

attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely. Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Note that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY, OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 245, at 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in MacLean's Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

## Is Permanent Peace Possible?

*Continued from page 13.*

a legislative vote—as witness the troubled case of Ulster. Applied to the world at large, such a submission to authority is as yet and will long remain a mere dream. Who is to guarantee for us the honesty and integrity of the delegates? How are we to know that they are not being bribed and bought; that a secret combination in arms is not about to overwhelm us; that the international fleet is not about to be seized by a gang of conspirators acting in accord with some traitor nation. Before the war, such fears might have appeared fanciful. We should have fallen back upon some general aphorisms about public honor and the common instincts of humanity. We know better now. We have seen that there is—alas, that it should be so—no refuge but in force, and no strength save that of arms.

More than all, what is to be done with such a league and in such a world policy with the barbarous nations—the Bulgarians, the Turks, and still more the Austrians and the Germans? In these, as the war has shown, there is no faith and no honor. A treaty made with them is, as they have declared it to be, a mere scrap of paper.

They number about a hundred and fifty million people and occupy the whole centre of a continent. Can anybody think that the generation which has witnessed the tyranny that has drawn the tears of Belgium and bowed the neck of Servia under the yoke, that has heard the cries of prisoners under the lash, and the call of drowning women and children—can this, our generation, ever trust the written faith of the people of Germany?

Such a thing cannot be. Towards Germany and Austria for generations to come there is no possible policy except to keep and maintain in our own hands and under our own control an armed force, great enough and ready enough to crush them in an instant.

THE truth is that the world at large is not yet ready for the kind of common citizenship that alone would supply the basis of a world union. The war has put it further from us instead of nearer. It has brought to us international friendships, such as that with France, warm as the heartbeat of a blood brotherhood. But toward other nations it will leave with us an almost sacred legacy of hatred and contempt. And, towards the rest of the world, it has given us a solemn warning that in a day of disaster we might call and call in vain.

It is, of course, altogether probable that the close of the present war will be followed by a prolonged interval of peace. Even the victors will be exhausted, and the world at large sick with the reek of blood. No statesman in any country is likely for some time to propose a policy of aggression or conquest. Settlement by arbitration will be accepted all too readily. But this is not permanent peace, but a mere passing phase of the world's his-

tory. The truth is that our only reliance after the war will be, as it should have been before it, in armed preparedness. It is true that we can greatly add to this by Alliance with friendly and kindred nations. One can see, in imagination at least, a combination of England, France, Russia and the United States that might for a generation possess force enough to maintain upright the unstable equilibrium of peace. But the existence of such alliances will not and should not enable us in any way to dispense with the maintenance of our own army and navy on as large a scale as we can in reason keep it.

It may well be objected that the prospect thus indicated appears at best a gloomy one. It does, indeed, seem scarcely tolerable that after the tremendous efforts and sacrifices of the war, the civilized world should go on bearing the enormous burden of armed peace. But there seems no other way. To disarm is to expose ourselves to dangers which we had thought relegated to the centuries of barbarism, but which the Germans have shown us to be still present to-day.

The meaning of it all is that the pathway of progress is far more arduous and the pace at which humanity can hope to move upon it far slower than we had thought. Permanent peace, though it will still stand as the goal to which an elevated and altered humanity will one day attain, must remain for generations to become nothing but a dream.

## CANADIAN BULL MOOSE

Has a tendency toward Bull Mooseishness developed in Canada? Are our parliamentarians showing a tendency to break away from old traditions, to hitch up with new ideas and to defy the party whip? H. F. Gadsby says so. In an article in the November issue he tells why and how this tendency is showing itself and commends it as one of the most promising features of Canadian politics.

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# THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

## Prosperity is Rampant To-day

Crop Situation Has Become Less Uncertain—The Prospects for the Future

Two clouds have hovered on the horizon of Canadian prosperity for the past month—the threatened railway strike in the United States and the rather panicky crop reports that have been coming in; but, at time of writing, the silver lining is again apparent. The strike would have been a very serious thing for Canada indeed. The home manufacturer depends to such a large extent on supplies of raw materials from across the line that a nation-wide strike such as threatened would have been a paralyzing blow to Canadian industry. Many manufacturers had supplies on hand for a few weeks only. Had the strike developed into a long fought-out battle—as it most certainly would if the men had gone out—numerous Canadian factories would have been forced to close up. This, of course, was but one phase of the situation. The tie-up in mail matter alone would have been a serious matter for Canada.

However, the strike danger has passed and business generally has drawn a deep sigh of relief. In passing, it may be remarked that among the big men, the captains of industry, on both sides of the line the railway difficulty is regarded as but a forerunner of what the future holds in store. Labor conditions in the United States are peculiarly disturbing. The boom brought about by war contracts has sent wages sky high. Men in munition plants are drawing down amounts that are almost fabulous. They will not be content to revert to old scales when Europe beats her sword into a ploughshare and stops ordering shells from Uncle Sam. And, in the meantime, men engaged in other work are made restive and dissatisfied.

The driver of a locomotive does not see why he should get less than the man who runs a lathe in a munition plant. And so the situation contains all the elements that make for trouble. The settlement of the railway difficulty does not clear the air. Other labor difficulties may crop up at any time.

However, the passing of eight-hour legislation at Washington saved Canadian business from some highly inconvenient and distressing times and there is no merit in borrowing trouble from the future. Foresighted business men fear a certain amount of labor unrest in Canada after peace comes for reasons akin to the U.S. situation, but the danger is not so acute and the prospect does not affect present conditions.

THE crop situation for a couple of weeks looked decidedly disturbing, in fact, quite gloomy. The worst thing about it was the suddenness with which the bad news came. Despite the heavy spring rains and the long July drought it was generally accepted that crops were going to be good. Men talked in jubilant tones of a billion dollar crop and threw out their chests in anticipation of the prosperity pending. Then, almost like a bolt from the blue, reports came in from various sections that ripped long rents in the sails of our national content. Rust had got into Saskatchewan wheat; the potato crop had failed to come along; vegetables and fruits had suffered from the scorching sun of July. For a time it looked as though the crop might prove a serious failure.

It is now apparent, however, that the reports thus received were unduly pessimistic.



Industrial possibility after peace comes.

mistic. While serious losses have been felt, the volume will be good in most crops and, as prices all around are high, the farmer will realize more this year than he did last. Following fast on the heels of the calamity rumor has come reassuring information that has every appearance of being authoritative and final. It is learned, for instance, that the wheat crop of Alberta, reckoning on a price of \$1.40 to the farmer, will net a clear \$13,000,000 more than the wheat crop of last year. The live stock situation is good, prices being realized that mean big profits in the purse of the stock raiser.

Taking it all in all, the crop outlook is encouraging. The farmer will have a little more money than he realized last year; and that means that he will have plenty to spend.

THE business situation at present is so robust that it would take a very serious set-back indeed to make any material difference. The factories are overloaded with orders. The manufacturers' troubles are not in the direction of getting orders but in filling them. If they could secure enough raw material and enough men they would be in a position to do the business of their lives. Wages are high, there is plenty of money in circulation, work for everyone and not a sign of hard times anywhere. How long this condition will last is a question that business men are very earnestly considering.

Bank savings for July, through the Dominion, showed an increase of \$22,000,000 over the same month of 1915 and to date this year there has been a total increase in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000. This is highly significant, for it means that the individual has not accepted prosperity in the usual easy-come-easy-go spirit. There are evidences of extravagance, of course. Men who were once content with the lunch box are now paying for a three-course noon-day meal. The movies are playing to larger business than ever and the finery seen on the streets reflects the abundance of money at large. But the increase in savings is clear evidence of a serious intention on the part of the public to solve the question of preparedness for the future. If there is wrath to come, the average Canadian wants to meet it with something in the bank; and he is slowly building up a balance for that purpose.

IT does not follow that the situation in that regard is entirely satisfactory. The thrift instinct has not developed as fully as those who see the future clearly realize to be necessary. Immediately following the declaration of peace there will be a period of reconstruction leading up to what everyone believes will be an era of unprecedented prosperity for the Dominion; but during that reconstructive interval, serious conditions may develop. It is in view of the possibilities of that period that business men are urged to build up reserves and their employees are told to save. It may be that the prosperity of the present day will blend into the activity to follow peace without any noticeable break. But there is a very big "if" involved and several "buts"; and the wise man takes no chances.

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## What The Gods Send

Continued from page 18.

AUNT POLLY'S nephew lay still, thinking. There was no question about his being a prisoner, just as it was equally patent that the capture had been planned. It was this that made the thing worth thinking about at all; otherwise it would take its place merely as the clumsy joke of dull-witted navvies, an unparalleled bit of tomfoolery, ending all at once in them freeing him and pointing the finger of mirth at him. It did occur to him, for the briefest of moments, that perhaps Spud—— But the face of Halldorson, dark with anger, jaw set, obtruded on the lighter aspects of possibility and obliterated them completely.

No, the thing was in earnest, not in jest. They meant trouble. Perhaps they had mistaken him for a "spotter" or something like that. Macklin had seen enough of the section gangs on this trip to appreciate their viewpoint and the prospect was none too reassuring. Halldorson hadn't been near them the day before and there was no chance of him identifying his prisoner as one of Rutland's small party. Explanations would not be assisted to any extent by the fact that these foreigners might not understand English very well. He wondered if they had gone off on the hand-car to notify the gang on the neighboring section in order to let them in on the fun—and just what particular form of cruelty that "fun" would take. Perhaps they would tar-and-feather him!

Macklin yanked at the cords angrily. As he had been turning over the puzzle in his mind, seeking for some clue to the situation or a motive that might apply, he had been working without success to loosen the knots. His hands were tied behind his back, so that he could not get at them with his teeth and the task of freeing them was a slow one. The cords cut into his wrists unmercifully; but he kept at it determinedly, listening between whiles to the constant drip of water from the tank overhead and the restless movements of the Swede outside. The big fellow seemed to be rather a decent sort and it occurred to the captive that he might be able to persuade Svenson to free him; several times he was on the point of calling out, but the uselessness of it was apparent on second thoughts.

He wondered what the Hon. William J. Power, M.P.P., would say in an emergency like this—what he would do. "Keep your mouth shut, your eyes and ears open, and saw wood!" eh? He'd see a fat lot in pitch blackness; he'd hear his own heart beat; it wouldn't matter much whether he kept his mouth shut or hollered his head off! This was one time when his worthy uncle would talk—extemporaneously, with nobody to rule him "out of order!" His language would be as unparliamentary as it was on the night he quarrelled with his nephew Horace.

And that had been some quarrel! Macklin grinned as he recalled it. He prided himself that he had carried off his end of it with dignity; when he had been called a "good-for-nothing 'Rah-Rah' boy who

would never amount to shucks," he had very properly walked out — into the world. That determination to "get somewhere without any help from his uncle" still held good, you bet! This job he had now was more of a holiday to think things over quietly and plan his future?

Holiday? It might be a sorry kind of holiday by the time these roughnecks got through with him! The whole thing was as crazy as that magazine yarn he'd been reading only the other night and that was some story.

A NEW note, growing rapidly on the minor sounds about him, focused Macklin's attention. The outside world was muffled from him in the hollow compass of the small room beneath the tank and it took him a little while to recognize the approach of a train. He lay quiet and listened to the crescendo until it became a deafening roar. For a space the tank quivered. Then, as suddenly as it came, the roar swept away into the night and drifted into distance; the silence closed in again, more lonesomely complete in contrast, with only the slow monotonous drip—drip—drip and the occasional scrape of boot outside.

That would be Number 1, westbound express, the train the Boss had said was bringing the President's private car back up the line. A sudden appreciation of what the Boss would say if somebody told him what had happened to his custodian of white paint made Macklin grin in spite of the pain in his wrists. Back there in the old freight van a friendly game of Polish Bank would be in progress or maybe the Boss would be making out his reports with Andy growling because the Boss had grabbed both the bracket lamps and spoiled the light for reading. Macklin could see the expression on their faces as they—

Good! He had managed to pull his right hand free! There was scarcely any skin left on his knuckles; but that was a small matter. With one hand free the rest was easy and Macklin tackled his bonds with a thrill of elation.

RIGHT then he faced the night's second surprise. He was sitting up, bending forward and feeling the knots at his ankles when, without warning of any kind, a heavy groan emanated from the blackness about him and stiffened every muscle in his body. The absolute unexpectedness of it so startled him that he scarcely breathed, but sat there with the blood pounding in his ears and cold moisture breaking out on his forehead. The mere fact that it was a groan was nothing. But it was inside the tank store-room!

He waited anxiously, breathlessly, for the sound to repeat itself. Was there somebody else here in the dark? Speculation was cut short by a low moan, a long-drawn sigh.

It must be said for Macklin that he had a certain precocity. He was very young, but he didn't believe in ghosts. He sat perfectly still, half impatiently perplexed.

What further nonsense was this, anyway? He wondered what he had better do. A few feet away in the dark was somebody or something that had been there all the time without his knowledge, a situation which he resented. It was just possible it might be an animal, though he scarcely thought this probable. Whatever it was had evidently been asleep, very soundly asleep not to have been awakened by his unceremonious entry.

It was with no uncertain tingle of excitement, borrowed from the hazard, that Macklin ventured a cautious:

"Hello there!"

A faint shuffle responded from the other side of the tank room—that and the sound of heavy breathing.

"Hello there, you in the dark!" he whispered again. "Who are you?"

"Oh, Lord!" gasped a weak voice in evident terror.

Human anyway! That was something. Halldorson must have gone crazy and started in to make a collection of prisoners!

"Don't be scared," Macklin reassured.

**H**E fumbled for a match and struck it. As he held it above his head there was a faint cry.

The match flickered for an instant, then went out in the draught. But not before he had caught a glimpse of a white face peering wildly from behind a pile of hoisting tackle over against the opposite wall. Macklin gasped in astonishment.

"Say, over there, don't make any more noise than you can help. Nobody's going to hurt you. Who are you, anyway? Wait till I strike another light."

As soon as he could get out his pocket-knife and sever the cords about his ankles he crawled quickly across the flooring till his hands came in contact with the ropes in the corner. Then he sat back and scratched a second match. It flared up brightly, shining fitfully on a white haggard face with gaunt eyes and a mouth twisted with pain. Macklin fairly gaped in amazement.

"Wh—why—!" he stammered in disbelief.

The match burned itself out till only the coal of it was left glowing in his fingers. Feverishly he struck another.

"Why, say—Ain't you Mr. Pomeroy?—the—the President's private secretary?—Mr. Hugh Pomeroy?"

"I don't—seem—to remember you, kid," faltered the other. He tried to peer recognition, but the effort made him sag back weakly against the wall. They were in the dark once more.

"I'm Macklin, marker with Rutland's party — topographical survey. You wouldn't know me. Saw you once or twice in public—darn the matches!—Talk low! There's a sectionman on guard outside there—got me prisoner, though for what reason you'll have to ask the little birds in the trees!"

He said it with a thrill of importance. To be alone in this adventure was one thing, but to hob-nob through it with no less a person than the private secretary to the President of the road himself—that

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was very different, and that was the amazing situation!

HIS fingers trembled as he held aloft another burning match. A dozen questions crowded the tip of his tongue, but he forgot them speedily as he stared at the older man. The match went out while he looked.

"I say, Mr. Pomeroy, are you hurt? What's wrong? What's happened? How'n under the sun did you get in here?"

"Found door open—crawled in. Arm's broken," groaned the other.

"Great Scott!" Macklin's dismay held him silent.

"The arm's nothing." Pomeroy spoke wearily, as one who has been through some strength-sapping ordeal. "There's a lantern on the wall there back of you, if I remember rightly."

"Great!" He crept across to the other side and felt for it until he found it. Fortunately there was oil in it and he had no difficulty in lighting it.

From the centre of the little store-room the pumping shaft ascended to the ceiling. On one side a ladder led up through a hole to the tank compartment overhead. Around the girders were hanging sundry odds and ends, the hoisting tackle completing the contents of the place.

But Macklin saw none of this at the time. He was keen to know how President Waring's secretary came to be lying beneath this siding tank in the heart of the rough country with his arm broken when the President's private car, where he belonged, had just gone by at the rear of Number 1—

It flashed upon him that here was the solution of that car's sudden return westward; perhaps Pomeroy was a sleep-walker and had fallen off the car when it went east the other day and they were returning to pick him up.

"What's happened?" ventured Macklin again.

He walked across with the lantern, eyeing the other in alarm. The secretary's left arm hung limp at his side. His hands were swollen and bleeding. His clothes were encrusted with dry mud and torn. Collar and tie were missing and his shirt was ripped open in front where his neck and chest—!

"Black-flies! Spent—yesterday—in the swamp!" explained Pomeroy weakly.

"Good heavens! You're bitten all over!"

"Don't I know it! Help me get—the coat—tear the shirt-sleeves—!"

MACKLIN set down the lantern and opened his jack-knife again. He muttered execrations as he worked.

"The confounded little brutes have taken whole chunks out of you!" he grumbled savagely.

"I know it! Went up telegraph poles—to eat 'em!" smiled the secretary faintly. "See if you can get down that thin board—nailed up there. Splints, you know. Got to get this damn arm eased up a little. Bone's broken below elbow. Don't think it's compound fracture, though. That's the stuff, kid. Now—whittle 'em down a bit!"

The padlock on the door rattled. The Swede thrust a thick shoulder into the

opening, blinking stupidly at the light. The look on his face was one of unadulterated bewilderment. He stared, open-mouthed, first at the lantern, then at his prisoner, then at Pomeroy. When his eye fell upon the latter every vestige of comprehension was wiped away. His mouth closed at intervals for spasmodic swallows. He stood there, gulping down great draughts of astonishment and *Warkin*, idiotically, trying his best to believe his eyes, but scarcely succeeding.

Macklin went on with his work without looking around. So that his sudden command came with the unexpectedness of a whip-crack:

"Water, Svenson!"

The Swede made no move, so absorbed was he in watching the preparations. Macklin paused to look up angrily.

"Well? Going to stand there all night, you great big fathead! Water I said, didn't I?" He jerked his head at a pail that stood in the corner, then at the ladder.

The sectionman continued to watch him stupidly, reverting to what was evidently his customary grin as the junior member of Rutland's gang threw off his coat, pulled off his shirt and proceeded to rip it into bandages.

A moment later, chancing to glance at Pomeroy, Macklin dropped the knife with an exclamation. The President's secretary had fainted.

He turned furiously on the sectionman. "WATER! You blame fool!"

*To be Continued.*

## Germany's Peace Campaign

*The Leaders Urge a Sharper Prosecution of War as the Surest Way to Peace*

NOT peace, but war, seems to be the true object of the great nation-wide campaign inaugurated by the German "National Committee for Securing an Honorable Peace." This organization started operations in some thirty-five cities by holding meetings at which speakers of national fame appeared, and from the remarkable unanimity of sentiment shown, it would seem that it is desirable to explain to the people the necessity for another year of war. This is made clear in a review of the utterances of several of the leaders of the campaign, quoted as follows from the *Literary Digest*:

At Leipzig, Dr. Friedrich Naumann, the originator of the Central Europe Economic Union scheme, said:

"To-day we must face the fact that our achievements so far have not convinced the enemy that the historic decision has fallen in our favor."

Like most of the other speakers, he went on to urge a sharper prosecution of the war as the surest way to peace, and in what some of the editors term "his discreetly veiled plea for the resumption of unlimited submarine-warfare," said:

"We, in the German fatherland, believed that a final decision of war could be brought

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The bonds will be paid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, or Victoria.

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Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Recognized bond and stock brokers will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent. on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp, provided, however, that no commission will be allowed in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by the surrender of bonds issued under the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915. No commission will be allowed in respect of applications on forms which have not been printed by the King's Printer.

**Subscription Lists will close on or before 23rd September, 1916.**

Department of Finance, Ottawa, September 12th, 1916.

about by a particular blow. This was essentially a military and technical question, but we made almost a moral question of it. On the first day of the third year of war we must be prepared to travel a still longer and roundabout road. We must follow our destiny in order that we may not lose what we have won by the heroic death of so many of our sons."

Speaking at Bochum, Mr. George Bernhard, editor of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, preached the same doctrine in still more emphatic terms. His view runs:

"It is understandable that at the end of the second year of the war the desire for peace stirs more strongly than ever before in all the nations, but perhaps most of all in Germany, despite our great successes in the East and West, although we have not felt the horrors of war in our own land. The German nation was ever peace-loving, but love of peace is not indicative of weakness and quitting.

"Since we must continue the war, it must be carried on with all the means which our superiority in science and in technology places in our hands, and without hesitation, to the end. Germany's future invincibility and economic development must be secured thereafter. Under all circumstances our boundaries must be where our military experts demand, and, on the other hand, German's economic development is only possible when our capital strength in relation to that of England remains unweakened. To surrender a war of intensity means surrendering Germany's economic future. We must either collect an indemnity in cash, or if, in place of cash, we are compelled to take land, this will have nothing to do with the principle of whether one approves of annexation. Our goal can be reached if we fight on with firm determination."

Referring, in his speech at Frankfort, to the controversy over the re-employment of submarine-warfare, Geheimrat Friedrich von Payer, the Wurttemberg statesman, said:

"The best thing about the fight over the submarine-warfare was that it is gradually losing its intensity.

"The Government and nation are one on the proposition that we have no occasion for showing tender considerations toward England and its population, which is trying to starve us to death. But one must not consider the submarine question as separate from all other military and political questions. The same holds largely true in the discussion regarding the use of Zeppelins against England."

Perhaps the clearest indication of a renewal of submarine-warfare was given at Stuttgart by Professor Franz von Liszt, of Berlin University, the well-known authority on criminal law. In his view, peace can only come by displaying—

"Implicit confidence in the men who are guiding the destinies of the German Empire, and the sharpened submarine-warfare will come in that moment when the reasons for its postponement cease to exist."

Such utterances have roused to fury the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, always a determined opponent of the extreme submarine school. It remarks:

"The power of judgment of these men seems to us to be best characterized by their reference to the abrogation of the Declaration of London as a reason for a renewal of the submarine torpedo. As one of them assures us, many of the 'best men' are taking up this standpoint. But has it never dawned upon any of these 'best men,' and has it only been reserved to us simpletons, to suggest that the English may have decided to abrogate the Declaration, which was already practically nonexistent, in the spirit of provocation; that is, in order to involve us in submarine-war and its consequences?"

Maximilian Harden also warns the nation

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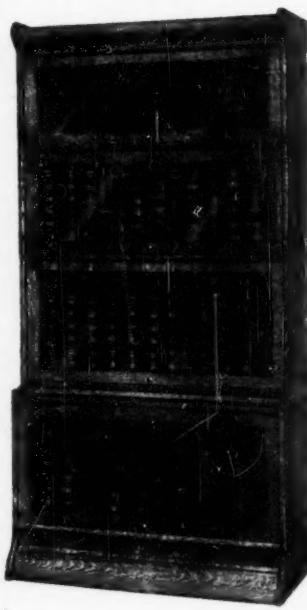


## SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

that may be folded up in a minute  
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- ¶ The stack is absolutely rigid when set up.
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Welcome you to its newly-decorated rooms, new Lobby, new Silver Room, new appointments throughout and

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Absolutely the most homelike hostelry in Detroit. Best noonday lunch in the city—50c. Excellent cooking—Perfect service—Reasonable rates. Cabaret entertainment. Dancing.

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Sincerely  
Fred Postal

to abandon all hope of an early peace. In an article in his paper, the Berlin *Zukunft*, entitled "At the Tree of Disillusion," he lays it down as an axiom that peace overtures must come from the Allies, who, at present, seem to have no inclination to make them. He asks:

"Is it the enemy who wants peace? On a recent occasion in the French Senate when such sentiments might well have found expression not one single solitary voice was raised to that end. Premier Briand never sat so firmly in the saddle; Joffre's star was never more in the ascendent. The French are meditating over the possibility of the fall of Verdun, but no one dreams of peace. France still believes, or believes again, in victory. That this belief will crumble if Verdun is captured, or a bank of the Meuse taken, or the entire city falls, sounds like nothing but a well-meant and flattering fairy-tale."

Notwithstanding the fact that the President of the National Peace Committee is Prince von Wedel, one of the Kaiser's most intimate friends and a man who would not assume such a position without the Kaiser's sanction, expressed or implied, the peace campaign seems to have had its own troubles with the authorities. This we gather from a Berlin dispatch to the Copenhagen *National Tidende*, which tells us that the military governor of the Prussian capital suppressed the powerful *Berliner Tageblatt* for indorsing the movement and editorially advocating an early peace. The police also prohibited peace meetings organized by the committee in Kiel, Königsberg and Stettin.

## Strawstack Strategy

In the August issue, a new fiction writer was introduced in the person of H. M. Tandy. His "A Fourth for Bridge," was decidedly one of the brightest stories of Western Canada life ever written. Mr. Tandy will be back in the November issue with another western story that is just as good.

"Strawstack Strategy," is the story of a man, two girls and a ramping Lord of the Herd. It is full of the true western atmosphere.



## New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

<b>Chassis . . . .</b>	<b>\$4500</b>
<b>Runabout . . . .</b>	<b>47500</b>
<b>Touring Car . . . .</b>	<b>49500</b>
<b>Coupelet . . . .</b>	<b>69500</b>
<b>Town Car . . . .</b>	<b>78000</b>
<b>Sedan . . . .</b>	<b>89000</b>

**f. o. b. Ford, Ontario**

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

**Ford Motor Co. of Canada  
Limited  
Ford, Ontario**

Assembly and Service Branches at St. John, N.B.; Montreal, Que.; Toronto, Ont.; London, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary, Alta.; and Vancouver, B.C.



## The National Exhibition

**C**HE Canadian National Exhibition this year in the attendance, that came close to one million, and in the spirit that pervaded it, was typical of the rising tide that is sweeping the Allies to a great and noble victory. It may seem a coincidence, and yet it is not so, but a natural result, that the public interest taken in this national exhibit of Canada's resources and life, has reflected the relative position held by Britain and the Allies in the world struggle,—at the lowest ebb in 1914, gaining appreciably in strength last year, and this year approaching nearly to the record of 1,000,000 established in the care-free year of 1913.

That the C.N.E. of 1917 may mark the triumphant conclusion of the great issue will be the hope and expectation of the vast majority of Canadians.

The Exhibition was more distinctly national in scope and spirit than ever before. Not only did the exhibits give a broader and more comprehensive picture of Canadian industry and activity, but the interest displayed in the event was more Dominion-wide. Long since expanded beyond the local or even provincial stage, the C.N.E. has become a yearly event of first-class national import.

**C**HE chief lesson to the spectator is the magnitude and scope of home industry and resources. The Manufacturers' and Process buildings and Machinery Hall are amazing reflections of what we are doing to-day in manufacturing lines. The Railway and Government buildings give realistic conceptions of our natural resources. The stock exhibits and Horticultural Building are striking indexes of our agricultural wealth. And finally there are the Art buildings to mark the progress we are making in the finer things of life. Perhaps the most convincing evidence of our manufacturing initiative was the exhibit of Canadian-made toys in the Government building. Here was proof of a big opportunity that had been realized upon—an industry built to monster proportions almost from nothing in the course of two years. Excellent work was shown in almost every department of Canadian-made products, particularly in wooden goods such as houses, furniture, billiard boards, carts, swings; in dolls—jointed, dressed, or performing—and in military games, miniature homes with gardens, etc. Perhaps the reproduction of a bit of war landscape attracted most attention. British and French infantry, artillery, and cavalry; trenches, sandbags; telephone stations and wires; hills, rivers and bridges with Germans in the distance gave a realistic picture of the Allies' fighting ground.

Altogether the visitor to the Exhibition went away a better Canadian.

## Gundy-Clapperton Company, Limited

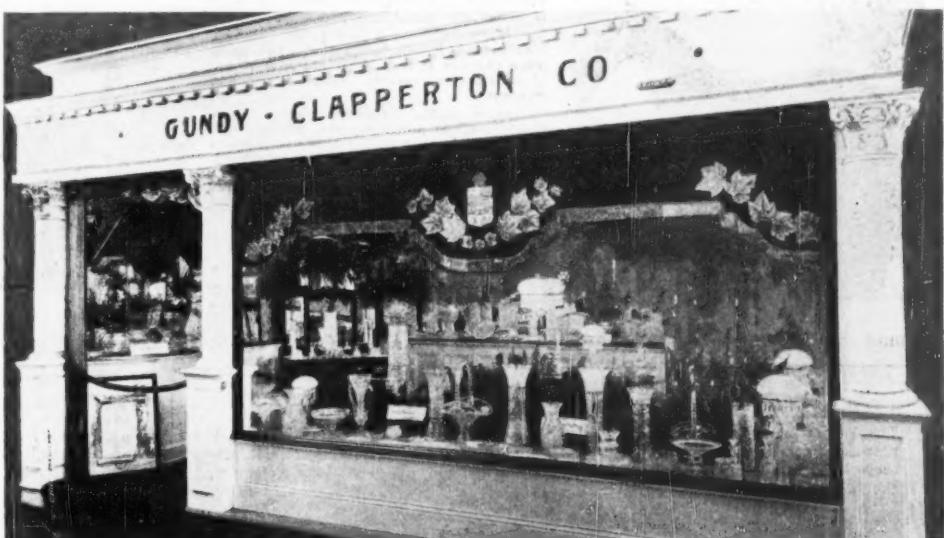
**A**MONG the lasting impressions that visitors to the Exhibition will take with them will be the delightful impression of the Gundy-Clapperton Cut Glass exhibit. Adjectives are inadequate to describe the beauty of this exhibit as a whole, and the exquisiteness of design and workmanship of each piece, or set, of cut glass articles. It was as if one were looking at the scintillations of a great beautiful diamond relieved by the quieting tones of emeralds, which effect was given by the green setting of tender ferns. Among the pieces that were admired was the charming dressing table set, which consisted of eight pieces entirely cut glass.

Visitors expressed admiration for the pieces which showed the new *black and white* design, which gives a pleasing relief to the scintillating facets that catch and distribute the light like diamonds. What can be accomplished by skill and artistic ability was shown in the marvelous workmanship and design of several pieces having designs of a hound,

strikingly true to nature. Other pieces had designs of wild ducks, exquisitely done, giving a pleasing and unusual effect.

In spite of the fact that over one-third

which shows the quality and variety of their cut glass pieces. When purchasing an article in cut glass see that each piece is stamped with the Gundy-Clapperton



of Gundy-Clapperton's employees are serving the cause of justice with their lives on the battlefields of Europe, this exhibit showed that there has been no depreciation in the masterful workmanship and beauty of their cut glass articles.

Those who were unable to visit this exhibit, may secure a well illustrated booklet

trade-mark here shown.

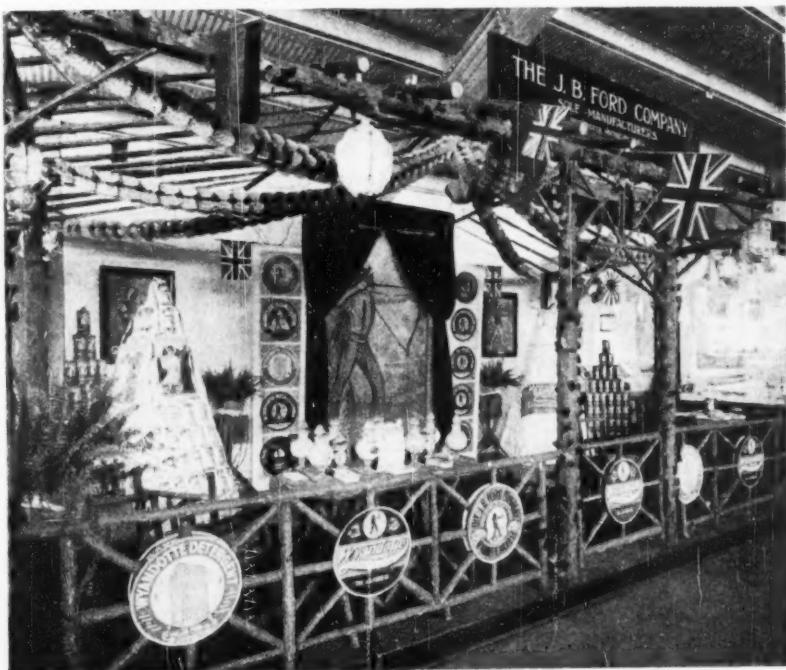
Those who desire a booklet should send their request to



*Gandy-Clapperton Co. Limited*

## The J. B. Ford Company

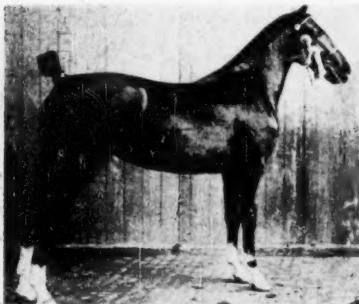
## *WYANDOTTE SANITARY CLEANER & CLEANSER*



**I**T is that "something different" which leaves a lasting impression on the memory. Unique among the many exhibits in the Industrial Building of the Exhibition stood the J. B. Ford Company's exhibit of **WYANDOTTE** Sanitary Cleaner and Cleanser. This exhibit was unique in design—a sort of rustic effect of cedar timber, set off with fancy paper chains, Chinese lanterns, and the flags of the Allies, all of which made a very attractive booth for the display of **WYANDOTTE** — the most sanitary cleaner and cleanser for all household purposes. This sanitary cleaner and cleanser has been before the public for twenty years and is made by a responsible company who specialize in cleaning compounds. **WYANDOTTE** is superior to all cleaning compounds on the market in that it is free from all grease, oils or animal matter, and for this reason it leaves everything in a perfect sanitary condition. **WYANDOTTE** can be used in the household for all cleaning purposes and is absolutely harmless, it can be obtained in 5 pound sacks or in a large handy can at most hardware dealers and grocery stores. It is the most practical cleaning agent ever discovered by chemical science—a perfect cleanser and purifier that has a permanent place in thousands of homes.

# A Successful Farmer is a Big Man

*Business ability that gathers up the loose ends of things and drives through to success is no mean thing.*



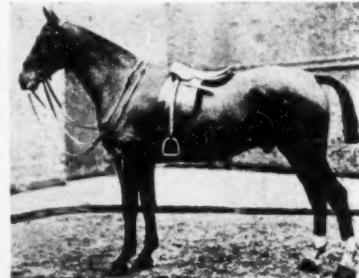
*Farming as a business, on business methods, is about the soundest job to hold down—war or no war.*

*Undoubtedly it will be the best place to be when the war is over, from the standpoints of satisfaction, wealth, health, dignity and freedom.*

*Of course, it has its discouragements, like everything else under the sun, yet who will not admit the possibilities of a life on one's own acres, where business management, handling of labor, marketing problems, crop planning, legitimate speculation in farm livestock and soil building, are real romances chock full of human interest, with God's great out-of-doors as the stage.*

THE

## Farmer's Magazine



A most complete, informing, suggestive and inspiring illustrated journal that helps the lover of the farm to get into the saddle.

### DID THESE FACTS ENTER YOUR HOME?

The September number, recently off the press, laid great stress on the value of a planning campaign for next year's business. Here are some of the articles along these lines, as well as other articles for the better home life where the women and the family are a real vital part:—

- How Shall I Make More Money?—F. M. Chapman.
- Making Our Soils Fertile—Elwood Kester.
- Marquis Wheat and Banner Oats—Max McDermott.
- Fall Planting for Year-round Bloom—E. M. Munro.
- Our Money for 1917—R. Laborson.
- Farm Fences, Gates and Lanes—Andrew Kyle.
- Market Classes of Horses—W. J. Bell.
- Black Foxes in Essa—F. C. Mackenzie.
- Farm's Value Increase \$14,000 — A. G. Johnston.
- Will Kerosene Run the Engine?—R. M. Gordon.
- Hog Raising in Carleton—John O'Day.
- September Work on the Farm—Grasmere.
- Adding a Greenhouse—Harris K. Adams.
- Making the Home Butter—Lillian Carter.
- Cheese, Milk and Butter, etc.
- Dairy Barn for 20 Cows—W. E. Frudden.
- Speeding up the Dairy Herd — A. J. Campbell.
- Profitable Cheese Production — Alfred Rowntree.
- Profession of Home-making—Lillian Thomas.
- Thrift of Fall Canning—Caribel Nye.
- Women's Institutes and the War—Anna J. Coutts.
- Newest Togs for Fall and Winter—The Quaint and Modern Casement House—Genevieve.
- Power Plant on Perkin's Farm—F. J. Anderson.
- A Dairy Cow—with Prizes for Recognition—A Worthy Representative of Rural Life—The New Theology—W. H. Carruth.
- C. A. Dunning, of Sask.—Livestock Ideals at the Royal—Punishment: The School—P. F. Munro, M.A.
- Dietetic Value of Apples—Boys and Girls as Poultry Fanciers—Wm. L. Powell.
- Facts From the Fields—Several Writers.

Besides the Special Rural Mail, Money, Style and Women's Articles are each exceptionally good.

*Send for a subscription now. Only \$1.00 a year.*

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED  
143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA

These are waiting to come in:  
The October number, in a delightful cover design, well illustrated on good paper, is equally as helpful to the farmer. The high-class suggestions along all lines are invaluable.

Only this week, a young man who began his farm work last year, wrote in. He said,

"I don't see where any other publication in America has it over you in quality, all round quality. A couple of articles in your big Reference Number have simply been invaluable to us."

That's the real reason for any magazine's success—service. October has a full meal for all. A few of the many are:

Does Machinery Count?

—Andrew McTaggart

Are Livestock to be High?

—Several Interviews

C. A. Dunning, of Saskatchewan

—Norman Lambert

Successful Seed Farmers

—F. C. Mackenzie

God's Green Country—a New Serial

—Ethel M. Chapman.

100 Acres Makes \$2,262

—A. J. Campbell.

B.C. New Farm Loans —W. E. Dynes

Dumb Things That Count

—E. M. Munro

Some Acres Produce \$1,000

—E. I. Farrington

The Girl and Her Trust

—Emily J. Guest.

Rebuilding After a Fire —Genevieve.

The Month's Work —Grasmere.



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



Cleans as it Polishes

# O-Cedar Polish

Medium 25¢ & \$3.00 Sizes

Use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish Way

\$1.00 & \$1.50 Sizes

Channel Chemical Co. Limited  
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75¢ & \$1.25 Sizes

Wet a piece of cheesecloth with water.

Wring cloth until it is just slightly more than damp.

Pour on as much Polish as cloth contains water.

Go over the surface to be cleaned—this removes dirt and grime.

Hull with a dry cloth to leave a smooth, dry lustre.

# PALMOLIVE

## Shaving Soap-

This new member of the famous Palmolive Family—introduced but a few months ago—is fast gaining popularity all over the country. Out of the millions who use Palmolive Soap are many men who have longed for a palm and olive oil shaving soap.

This desire is now being satisfied through the nation-wide introduction of Palmolive Shaving Soap. As fast as it is known, it is appreciated and adopted, especially by men with tender faces—simply because it has numerous superiorities.



### Try it this way:

WET the face with warm water. Remove cap from container and rub the exposed end of the soap over the face. Replace cap and put soap away until you are through with it. Now work up the soft lather with your brush, rub it in if you like, and you are ready for the razor.



WHEN you have finished shaving, you will immediately feel the soothing after-effect. The skin does not feel raw and uncomfortable. The oils have done their work. Men who are using Palmolive Shaving Stick realize that this is an important advantage, particularly those who have had to use lotions after shaving. Try a Palmolive shave yourself and know what a pleasure it is.

## 10 Reasons Why Men Prefer Palmolive Shaving Stick

### The Soap Has These Advantages:

1. It is made of high-grade palm and olive oils—an adaptation of Palmolive Soap, nationally successful. These oils give Palmolive Shaving Soap its wholesome green color.
2. There is no pull with Palmolive. The lather is soft and abundant and has unusual lasting qualities, remaining firm and moist on the face, so that the beard is softened properly.
3. This shaving soap is absolutely neutral, containing no free alkali to irritate or make the face sore after shaving.
4. The faint, refreshing Oriental perfume is delightful. There is no reminiscent odor when you are through shaving.
5. The palm and olive oils are soothing to the skin, so that when you have finished shaving, ointments are unnecessary.

### The New Holder Has These Advantages:

1. It is made of pure, non-corrosive aluminum. Its shape is oval, making it easier to handle and pack.
2. A turn of the screw and the soap comes through, as you need it. None is exposed, except that actually needed.
3. The soap is never touched by the hands or foreign substances, thus keeping it germ-free.
4. There's no soggy, unsanitary paper, no troublesome tin-foil. A beveled edge at the top of the holder guards the soap completely, keeping it dry and sanitary.
5. The soap remains in perfect condition to the last and can be used to paper thinness. So there is not the slightest waste.

If your dealer has not yet secured his supply of Palmolive Shaving Soap, write us, enclosing twenty-five cents, and we will send you a full size package in the wonderful aluminum holder; also free samples of Palmolive Soap, Palmolive Cream and Palmolive Shampoo.

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American Address: B. J. JOHNSON Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

